



The Blue Print

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL, OOTACAMUND.

Volume XV — I



June 1981

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EDITORIAL

June 8, 1981—It was 8 p. m. and the school had assembled in the Hall for the Headmaster's last talk before we broke up for the holidays.

In his talk - which always has touches of humour—one sentence particularly was significant—"It has been a good term".

Yes, it had been a good term—We had worked hard and played well - but apart from that, both students and teachers had enjoyed a unique fellowship.

That, I feel is a big step towards understanding oneself, and understanding each other.

Surely that is what education is all about.

Editor.

HERE AND THERE

Arrivals — January 31

Parties from Madras, Bombay, Calcutta and abroad arrive. Much joyous reunion. Dorm Parents and Ayahs — Worked off their feet! Lots of little newcomers taken under motherly (brotherly and sisterly) wings.

Mr. Vikram Pearce — March 20

Mr. V. Pearce, our Founder's son, paid the School a lightning visit. Everyone was happy to meet him.

Founder's Birthday — March 24

Special Assembly. Mr. Gundu Rao from Lawrence School, Lovedale gave a moving talk on his association with Mr. Pearce. Mr. Gunawardhana talked on the sincerity of the Founder in whatever he did. Mrs. Pearce distributed gifts to the servants. Special lunch.

Slides of Rishi Valley School and Mr. Pearce with his family were shown after dinner.

Mr. Rustomji — March 29

Gave a most interesting talk on the rapidly changing world of today — and the exciting times that lay ahead. He asked the boys to think ahead of their times.

Born — April 29

To Shakila and Basheer Ahmed — a baby girl. "Very pretty" — according to the father. Congratulations to Mr. Basheer and Shakila Akka.

Founder's Day Celebrations — May 9-10

More about it in the following pages.

Aranyam — May 18

A group called Aranyam (Environmentalists) visited the School. They discussed with us (Staff & Senior School) the need to preserve our natural environment. The Eco-balance had been shattered due to the rapid growth of industry. It was no longer a matter of aesthetics and sentiment but a matter of survival. Unless we are made aware of this, man's chances of survival are grim.

The only way to live was to identify ourselves with nature. They promised to help the School create environmental awareness among the School community.

Servants day — June 4

Students and staff take over the chores.

Last Assembly and Staff Show — June 5

Headmasters' speech — very moving. Staff Show — hilarious.

FOUNDER'S DAY CELEBRATIONS

May 9 — 10 Two days of activities — Weeks of preparation went ahead.

Saturday 9

- 11 a. m. P. T. A. Meeting Mr. Deb outlined the policy of the School. Teachers and parents exchanged ideas and views over coffee and biscuits.
- 4-30 p. m. Her Highness the Maharani of Porbandar - Chief Guest - declared the Art & Craft Exhibition open. Tea for the guests in the School Hall.
- 6 p. m. At Anandagiri, Speeches by the Headmaster and her Highness the Maharani of Porbandar.
- 7 p. m. "The Light of Asia" a pageant on the life of Gauthama Buddha. The whole school was involved. The staff had taken charge of costumes, props, lighting, music and direction. Sixty eight students took part. The show, apart from being appreciated by all, was a perfect example of team work.

Sunday 10

Fete: Delicious eats, games, sale of handwork.

An Excerpt from the Principal's Speech

As you all know, we are gathered here this evening to commemorate our Founder's Day. Besides being an occasion for fun and festivity, this is also an occasion for reflecting on the years that have gone by and for reviewing whether the School continues to move in the direction intended by its Founder, or whether it has deviated from it.

In order to understand this direction, it is necessary to remember the direction our Founder's own professional career took. This will aid us in understanding the central intention behind the founding of The Blue Mountains School.

Frederick Gordon Pearce came to India as a young man to join the small band of intellectuals and enthusiasts attracted by Dr. Annie Besant and Theosophy and Indian Culture as a whole. But after some years of work in the educational field, in India and Ceylon, Mr. Pearce's devotion to educational causes outgrew his enthusiasm for Theosophy. Not surprisingly, to-day Mr. Pearce is remembered more for his pioneering work as an educationist than as a member of Dr. Annie Besant's group.

