



Dare to be free

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SCHOOLS NEWS

Mr. Kailasam succeeds Mr. Thakar.

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In spite of indifferent health and old age, Mr. Thakar had agreed to come out of his second retirement and help the trustees in their hour of need. He had come for one year doubtingly but stayed on for three, admiringly and reluctantly.

His major contribution was the streamlining of the budget and office; he brought an attitude of kindness and indulgence in his dealings with boys; he improved the living conditions and salary scale of the staff, and creature comforts generally, and gave the final push towards the enlargement of the school. He brought an old-world sense of duty to his arduous job here; on one occasion, after an early-morning arrival by bus from Coimbatore, he was at his desk at 7 a. m. instead of resting and relaxing and making a late beginning. The school wishes him and Mrs. Thakar a peaceful and comfortable period of retirement where he can fulfil his desire for reading and writing.

In Mr. Kailasam the school has, for the first time, a young, energetic headmaster. Mr. Kailasam was born in Kerala, had his schooling in Bombay, and finished his B Sc. (Tech.) and M. Sc. (Tech), First Class, from the Benares Hindu University. He is a Fellow of the Royal Institute of Chemistry, London. He decided to switch over to teaching after 23 years in Industry where he was for 20 years a senior executive in the British firm, Messrs. Assam Oil Co. Ltd. Digboi, Assam. In addition he has had overseas experience in the U. K. Oil Industry. He is one of the few teachers in India who have chosen the field of education in preference to a much more lucrative career; unlike most, for whom it is the last resort as a means of livelihood, He has taught at Rishi Valley and comes to us from the Lawrence School where he taught chemistry very successfully up to the ISC level. He comes with the reputation of being clear-cut in his

objectives and of not being prepared to tolerate lethargy and looseness. The school welcomes him and Mrs. Kailasam and looks forward to a decade of rigorous effort and unquestionable efficiency.

Thanks to Mr. Kailasam for his gift of books to the library.

THE UNGRATEFUL MAN was staged by our boys at the Anna Stadium on the 23rd of October, in aid of the school building fund. The boys acquitted themselves well and the audience enjoyed the show. We were fortunate in having the author Mr. David Horsburgh and his wife with us on the occasion.

On the 6th of December we had two interesting shows. Miss G. Cushing commentary on her slides on Iran and the Passion Play at Obberama~~aur~~. Later Mrs. Marikar and her sister gave a delightful music recital on the piano and the violin respectively. This was followed by the school farewell to the ISC boys. The evening was consequently thoroughly enjoyable.

The ISC examinations are on, and we wish our boys the very best of luck.

Diwali was celebrated with the traditional bonfire, burst of crackers, lights and sweets.

The Xth and VIIIth standards were out at Bandipur and Masinigudi for their long tutorial outings for the weekend from the 16th October. The rest of the school chose to go out on local picnics and walks.

The following films were shown in school :

Island of the Blue Dolphin.

Taggart.

Valley of Mystery.

Marco Polo the magnificent.

In Bangalore the premiere show of AIRPORT is to be held at the Lido theatre in aid of the school funds. We are thankful to all the kind friends who have undertaken this venture and we wish it every success.

The school is closing for the winter vacation on the 25th of November, and the last of the ISC batch will be gone by December 1st.

THE PASSING DAY

I awoke at dawn
The moon had gone,
The sun shone bright
And so passed a night.

So passed a day
For the time flew past,
Then back in bed I lay,
Until the sun shone a ray.

Vinay Deshmuk
Std. VI

A FAREWELL THAT WAS.

This farewell party to the ISC (held on the 6th of this month) has carved a niche in my memory as the best, and it will always be in my mind—not only the function, but also the class. They are a bunch of youths bubbling with enthusiasm and talent. Just read this and you will know for yourself.

Pradeep B A muscular young fellow, full of guts and energy. A fine all-round sportsman. Has a natural temperament for arguing. Hails from the land of oil-Kuwait.

Pradip Tanna: A handsome young man who could be a master crowd-puller if he took to the screen. A fine singer and a master electrician.

Mukund: A dreamer of character. A fine all-round sportsman, exceptionally good in table tennis and cricket. A biologist and a 'shishya' of Mrs. Thomas.

