



Dare to be free

The Blue Print

Volume V—1



1970.

SCHOOL NEWS.

Welcome to

Mrs M. M. Thomas who has come in place of Mrs S Chacko (Geography)

Miss Naseem Khan from Bombay who has made it possible to introduce French as a subject.

February 9th : The new term started off and we hope it is going to be a happy and fruitful term for every one of us.

The school building has been whitewashed and painted and looks trim. The playgrounds have been extended as hoped last term and now the boys have some space to play quite a few games at a time. It also enables us to have our practices for the Inter-school cricket, basket-ball & Athletics in the fields up here. Weight lifting equipment has also been provided for the athletics.

After a long, long spell of water scarcity we find that there is no more trouble with the water supply. Baths have been arranged more frequently now.

The long awaited gas plant for the Chemistry Department has at last made its appearance. Work in the Science Departments should now be easier.

We had two cinema shows in the school

21st — Around the World and Under the Sea.
28th — The 25th hour.

We were very happy to have among us Mr. J. P. Gunavardhane, who has the distinction of being the first Head Master of this school. He spoke to the boys and later lunched with the staff.

NEW BOYS.

1. George Pottankulam, Kerala	...	Standard XI
2. Mahmood - Uganda	...	, IX
3. Radhakrishnan - Singapore	...	, "
4. N. Nagesh, Tamil Nadu	...	, "
5. Yatin Bhat, Bombay	...	, "
6. M. V. Ajith Kumar, Bangalore	...	, VIII
7. Nareshwar, Calicut	...	, VII
8. Harshad Shah, Calicut	...	, VI
9. Rajeshwaran, Srivilliputtu	...	, VI
10. Ajay Pujara, Bombay	...	, V
11. Anil Shah, Calicut	...	, V
12. Rajaram, Mercara	...	, V
13. Raman, Calicut	...	, V
14. Ramaswamy, Madras	...	, V
15. Girishan, Ernakulam	...	, IV
16. Venkatesh Pai, Mercara	...	, IV

THE SHIP

I am, writing a poem,
 And you may enjoy reading it
 in your old age :
 This is the ship
 And I like this ship
 But I like the ship
 Best of friendship.

Deepak Tanna
 VII

MY BIRTHDAY PRESENT

I was awakened by a neigh of a horse. It was very loud indeed, but as I got up, everybody wished me a happy birthday, and by the time I got out of the house, I heard nothing. I thought it might have been any one of the ponies we had and forgot all about it. Later I felt a little curious to find out which of the ponies it could be that had neighed so loudly, but when I asked my father, he said in a harsh voice, "I don't know." I went away, and at 11.15 the table was set with all the presents

and candles, and everybody sang, "Happy Birthday to you." My mother had given me an oil painting set, others gave me presents too, but there was nothing from my father on the table. After everyone had finished, my father took me by the arm and took me outside and imagine my surprise and delight, for there was a young horse in the compound, with a saddle and bridle of glistening black. He was my father's birthday present !

Raghu Mohan

HELPING MOTHER

That Sunday morning I lay in bed looking bleakly at the ceiling. The weather was bad, there would be no match ; I had read every book I had, twice over, and I was feeling lonely and bored.

I then got an idea. I ran to my desk, took out a pencil and a note book and started scribbling all the Indian names I knew. I had written only the fifth name, when I heard a scream. It was from the kitchen. I coolly walked to the kitchen thinking that it must have been a cockroach or a rat or something. But when I saw what had happened I was shocked. My mother sat in a puddle of boiling water. I opened the cold water tap and spurted it all over her legs and the floor, as the floor must have been pretty hot. I helped my mother up and slowly took her to the bed room, and applied Burnol to her legs. She lay there, eyes closed with the pain, while I stood there and kept on staring at her blankly.