Amongst contemporary educationists of his time, Mr. Pearce stood out above the others primarily because of his progressive vision. The Public School movement in those days had just begun to find its current and many of the leading private schools, particularly in N. India, were quickly modifying themselves into Indian Public Schools. Mr. Pearce was in the vanguard of this movement, amongst other champions, and this is reflected in his being responsible for the growth of some of the very well-known schools of the country, such as Scindia School in Gwalior, Vidyamandir in Nainital, Netharhat School in Bihar, and Rishi Valley School in Andhra. These names are deliberately enlisted in the chronological order of his involvement with them. What is noteworthy, and of concern to us now, is that Scindia School, Gwalior, and Rishi Valley School in Andhra Pradesh stand as glaring contrasts to each other as schools. The former represents the typical Public School, transplanted from England and nurtured to take root in the Indian soil; whereas the latter is a school which had turned its back upon the Public School approach to education and had found its own distinctive personality and direction.

But among the many schools that bear the imprint of Mr. Pearce's planning and organisation, it is this school, The Blue Mountains School, that is uniquely his own. It is the only school which Mr. Pearce founded as his own special experiment in good education.

To-day, twenty years after its inception, this school is no longer an experiment. Its abandonment of the Public School system approach to education — with its basis in competition, in the use of fear and punishment, in its careerist outlook — is final and complete. In that competition and the use of fear warps and cripples the human personality, true education, or good education, covers the whole expanse of life, and beyond; it does not concern itself primarily with career and achievement.

Education so far has been concerned too long with a piece-meal approach to life and its problems. Specialization has made tremendous advances in the material field and in technology, but in the field of human understanding and in relationship it has perpetuated the divisions that separate the human race into religious groups, into nationalities, into castes and communities, so that everywhere, at every level, human society is torn and in battle. Whether one looks at society outside one's door or at society in the outside world, the picture is the same.

Then there is also the division between Man and Nature. To-day we are becoming increasingly aware, though much too slowly, of the consequences of this division. Environmental pollution, ecological disasters and so on are become problems on a global scale, threatening the very basis of life.

Within ourselves, our lives are shadowed relentlessly by the imponderables of time immemorial — hatred, fear, greed, sorrow, death. In spite of the tremendous strides the human mind has taken in the direction of material progress, we seem to have come no nearer to resolving these eternal imponderables.

Why is this so? What has education to show for itself in the tackling of these fundamental issues? Why has technological advancement been allowed to outstrip advancement in the quality of human life? Why is there such an increasing deterioration in the fabric of human society? And what is education for if not to understand and come to grips with these urgent, burning issues?

It is the endeavour of The Blue Mountains School, even as it provides for normal academic learning, to educate its children in the context of these issues. The direction that our Founder has set for the school is this very endeavour. And I am glad to say that those of us responsible for the day to day functioning of the school are seized of these deep, urgent educational issues. We have already done a little in the way of improving the quality of life within the community. But we are conscious of the vast areas that we have to explore and understand.

SPOTLIGHT ON SHOWS

The Top House Show — March 3

Review 1

The Top House show was great fun but it could have been improved upon.

The first item was funny. Prasad acted as a buffalo, and because he kept charging and butting, everyone called him the Super Buffalo.

In the middle of the second act, during Lokesh's narration Andrew came and switched the lights off. Taken by surprise Lokesh shouted "what the hell! ..."

There were two songs. Rajeshkar sang like a girl and made us laugh.

In the Tamil play, Sydney talked Tamil.

On the whole it was quite a good show.

Reviewed by Aadore
Class VI

Review 2

The Super Buffalo was a nice play. I must say that the doctors and the nurses acted well. So did Prasad who was the Super Buffalo. Mohan and Jaishankar looked just like ladies. There should not have been a second act in my opinion.

The flute player played well. I think the flute should have been played in front of the audience and not behind the curtain.

In the Tamil play Majher Ali could have talked a little slower. I could not understand most of it.

Later, the Banana was a very funny item done by Rajendran, Sydney, Majher Ali and some more. I enjoyed it very much.