Mohan: A man of muscle, fit as a fiddle. A brilliant all-round sportsman, but must take to studies seriously.

Mukesh: Brain of the class. Very good looking, tall and lithe. A good basket-baller.

Masud: An artist. Has a bright future as a writer. And I request you Masud, if ever you make the top as a writer, have 'Macha' as your pen-name, so that all of us, the Blue Mountaineers, will be able to know that you were once a product of this wonderful institution.

Kishore: If ever you want a friend, intimate and ready to share your sorrows and happiness, here he is. A voracious reader and idolises Maugham and Steinbeck. Has talent in table tennis.

Vinod: A kind hearted fellow. Unlike the others he is clumsy and sloppy, but of course, is as friendly as the others. I am sure he will miss this school whose inmate he has been for 9 long years. A very good friend, jolly and is there where fun is.

Jyotindra: Table tennis, basket ball are where his talent can be noticed. Very polished and well dressed. We are thankful for the number of movies he has shown us.

Emmanuel: Tiny tot of the class. Talkative, at the same time serious, and is serious about studies. Will make a good speaker in the Parliament or Assembly. A born joker with a soft corner for practical jokes.

Kirit: A fine all-round sportsman, excelling in cricket. Well dressed and out spoken, calls himself Girland for unknown reasons.

Shyam ; A chemist who has a charming body-shaking chuckle. Hails from Kerala and has a talent for tabla playing which he does proficiently.

Rooky : A jolly fellow. Very good at football and calls himself Pele. Bespectacled and hails from Africa, but insists that his mother tongue is Malayalam !

Bharat : Muscleman. Is very, very serious about his studies, and I am sure he will be aptly rewarded for his hard work. Good at every game.

Rajwade : Fast bowler, boxer, Idolises Wadekar and Hattaea. Another hard-working student who is also a bathroom singer.

Anandam ; An ever-smiling biologist. Takes time over his meals which he obviously relishes. Good basketballer and an ardent fan of Cassius Clay.

Thus they go to the examination hall which will end their school career. I am sure they enjoyed their stay in school, and he who has not, I must say is insane. Farewell friends, we shall meet in the path of life, some time, somewhere-it is a matter of time, but remember this, this, this, this, "Levin dit il vous aime—Levin said he liked you "

The evening's farewell function was highlighted by a speech and showing of slides of Iran and the Passion Play at Obberamagaur by Miss Cushing. We are very thankful to her. After a delicious and sumptuous dinner, there was music by Mrs. Marikar and her sister, one playing the piano and the other the violin. The pianist was superb; she caressed the keys like a lover. This was not just music-it was art, yes, art at its finest.

The Xth and VIIIth standard boys read out their tributes to the XIth boys. Mr. Sardar treated us to one of his beautifully recited 'Indian' poems, and Pradip Tanna replied on behalf of the XIth, and then they were each presented a small booklet, written by Mr. Pearce by Mrs. Pearce as a token of remembrance of their days spent in this school. That signalled the end of another year. We all wait for our time, and it will come-it will.

Yeshpal Levin.

THE DARK, RED ROSE.

The dark, red rose,
A universe of beauty,
A universe of red
Each petal a work of unutterable beauty.

Carved
by the greatest sculptor of all,
Every inch perfect
But the dark, red rose
is guarded by small thorns.

Soldiers with
 bayonets
 Guarding the most
 beautiful queen-
 The red, dark red rose.

Jerry Earali

OFF ON A PILGRIMAGE

My uncle and I started the journey late in the evening to a village called Vathrop in Tamil Nadu. We stayed the night in a school. Early next morning we were off in a bullock cart for two miles to the foot of the steep hills. We reached there as the dawn was breaking.

From there we started the rough and tough walk of 7 miles up the hill and down the hills. In the middle of that tiring walk we had our breakfast sitting on a big rock. Quarter of the way up, I asked my uncle, "How far is the temple from here?" My uncle must have begun thinking that he should not have brought me there at all. But at last we reached the temple.