After a while she opened her eyes and told me to put a chair near the kitchen door and take her to it. The lunch had to be prepared and she would tell me what to do. I helped her up and weakly she walked up to the chair and sat down, while I wondered what was the next move. She asked me to put in some masala and a whole lot of other things into the vegetable, and I lifted the lid of the vessel and did so. Now and again I looked at her and could see from her expressions that she was in terrible pain, and I could not stop the tears pouring down my cheeks. I then peeled the boiled potatoes and then began to mix the wheat flour with the salt water for the chappatties. I felt horrible dirtying my hands but I had to do it. After rolling them out I found that the first ones looked more like amoebas than anything else. I was so absorbed in shaping out the next chappatti, that the hissing of the dal startled me. I turned round and found myself looking helplessly at the vessel from which the dal was overflowing into the fire. My mother asked me to quickly take the lid off the vessel. I then turned to cut up some cucumber and tomatoes for a salad, but poured a whole bottle of t a b a s c o and a whole packet of salt into it, making it impossible for anyone to take it. I knew I had ruined it. I had finished my work in the kitchen and my mother was again in bed. So I took the electric cleaner

and went over all the rooms but one-the sitting room. Just then the phone rang and in my anxiety to rush and see who it was, I forgot to switch off the cleaner. As I answered the phone I did hear some whirring noises coming over, but I was so excited to rush off and tell my mother that my sister-in-law had a baby girl. I slammed down the receiver - I was lucky that it did not break ! - and then only remembered the cleaner. When I got there, to my utter astonishment and alarm, I found the flower vases and all the other things upset. I was glad that the radiogram had not been touched yet. Fortunately the carpet was thick and the flower vases were not broken. Anyway I was too relieved to find that I had escaped so lightly. I quickly rearranged the room as my father and brother returned - earlier than usual. My brother announced that we would all go out for lunch to celebrate the new arrival with a feast. I was stunned after all this trouble of cooking and wasting my time in the house. Suddenly I felt so angry that I shouted at my brother and said a whole lot of things including that he had no consideration for mother. When I had finished, my brother, red-faced and upset, calmly asked me what had made me say all these awful things. I then told him everything that had happened that day - how mummy had burnt her leg, how I had gone to all the botheration of helping in the cooking and cleaning and so on. My brother, surprised and unhappy, hurriedly went in without a word, and I slowly went to the dining room to lay the table. I felt like a house-wife that day. I had done all the things that I would never have ordinarily done, but I did feel great that I had helped my mother as best as I could.

Pradip Tanna

THE OLD FARMER

There was an old farmer
Whose name was Garmer ;
He went to the pond with his rifle,
He shot a duck which fell quack, quack, quack,
And off flew the drake, quack, quack, quack.

Sampath
VII

IT ALL BEGAN WITH MY HOLIDAY

I should have known that the 13th was an unlucky day. But, for one thing I am not superstitious and the 13th was a convenient date. I was flying back home for the holidays, from Colombo to Delhi. The day came. The airports, customs, all passed in a flash. Soon the plane was at 10,000 feet, flying north at 300 miles. Then we hit a big bump. The sudden shock caused several brief-cases to fall and burst open, disclosing

the fact that many of them were full of a yellow rubber-like stuff. I froze, I was not a chemist, but I knew plastic explosive when I saw it. The man who was sitting near me quickly shut the cases and looked around, and by then I was back to my book. Soon after I went forward to the control cabin and told the pilot my fears. He was frankly incredulous, and remarked that this was not America. We talked for some time, but he refused to do anything, and only said that he would report the matter when we reached Delhi. I said that I only hoped that the man wasn't a mad man bent on blowing up the plane.

However the trip was uneventful and we landed at Delhi. When we passed the customs, I went to the Airport Police. The man there promised to look into the business. Then for a good measure, I informed the Military. Maj. Ram Singh on the other side, had known me since I was a boy of eight. It was this that set things going. It seemed that there was a sabotage-ring and work and it seemed likely that the man was one of them. He was followed and seen entering a house. The house was raided and most of the men were captured. It seemed that they had got the explosive through customs by pretending that it was a sample of wax-

One of the most puzzling things was ten sacks of brown earth in jute bags, labelled 'fertilizer'. Then I got an idea. I took some of the earth and heated it and added iron sulphate. I was asked what I was doing, but then I poured off the residue and showed them the yellow metal at the bottom. "Fertilizer!" I said - it was gold dissolved in acid and made into gold nitrate crystals for smuggling.