Reviewed by Radhika,

The Yellow House Show — April 18

The bell rang at 7-45 p. m. Everyone rushed in, anxious to see the show.

The show began with an item called "Bow-legged chicken". Priya, Natasha, Melaika and Anupama had beaks attached to their mouths. They did the action for the song sung by Aadore, Radhika, Rucha and Anisha. It was quite good.

The next item was a Hindi play which was very funny. I liked it very much. We all laughed a lot. (only the ones who knew Hindi)

Then came an item "Just a Joke"

The next item was "The Mad Hatter's Tea Party", from Alice in Wonderland. They did it well, but Mrs. Rikh had to carry on prompting from the back, and also Radhika who was the Mad Hatter, had no expression at all.

The Last item was two songs called "Gin a Lady" and "Amazing Grace". They sang it quite well. Rucha sang extra loud and went completely out of tune.

It was a very good show and the girls did well.

Reviewed by Satyajit Lahiri,
Class VI

The Red House Show

It started with ToTo (Satyajit) welcoming every one to the show (in his usual way).

Then came on Pratap, the darning, blistering master of the house, perpetually blowing up his timid servant, Chetan. Then, the rick man, Arvind, buying up all the cactuses from Pratap and ToTo declaring behind Aravind's back that he was getting cheated. Of course, Ravindra's auto-honking was very realistic. Pinnochio was also quite nice and Toto sure looked a poor Gapato in his waistcoat, barebodied.

Chetan's piano was also nice.

And finally came the funny ghost. Well, I wouldn't say he was funny, but he sure raised a lot of spooky feelings, didn't he?

In the absence of their Housemother they did quite well.

Reviewed by Ananda Tan,
Class XI

Entertainment

At the School

February 23

Mr. Donald Koilpillai showed slides of New York and New Jersey: New York during the Thanks giving and New Jersey in Autumn, Winter, Spring and Summer.

- March 27 Three films: (Courtesy High Commission of Canada)
 Among fish
 What is Life
 The universe
- April 22 Three films : (Countesy Embassy of Japan)
 Living Arts of Japan
 Tourning Japan
 Tarditional Handicrafts for Modern Living
- May 16 Five films (Courtesy High Commission of Canada)
 Two films on sport —
 Table tennis, and aero-modelling
 Two films: Oddball
 Metamorphosis
 One Comedy

At the Assembly Rooms

- For Juniors: March 21 "Return of the Dragon"
 April 18 "Odds and Evens"
 April 24 "Kramer Vs. Kramer"

TALKS ON TRIPS

Long Hike: Feb. 21 — Highlights

Blue House — to Radio Astronomy Centre

Something funny happened. Mr. Malik chased us with a stick all the way from Radio Astronomy Centre

Raja

We went to R. A. C. and saw a lot of machines. Mr. Basheer asked the Director if we could look around.

We cooked our own lunch. Mr. Malik did some sketching. Some of us stole carrots from a cart and Mr. Malik chased us.

Hariharan

Yellow House — over the hill to Lovedale

Had a bath under the waterfall — and played with a green top frog.

Radhika

Red House — to Lovedale

Seven of us went ahead of Akka and the other four. We took a wrong turning, and spent an hour looking for each other. At last we found the other party — You can imagine what Sara Akka had to say.

Toto

First we went to the Atlantic Ocean — no, the Arctic Ocean

Arun

(apparently he was
not allowed to continue)

Green House — to Wood House and Parasuram Sagar

I got tired walking up. I had a fall while playing "Kings". We roasted our buns and they became too burnt.

Punya

Aiyoooh! I enjoyed our hike..... I don't know m-m-m —
Ask the rest.

Leo

We went to Parasuram Sagar where there wasn't a drop of water — There were beautiful birds — black wings and white breasts — and their eyes were blue.

Pankaj

Top House — to Tiger Hill Reservoir

We went for a nature walk — we found some dead butterflies, two calves, and were chased by a cow. We also went to Tiger Hill Reservoir — it was a beautiful sight.

We played "kick the can" and crashed into the bushes.