We went into a big hut and spread our sheets. Lunch was served at 12. In the night I had a very peaceful sleep as the day had been very tiring. The next morning we went near a well for our bath. After breakfast we went to the temple, after which I went for a hike with our relatives to the hills-it was indeed a very good walk. As soon as we set out, two of the group dropped out as they could not climb. Half way we saw three elephants. We went up the hills, sat on a big rock and had tea and climbed down.

The next day was the festival day and we went to the temple. When we were coming down we gave our luggage to a porter but he was down before we were. At that time I saw a man sacrificing six goats. It was a pitiful scene.

There was a small, old tractor running from the foot of the hill to Vathrap, the nearest village. We got into it, but it was a very uncomfortable journey, because I was sandwiched in the crowd and it was an old, small tractor.

The tractor dropped us on the outskirts of the village, and we walked to the bus stand, and my goodness, what a rush for each bus! The police however helped to keep the queue for each bus, and we got seats. I had a peaceful nap inside that noisy bus, and woke up to find myself at home. But I did enjoy this rough and aching trip very much.

S. Rajeshwaran
 Std. VII

GOING ABROAD

When first I went abroad
to a new land
A new camera was all I had
I have sailed to the coasts of Cambay
To find my living and my way,
I'm still on my way and travelling
in the day.

Chengappa
Std. VI

ANYONE FOR A GAME OF MARBLES ?

This game known in Egypt, popular in England in the Middle Ages, is something like a form of miniature bowls. It is a very ancient game, and the Roman Emperor Augustus (63 B. C. to 13 A. D.) is said to have played it.

Originally fruit stones, nuts and round pebbles were used for this game, but in the eighteenth century little balls from chips of marbles were made and hence the name Marbles. Marble is lime stone in its hardest and most crystalline form. The colour in marble is due to its fossil contents. Marbles vary in size, kind and quality according to what they are made of, and what they are used for. Marbles can be made from almost anything—home-baked clay to rare ones of agate, glass stoppers out of lemonade bottles and big, bright steel ball-bearings called 'glasseys' and 'steelies' respectively, and now the cheapest kind, usually made out of coloured glass.

The idea of most marble games is to roll one so that it hits another. The marble is shot by being laid on the inside of the forefinger and flicked by the thumb. But, nowadays the marble is put on the middle finger, held up by the forefinger of the other hand with the thumb of the hand which has the marble and shot.

I think that marbles is a beautiful game. Just picture in your mind various coloured little balls rolling along the ground, the crack when one hits the other, and the excited yells of 'Ah !' It is a smooth game, as marbles usually do not present a fight as other games do.

"So anyone for a game of marbles ?"

K. Srinivas

MURALI

I have a friend called Murali,
Two dimples has he,
Which shine out at everybody.

He has two bright eyes
Which look so good and wise,
And which are of moderate size.

He's of the mod type,
Who likes
To ride a bike.

He has a complexion fair,
And has very long hair,
Which is not at all rare.

O, his face—he has on it
A smile with which it is always lit,
And never looks like a nit-wit.

He is very modest
And is never a pest
And always behaves at his best.

To me he's been a pal faithful,
Always a friend truthful
And never a 'lul'.

Ganesh Moorthy
Std VII

MY PAL

He is not from the Windies—he isn't dark-skinned, but in character he is a real West Indian. Always informal, jolly, friendly, and frank, he is loved by many in the school.

His passion for the wonderful game of cricket is incredible. To him cricket is life, everything else secondary. Very few are there like him. He is the High Priest of cricket—the ball is Lord Krishna, the bat, the goddess Mahalakshmi. But the goddess Saraswathi's hand has also her hand on him—he is truly a brilliant student, if only he did not have this incorrigible weakness, that of sharing his interests between his studies and the cricket pitch—to the detriment of the former, unfortunately. On the cricket field he is always smiling, ever willing to give his heart out. His game is a sportsman's game. As far as I know he has not got into a squabble with any opposing player or the umpire. His fielding has dumbfounded many who talked about him as slack in the field. He is very stiff, I do agree, but that has never affected his fielding which is always splendid. His accuracy has seldom been equalled, no wonder he had the highest wicket aggregate for the last two years. The only time he got a pasting was against Lawrence in the 1971 season. He forfeited 31 runs for his single wicket, and these 31 runs were derived from 5 overs. He has a good pace too. He is a very dependable bat. "Bush, play it out," has been heard very often from our skipper Mukund. And never worry—"Bush" will "play it out", and wait patiently for a loose ball. At times he does accelerate his usual rate of scoring—once when the XIth were in deep trouble with 2 of their wickets down for a handful of runs to the Rest of the School's opening bowlers, the indomitable "Bush" came in. He dealt with them in such a way that they themselves admitted that they had never been treated so badly ever. But his batting lacks charm and style. He is