Ramesh Nayar

Dangerous trees

The trees which are tall,
Are very dangerous because they fall,
At any time,
Even when you throw a dime -
And this is the end of the rhyme.

Nikil Dutt
VIII

FROM DECEMBER 1969 to JANUARY 1970.

It was the first of Decembet, when we started preparing a few cases and trunks to bring with us to India by ship. We were supposed to leave on the tenth of January. We filled the cases with a radiogram, a sewing machine and a washing machine and some other articles. I had to print names on the cases and the trunks.

When the goods were filled in the cases, we sent the cases and trunks to a port called Mombasa, which is in Kenya, a neighbour of Uganda. The goods were then kept in a godown in the port. On the twenty-third I celebrated my birthday. I wish it is not the last I have in the country of my birth. We were told that the ship was delayed till the fifteenth of February, so we were to take a plane on the thirty-first of December. I visited a few of my friends and they wished me good-bye. At last the time had come for us to leave. My auntie and we arrived at the Entebbe airport at five-thirty. Entebbe is an international airport of Uganda. The airport is twenty miles from Kampala, which is the capital. We boarded the plane at six in the evening. On the stops were Nairobi, where we stayed for one hour and forty minutes; and Karachi at four in the morning. We arrived at Bombay airport, where we were met by my uncle. My uncle had arrived in Bombay a few days earlier. He had come from Beirut. We stayed at the Nataraj Hotel. To my dismay, I found Bombay very old and there were very few places which were newly built. We toured a little of Bombay, and on the second of January we left for Bangalore. We took a taxi to reach Ootacamund. On the way we passed Mysore, and saw some of the palaces which are magnificently built. The journey was very long and also tiring. At last we reached Ootacamund. We went to the Savoy Hotel, where we stayed for a short period. During our stay my uncle went and found us a bungalow. We rented the Bungalow for five hundred rupees a month.

For about a week we went shopping for some cardigans, sheets, blankets and pillows. We shifted to the house a little later. My uncle had already left to catch a plane at Bangalore, from where he would go to Bombay, and from Bombay to catch a plane for Beirut. Sometimes I went to the market and brought home vegetables and other things. In the evenings I played some games with my sisters. I enjoy my time in Ootacamund very much.

Mahmood

A MEMORABLE VISIT

It was about 8,0' clock in the evening and we were waiting for a guest - a Mr. Dhond, a gentleman whom I had never seen, but of whom I had heard quite a bit. I knew that he was one of Bombay's leading business-men, a hardworking man too. My father had told us that he was a courageous man, and I was wondering why he had said that, when we heard the car arriving.

We went down the flight of steps to meet him. From the car stepped out a Gurkha with an enormous moustache. He went towards the 'dicky' and took out a wheel chair. It was only then that I realized that

Mr. Dhond was a cripple. I was shocked. The Gurkha adjusted the wheel chair, opened the door of the car, easily picked up Mr. Dhond in his arms and put him in the chair, after which he wheeled the chair into the drawing room.

We started chatting with him. And then my father repeated what he had been just telling us about his courage. His reply was typical - I shall never forget it. He said, "Well, one must take life as it comes."

He talked freely and easily that we forgot that he was a cripple. He spoke and behaved like a perfectly normal man. He had a charming personality. I was even more astonished to learn that in spite of his grave handicap, he had travelled to several parts of the world. He related quite a few of his adventures and experiences to me, that I never got bored listening.

I used to think that men who were with such serious defects spent their lives in their chairs, doing nothing, cursing their fates and feeling bitter towards everyone who was more fortunate. But, Mr. Dhond, with his normal living and pleasing manners gave me something to think about.