We forgot to take the box of matches and tried to light the fire with a magnifying glass but it didn't work. So Ma'am gave us tea in her room when we got back

Ananda & Rupert

Long Hike — April 12

Groups trekked to:

Marlimund Lake, Doddabeta, Cairn Hill, The Downs, Tiger Hill.

Some Pond Life was brought back in jars. A beautiful species of mushroom was collected,

Our Hike to Lovedale

We went on a hike to Lovedale,
 Along a path and a stony trail.
 And never did come across a gale
 But something happened that made our plans fail.
 Seven of them went a-hiding,
 And five of us came a-searching
 For them who had really gone gliding,
 Running on some other deadly trail.
 We searched through hills,
 We searched through fields,
 We searched through woods and even trees
 But didn't find them 'pon any trail.
 At last we found them 'neath some haystacks
 We felt like we had broken backs.
 So we went and then what more snaps
 For collecting firewood? — more cracks in our backs.
 We cooked our lunch.
 And ate it munch, munch
 Rice and egg curry for lunch
 Crunch, crunch, crunch, crunch.
 Then we went to a waterfall
 And did lots of swimming — what fun and all
 And then what happened? Akka called
 And back onto the grass we sprawled.
 Then we went to a grassy place
 And for Robber and Police we ran in haste;
 And then ate our tea with a lovely taste
 And came back to school in haste.

Chetan Pradhan

11 years

Our Trip to Mudumalai

I was very excited to go to Mudumalai.

We left school at 9-30 a.m. and the bus was at 11-00 a.m. When we reached Mudumalai we stayed at Sylvan Lodge. There we stayed in Minivet Dormitory. Sylvan Lodge is a nice place because there is a river in front of it. In the evening we went to the elephant camp to see the elephants doing puja. Washeem and Basheer went around the temple three times with bells in their trunks. The youngest elephant is Washeem. The oldest elephant is seventy years old, and its name is Tara. Basheer is four years old. Some are 52, 62, 43, 42, years old. There are 23 elephants in the camp.

The next day we went to the forest at 7-15 in the forest van. First we saw monkeys jumping from tree to tree, and birds and peacocks.

After going to the jungle we had a swim in the river.

From the lodge we watched elephants bathing in the river. In the evening we went to the elephant camp to see how they fed the elephants.

The next day when we were swimming, Punya was washed away by the current, and he nearly got drowned.

In the evening, Lakshmi, Pankaj and Mr. Rajan went to Singara. While they were away we went for a swim.

Next day we got up early, packed our things and left for Masanagudi. From there we came by a minibus to the school.

Melaika Boseman
9 years

Our Trip to Mudumalai

We left school on Friday by the 11 o'clock bus. It was a tiring journey down. At about 12-15 we reached Mudumalai. We went to Sylvan Lodge. It was very hot. We took off our shirts. We wanted to go for a swim. After lunch we played cricket. Some of us went down to the river. After a while Usha Akka came and let us swim. Soon more children came to swim. After that we went in and had tea. Then we played. We had dinner and went to sleep. Next morning we got up and went in a van to the forest. We saw deer, birds, monkeys, and other birds and animals. We had breakfast and went for a swim. After lunch Mr. Rajan, Pankaj and Lakshmi went to Masanagudi. We played hide-and-seek and had nice fun. We wanted to go to the elephant camp but it was too late. We had dinner and went to bed.

The next day we went jogging in the morning and after that we had breakfast. Melaika and I wanted to go down where the water came down very fast. I went down and I was taken away by the current. I went too far away where the water was about 4 to 6 feet. I jumped up and down and started shouting. Each time I came up I spat out a mouthful of water. Suddenly I dived down and swam against the current. I came up to a rock and clung on to it. Rucha pulled me out of the water. At about 3-45 p. m. we went for a swim. After tea we went to the elephant camp. There were 23 elephants on the list. The oldest is Tara. She is 70 years old.

Next morning we packed and left. We reached Masanagudi. It was very hot. It was a hot and tiring journey up. We reached school at about 12-15. We unpacked and soon the lunch bell rang. We enjoyed ourselves a lot.

Punya Merwanji
10 years

SPEAKING ON SPORT

Basket Ball : Friendly match with Hebrons. Rupert captained the team in the absence of Ananda.
It was a fast and enjoyable game.