a stiff player, and is quite slow on his feet, but he plays the faster stuff better than the turners. He was the captain of the Inters Team in 1970. He led us quite efficiently and we turned out to be the runners-up that year with 3 wins and one defeat at the hands of the champs, the Lawrencians.

Outside the cricket field he is likeable, because he is basically good. He also tries his hand at all other games, and is good under the bars in hockey. His other interests vary from Pop-music to pretty girls. His favourites are the Beatles, but girls, I know of none.

He has been a very close friend of mine since I joined the school, but I am by no means his only friend. We have had many discussions and arguments over many subjects, and he always outplayed me in this argument game with the sheer power of his tongue. He is quite outspoken-sometimes unpleasantly so, and critical too. He would like to sing, but he is gruff voice does not permit him to.

He and I developed our cricket together, but now he has gone far ahead of me. When I joined the school we talked a lot about cricket, and through these small discussions, our friendship and cricket developed. Now he is about to leave the school, and I'm sure I'll sorely miss him, for he was one with whom I shared my cricket and my school life.

Y. L.

TO THE ELEVENTH

Luck to all, especially you !
You your future about to meet,
Others may here take your seat,
But you, we shall miss, with all your fun.

O, you, the fellow in the shawl,
The school's oldest boy in red and blue,
Walking as though stuck in glue,
It is a pity you go too.

Now comes Puck
With Philosophy and Steinbeck;
He seldom talks but when he does
With scholarly ideas he'd buzz

Then comes Macha, you know why,
The physically thin, but mentally strong
An artist also-talented scribbling
too comes his way.

Tulu the best in athletics and
badminton too,
Comes from Ernaks, like someone new.

The Dreamer Tuby the great, lean and long,
 Captain in cricket and also Ping-pong,
 Who knows he might go to Hong kong to play ping-pong-
 of course with his ding-dong.

Subru or Diana, that's what he's called -
 From Malawi he comes, and Coimbatore too,
 At the piano he's great -
 Devil's March and Anthem he always played.

Gan, his cousin, a Touchstone he is,
 A champ at Seven tiles and gilli-danda,
 In marbles never for him, a miss.

Cricket catalogue and Kanhai he's called,
 (compared to a bear, he has hardly any hair,)
 He's good at arguing, and every time he's won,
 'cause if anyone tried, boy.....he'll be blown!
 He is swell and you know well,
 his cute dimples, we'll never forget.

Then comes E-Patch from Jabalpur,
 Laughter grows wherever he goes,
 A tiny tot, but full of spice,
 He has won some points in games for us.

Cow and Pung - thanks a lot
 for the films you showed -
 After you leave..... we do not know.

O, yea, Shyam, with his tabla and Chemistry,
 He's the Old King Cole of the class,
 He always keeps his hands in a rhythm,
 with barium, potassium, sodium and lithium.

Now comes Bharat. who's good at all,
 He'll pick anything like a fly on a ball,
 Rocky in Biology, a jolly fellow and good ;
 But-everything depends on his mood !

Sa, Re, Ga, Ma - Hatteca's greatest pal,
 The boxer and the only one for Arts ;
 His bowling's fastest, butLord !
 What a start !

Not forgetting Grr... (from Gir ?) who has a bee up his mane,
 Peanuts and whales, he told us about,
 He tells us of Sudden and also of Shane.

Well, that's about all -
 We wish you the best
 for your greatest test -
 Good luck again, again and again !

Radhakrishnan
 for the Xth Standard.

(Read out at the ISC farewell)

"THE UNGRATEFUL MAN" — A REVIEW.