Masud Taj

TREES

Trees ! What grand trees
More than the beautiful seas.
What hills and trees
Make grand sceneries,

Naresh
VII

A VISIT TO A SUGAR FACTORY

Seeing a sugar factory is wonderful. Well, I saw one the other day. First they dump the sugar canes in the trolleys. One by one, the trolleys are weighed. Then when one trolley comes to a particular spot on the rails which go round the place, a button is pushed, the trolley is tilted to one side and the sugar canes dumped on to a moving belt. The moving belt goes through several cutters until they are a number of small pieces. Then a roller compresses them into juice. The juice flows off into big tubes and the waste is separated and taken off. Now the juice flows into big wooden containers. Then it is heated up with steam which comes from the furnaces. The juice is like thick honey and at every container stands a man who tests the juice every now and again. From there the juice goes in large pipes to hollow rollers. The thick rollers go round and round.

The black stuff is removed and the rest is made into sugar. The sugar is distilled, made into grains or crystals, and put into gunny bags, weighed and taken away. The black stuff would be distilled too, and made into spirit by adding chemicals.

My uncle who was showing me round gave me a glass of sugar cane juice. It was delicious. Like all good things, this visit also came to an end, but it was an interesting experience to see the inside working of a sugar factory.

K. Srinivas

"WHO ARE YOU ?"

Returning from a movie which ended at midnight, two lonely figures walked across an open heath. The movie had been a ghostly one. The wind as it blew whistled like an engine. It was drizzling and misty too.

.....

Vinod and I walked on and I shivered because I felt not only cold but frightened. Suddenly we saw a dark shadow approaching and for a moment we had a feeling that it was a ghost. When the figure came nearer Vinod asked, "Who is it?"

"A farmer," answered a hollow voice.

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"Avenue Road," came the reply.

"That's where we live too; you can come with us if you want to,"

I offered.

"Thanks," he said shortly.

We walked on and through the night came a soft buzzing noise, which seemed as if it was coming closer. Suddenly we were caught up in a swirl and tossed about like a dry leaf in the wind. I woke up to find myself sitting on a sofa in a strange room.

Talking for a while, Vinod asked, "By the way, where is that man?" He had hardly finished when the man stepped in from a small door opening from one end of the room. He tried to explain to us - "I am sorry..." he began, but we cursed him roundly.

".... I'm sorry," he repeated for the fourth time, "I liked you"
 "And so did I," returned Vinod.

"My name is Masud," he said, "I have come on a mission from a far-off planet. My King has sent me here - By the way, what are your names?"

"Vinod and Mukund," we answered.

"Vi-nod — Mu-kund," he memorised ; and then, "What mission has your King sent you on?" I questioned,

"After I get you a few drinks I'll tell you," he replied, and then got two bottles from a refrigerator and poured out some cold, pale, green stuff out.

"Now for my mission. We have all the gems and stones of this planet, but one. We want two of them, and to find them I have come out all the way fromPLUTO."

"PLUTO !!" we gasped.

"Yes, and I want your help to get them. If I return without getting that gem, I shall be banished from Pluto."

"How can we help you?" queried Vinod sympathetically.

"By giving me the two stones that you are wearing on your fingers," said he. "Sapphires? Is that the gem you seek?"

"Yes, Sapphires - it is that which we want. Will you give it to me?" he pleaded with tears in his eyes.

"We will" Vinod said, tears creeping into his own eyes, "a flogging from my Dad would be worth it."

The tears were gone and his eyes shone with joy. We took out our rings, - they were identical - and put them into his hand. His finger closed over them as he handed us a green envelope with the specific instructions that it was to be opened only after he left. He opened the door for us and we stepped out into the cold, turned round and waved good-bye.

"Good-bye," he whispered, "you have saved me from humiliation and exile" He stepped into a Flying Saucer and it glided into the darkness as we watched it disappear.

Vinod opened the envelope and to our surprise, there was the money in crisp notes, to replace our rings. We walked home silently, and lay in bed for a long time that night, thinking about Masud, his triumphant return to Pluto, and asking ourselves, "Who was he?"