Score BMS 38

Hebrons 28

Cricket — March 14 : School team Vs. Rest of School 11 a. m. to 5 p. m. (Two innings match). The match was a draw to the satisfaction of all.

We saw some good batting and bowling. Bala, the School captain, bowled very well indeed, and shared the honours with Manish. Mr. Deb (Playing for Rest of School) got eight wickets.

Basket Ball — March 28 : With Hebrons.
Fast - moving BMS won by 11 baskets.

Cricket — May 30 : School team Vs. Rest of School.

CREATIVE WRITING

The Snow

The white snow falls,	It falls on men's hats,
The ice water falls,	And on the animal's head.
It is cold	Men skate and
Not hot at all.	Animals walk ;
It falls on the houses,	Men wear sweaters,
And on the cars,	Animals have thick hair.
On the grass,	The white snow falls,
And on the trees.	The ice water falls,

Aejaz B. Ansari,
10 years.

Rain, Rain, Rain,

I like rain,
When rain comes, the mud and
Dust rises up.
I like the smell.
When it rains, first it drizzles
And then rains heavily
It makes our clothes get wet.
I like having my bath in the rain
Some people get cold or get ill.
Rain gives plants water.

Pankaj kumar,
10 years.

The Moon

Moon, you are like a	You are always among
Thin line up in the sky.	The twinkling stars
Then slowly. day by day,	Sometimes you are nowhere
You grow and become	Moon! where do you go
A round white big	When you don't appear
Ball in the dark sky	Among your friends ?
You give us light too	

Rajesh Moorthy,
10 years.

The Welcome Rain

The ground was full of dust,
 And everything was just not right,
 People were crying for rain,
 They shouted again and again.
 Then suddenly everything was different ;
 Raindrops were falling,
 People were jumping
 And the weather changed.
 The lovely smell was in my nose
 And how it all arose ;
 The lilies were jumping in the river
 Because of the lovely smell,
 It was all done so well.
 The trees and leaves were all so wet
 And yet they were so happy
 This is how the welcomed rain came

Rucha Pathak,
 10 years.

Travelling

I like Travelling,
 I'll wander from east to west,
 North to south
 I'll see the museum,
 The castles,
 And the beautiful gardens.
 I'll stay in a hotel
 And bathe in the sea,
 I'll see different places,
 I'll walk on the muddy road,
 And climb the hills.
 I'll go round the shops
 Buying toys
 Oh ; I wish I could go round
 Travelling everywhere.

Melaika Boseman,
 9 years.

The Waterfalls

The waterfalls
 Oh, how it falls!
 On the big rocks;
 And how it calls me
 Like the rustling of the leaves.
 The smell it gives,
 And the bumble bees
 Go to smell it
 It comes gushing down
 Like many hounds
 To come and join the fish.
 The people all like it,
 And they go and sit beside it
 The water splashes on them
 And they have a good game.
 It goes on day and night
 And when the moon shines bright
 And the people go away
 And it's alone all over again
 But soon it will get company
 Tomorrow in the morning.

Rucha Pathak
 10 years.

The Moon

Moon so round and yellow
 Looking from high in the sky,
 How I love to see you,
 Hiding in the sky!
 Oh moon, you come at night
 And you peep at daylight
 Oh moon, some days
 You look half
 And some days
 You look quarter
 And some days you look full
 And some days you don't come
 Out at all.

Lakshmi Narayan,
 10 years.

These Things I Like

I like a toy to play with ;
 I like to have new clothes to wear
 I like to have a car to go round and
 I like a dog to go with me.
 In the evenings
 I like to have a cat to chase the mouse
 I like to have a plane to fly in
 I like to have a rabbit to eat my carrots ;
 These are the things I like

Dipesh Shah,
 8 years.

Sunrise

As the sun is rising
 It makes the eastern sky orange ;
 And it rises up slowly
 Like a ball of fire
 It wakes up nature too
 The singing birds
 Are out to fly ;
 And sleeping bees
 Are out to buzz ;
 The mewling cat is out to mew
 And the cock is out to crow
 The bus is out on the road
 Full of people on the way to work
 Oh ! what a beautiful scene
 It is in the morning

Anisha Pradhan,
 10 years.