At the Anna Stadium on the 2nd of October THE UNGRATEFUL MAN was staged by our boys. From a simple story adapted from the Panchatantra, David Horsburgh has taken an enchanting theme. He has turned a simple story into a vivid and thrilling play. There is humour, philosophy, fantasy, and above all, the play reflects the deep religious faith of man in Goodness, Innocence, and Truth, which ultimately conquers. The animals and the man coming out of the well, the tiger giving a handkerchief and a gold necklace, the monkey giving food, the snake offering a special non-curable bite, take us to a fantastic world which has a touch of Lewis Carroll in it. The Brahmin praying to the sweet spirit of the river, and the spirit saving him has a touch of the Vedanta. "There is someone to look after you when you are in difficulties." And the goldsmith blowing a few notes on the flute to betray the Brahmin brings the picture of Judas' kiss,

Yagnamurti talking with the street boy in Kashi, the first, second and the third secretaries to the minister reading something without understanding what they were reading, statues stretching their hands to take bribes, these are very humorous. There is a subtle wit in the humour. Sometimes it sounds like satire written on present-day society. The play has a unique structure and form. Mr. Horsburgh tries his best to create a perfect filigree of the Indian classical traditions of the Sanskrit play. It should be preserved as a creative model for those Indians who write plays in English. The form and structure may also inspire some of the western experimental playwrights, just as Goethe had been influenced by the technique of Kalidasa's Shakuntala.

The acting of the play was natural, and quite experimental; particularly the Brahmin's role by Radhakrishnan was very moving. Mahmood was best suited for the role of the goldsmith and was a success. Vaman looked a real Indian queen. The monkeys-Robin and Nareshwar-could really descend backwards in the scale of evolution and act like real monkeys. Vinay as the handsome young prince practically 'stole the show' as Mr. Horsburgh put it while Murali made a beautiful princess. Venkatesh and Levin looked and sounded like true palace guards.

The play was directed by Mrs. Earali, who was Master, Director and artist of the play. The show not only fetched us some money for the construction of the new dormitories, it also gave us many moments of joy, pleasure and laughter. Our congratulations and thanks to Mrs. Earali. Thanks also to Mrs. Naik especially, and to other staff members and all the boys who rendered valuable help to Mrs. Earali, and made the play the success that it was. But with all this it would be a farce not to congratulate the actors who did admirable work on the stage. Our special thanks are also due to Mr. Horsburgh for having so kindly accepted our invitation to attend this performance. We were very happy to have them with us.

This play was the biggest undertaking of this kind, by the school, with about 60 of the school's 93 boys taking part.

THE JOURNEY OF THE EIGHT

A wet coming we had of it
 Just the worst time of the year
 For a journey, and such a long journey :
 The ways steep and the weather damp,
 The very dead of monsoon.

And the train jerking and rattling and battling
 Gasping at every station
 For resting, coaling and watering.

There were times we regretted
 The sunny homes on the plains, the terraces
 And fond mothers bringing Fantas.

Then the engine-drivers, cursing and grumbling,
 And running away and wanting their toddy and beedi,
 And the engine fires going out and the lack of coal.

And the porters hostile and the taximen unfriendly,
 And the tongas dirty and charging high prices:
 A hard time we had of it.

At the end we preferred to travel on foot
 Resting in snatches.
 With home voices singing in our ears, saying
 That this was all folly.

Then at noon we came to a temperate valley,
 Wet, evergreen and smelling of eucalyptus
 With running streams and oars beating the narrow lake.

And Sholas and Todas in the valleys
 And an old white horse galloped away in the meadow.

Then we came to a house with briar-rose over the lintel
 Six hands in an open space gambling for marbles,
 And feet kicking away the orange peels.

But there was no information, and so we continued
 And found our dorms, not a moment too soon,
 Sighting our beds; it was, you may say, satisfactory.

All this was three months ago we remember
 And we would have to do it again, but set down
 This; set down
 This: were we led all that way for pocket
 Money or studies ? There was pocket money certainly,
 We had evidence and no doubt.

We had seen home and school
But thought they were different; this school was
Not like other schools.

We returned to our places, during holidays
But no longer at ease there, in the old dispensation
With expectations of marks and report forms.
We should be glad of another term.

By the VIIIth Class
(With apologies to T. S. Eliot)