Mukund

A MEMORY

I went a-hunting every day
 To catch a Mongolian,
 Each time I went, I went up the mountain,
 I caught nothing, - but one day died.

Deviah
 VII

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A VIPER

One day I was taking to one of my friends in our mill. Suddenly we heard a hissing sound. We thought it was a cycle puncture, so my friend went and looked. But there was no puncture; but when he was coming he saw a viper and started shouting. By the time I ran up, the viper was on a stone. My uncles, hearing the shout, also came to the spot, bringing with them a sharp iron rod. I went a bit nearer to it and the viper started hissing at me . . I recoiled. It was then that my uncles came up. The rod was in the hands of one of my friends, and instead of giving it to my uncle who asked for it, he rushed forward and poked the viper. He lifted one end of it but the viper feeling the pain scrambled into a hole. Then they brought some poison gas and put it into the hole. As we sprayed one end of the hole the viper tried to come out of the other end of the hole. So we blocked that end. Then the spraying was continued. Suddenly my uncle jumped up saying that the viper had bitten the spraying can. When my friend heard this he ran back to the house screaming, "Run! Run! The viper has come out!" But after some time my uncle closed the hole and returned to the house saying, "The viper cannot live long without breathing so he will surely die."

Robin Thomas

SHADOWING A FAIRY

Once a fairy in May
 Was so very gay,
 That she walked and walked away.
 I walked behind her.

She walked aimlessly
 With no one to talk to.
 A tiger came in her path,
 The fairy flew away
 And I lost her track.

Emmanuel Park

THE NEW BELL

(To S. M.)

One suspects,
 some bell has fallen mute
 forever in his heart-
 or perhaps has never rung :
 or some insistent tintinnabulation
 somewhere beyond his frantic reaching
 cannot be stilled and needs to be drowned
 in louder sound :
 or he has always been suspicious
 of that old fox, time,
 and so has had two watch-dogs
 -one on each of his wrists -*
 and sundry bells and jingles hung about :
 that's why he trudged that Thursday all that way
 to get himself a brand new bell,
 And, having hung it on a school-post,
 now he holds, each passer-by, with glittering eye,
 demanding approbation and applause-
 as though, he has, at long last, belled the school !

"But we are not mice ! nor Pavlov dogs
 nor precocious chimps :
 we are the children of men :
 and even a new bell does not make us run,
 casts no spell and lifts no spirits :
 and English Lit. remains unlit, or at least very ill-lit,
 and history the same hysteric's tale,
 Boyle's Law is as far as it ever was
 from the laughing, piping balloon man ;
 and the the angle of incidence always
 is someone making faces at the sun.
 Bells, oh Sir, bells ! brass brash or silver demure,
 tolling, pealing, clanging, or just ringing,
 tinkling, making infinite music-
 Bells are for dancing - don't you see ? -
 in the sun or the rain or on darkened marble,
 ecstatic, to a phallic god :
 they are for festive hearts or those on fire :
 for being born for or dying-
 Bells, Sir, are for deep assonance

* That is one Theory : another is that only two watches show but there's one round each ankle,
 one on each arm & one round the neck - seven dials ! Some say that those two watches are
 intended to forestall the disrespectful question "What makes him tick ?"

with every human hope and fear-
 -it may even be they serve
 for lifting teachers' hearts with that illusion
 -without which, my dear Sir, you'd go berserk-
 that you teach us and we learn :
 and, thus, though that new bell
 shout some private hell,
 or though its clapper, striking, send you into heaven,
 please, Sir, let us not forget
 that bells are not for herding children
 nor for beating t t. tocsins at them
 nor beguiling them with siren tongues into some classroom ambush ;
 for, if you do forget,
 you will not be forgiven in any heaven,
 for such perverse misuse of scarce decibels."

N. G. T.



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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 : 24-3-'70.

L. SINHA,
Signature of Publisher.

FORM IV.
(2-54-3)

2. Periodicity of publication

(which is not of India) to China of India

11. I have not seen the country of

...of the ...

of my knowledge and belief.