Flowers

I like flowers
 Roses are red
 And they have nice heads of petals
 Flowers are blue
 And some of them stick on to you
 Like glue
 Daisies are yellow and white
 They don't like to fright
 And they are light
 Sunflowers are yellow
 And they always say hello
 By bowing their heads

Melaika Boseman,
 9 years.

A Walk Early in the Morning in Ooty

To walk early in the morning
 In Ooty is a lovely thing ;
 You can see the sun rising
 For the day to bring.
 You can hear the birds singing
 As happy as can be,
 Winging through the air so
 Proud and free.
 You can see the little
 Dewdrops on the wet grass,
 You can see the white
 Frost melting ever so fast.
 You can feel the strong
 Breeze bristle past your face.
 And you can see the birds
 Flying with such grace.
 You can see the mist and the
 Fog away up in the hills.
 You can see old men going
 For walks alone up in the chills.
 Now that the day has begun
 There's no more fun
 To see the morning beauty
 Of Ooty.

Aadore Sayani
 Class VI

Sunset

I saw the sunset so very nice,
 And all the birds in the sky,
 The colour was orange,
 The colour was yellow,
 The colour was red.
 Shining on my head.
 The sun was shining in the water,
 And all like the angels' halo,
 The birds shouted "Keww, Keww"
 The cats replied, "Meow, meow"
 Soon it was going down and down,
 And now it was becoming darker.
 How they cried the little larks !
 Soon it became very dark,
 And you could not see the sun
 And if you hadn't come
 You would have missed the fun.

Rucha Pathak
 10 years.

From my Window

From my window I could see
 The high mountains covered with mist
 And I could see the shining sun
 And the shining water in the boat lake
 I could see the busy traffic on the road ;
 I could see the huge Race Course
 The temples and the bus-stand
 I could see the tall trees, beautiful flowers
 And chirping birds on the trees
 I could see different shapes and size
 These are the things I could see from my window.

Harshad Pujara,
 9 years.

Voices

I hear many voices
 Voices of animals, birds and people
 I like birds singing the best
 And I like the lion roaring
 I like the people talking angrily,
 I like the people whispering
 These beautiful voices I like.
 I like the voices of kiwi cooing
 I hear so many voices in the world.

Vinay Vasant,
 10 years.

A Visit to Fairy Land

Once I went for a walk. I walked and I walked until I got lost. Then suddenly I saw a little man. He had a white beard and a small face. He said, "Why are you looking so sad?" I said, "I am lost and I don't know which way to go home". Then the little man said, "Don't worry. Why don't you come to my house?" So, I said, "Yes", and I followed the little man along a narrow path. Then I came to a small piece of land. I asked the little man "What is the name of this land?" Then the little man said, "This is Fairy Land".

Then we entered the Fairy Land. I saw a beautiful lady dressed in a long pink dress. She had something in her hand. It was a stick with a star on the top. "Who is she?" I asked. The little man said, "She is the Fairy Queen. "But then why does she have wings?" I asked. "She has wings to fly with" replied the man. Then the Fairy Queen touched me with the wand. I became a fairy too.

Then I saw many more fairies. They all came forward and bowed to us. Then the Fairy Queen made me sit on a golden throne. Then she took a crown which was beside the throne, and put it on my head. All the fairies danced with joy. I had become the Queen of the Fairy Land. I couldn't understand what language they spoke. I was made to sit on a chariot, drawn by four horses. Immediately the horses began to fly. But they were not flying together. Crash! I started falling down. I screamed and opened my eyes. I was lying on the floor of my room.

Melaika Boseman

9 years

**Statement about the ownership and other Particulars about the newspaper
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FORM IV

(See Rule 8)

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| 6. Name and address of individuals who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one percent of the total Capital. | } The Principal
The Blue mountains School, Ootacamund |

I, Mr. B. Narayan Deb, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Ootacamund, }
Dated: 15th Sep. 1981 }

B. NARAYAN DEB,
Signature of Publisher.