



Dare to be free

The Blue Print

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SCHOOL NEWS

The term started earlier for the ISC boys, and they were back here on the 25th July, a fortnight before schedule. We hope that they have made use of this time, and benefitted by the special intensive coaching given to them, something not possible otherwise.

On the 9th August school reopened on a vague note of impending loss. Mr. Pampapathy who had been with us since 1966 was leaving us to take up a job with some Electronics concern in Ohio- U. S. A. He had so lined himself with the various school activities that we shall certainly miss him. However, as he is off on a voyage of discovery of "fresh woods and pastures new", he and his family carry with them our sincere good wishes Bon Voyage, and a fruitful future. The boys hosted a dinner on the eve of his departure on the 14th, and we were glad that Mr. Asha Pampapathy also joined us that day.

Welcome to Mr. Joseph who has joined us in place of Mr. Pampapathy.

The film **THE BRAIN** was seen by the ISC boys at the Assembly Rooms before the reopening, and **CAIRO** was shown in school on the 21st.

We have a new boy Chockalingam in the VII standard, and Mahmood who had been a day scholar has joined the boarding.

Ooty appears to be in the grip of the monsoon-fierce winds and heavy rains seem to be the normal features of the days. The drive down to the main road has been consequently slushy and slippery and difficult to cover.

N. L. P.

We are trying to write something about Mr. Pampapathy. We know that we cannot succeed in putting all that we wish to say down on paper, but we shall try.

He was our teacher, our games coach, and above all, our friend. A deep thinker - an artist who sketched thoughts as well as trees. Our shallow minds could not gauge the depths of his mind. He encouraged us to think for ourselves, and encouragement is oxygen to the soul.

He took us from 'two-plus-two' to the Einsteinian Theory. We had numerous discussions with him, from hair-cuts, boxing and running in the dormitory, to Krishnamurthy, violence and everything on this 'sick planet'.

Mr. Pampapathy has left us, and left a vacuum in our lives.

Karia & Taj.

The Aurobindo Ashram- as I saw it.

The long-awaited day came. It was the 12th of June. We were a group of eight including three of my teachers.

We started our journey from Madras at about 7 a. m. The bus journey took about 3½ hours. The journey was quite smooth. The vegetation on the way reminded me of Kerala. The palm-fringed beaches, the isolated green paddy fields and enchanting hills were spectacular sights.

When we reached Pondicherry, a town once occupied by the French, it was blazing hot. Taxis were not available, but I found the place was teeming with auto-rickshaws. We had a pleasant drive through the centre of the town. I noticed that all roads ran parallel to each other, and were clean. It took about 15 minutes to reach the Sri Aurobindo Ashram. The cycle-rickshaws one after the other came to a halt in front of the Ashram gates. My imagination about the Ashram was that it was a place of prayer and meditation. But I found the Ashramites as busy as bees, moving about in a very quiet and orderly manner.

We were given a VIP welcome by Mr. Surendra Singh and Mr. Madanlal Himmatsingka, a friend of Mrs. Sinha's. We had a very sumptuous lunch in the typical Bengali style at Mr. Himmatsingka's. We had an hour's rest at his guest house where we were put up, and then set off to see the Ashram.

We visited Sri Aurobindo's room in which he had led a very secluded but active life for about 24 years. It was during this period that he wrote most of his books. The fragrance of the incense and the quietness of the room made me think about that great philosopher and writer. I saw his bed, the book-shelves and the couch on which a photo of the great Guru was kept. The next place we visited was his Samadhi-his last resting place. I noticed people keeping flowers and some praying at the site. After tea we went to the beach, and on the way visited the dining halls where about 1,000 people ate daily. The place was excellent and the orderliness and cleanliness, particularly impressive.

We then went and sat on the wind-swept shore which was constantly washed by the waves of the Bay of Bengal. We enjoyed the cool breeze and the moist spray as we walked along the shore.

The next day we saw the Library. It was one of the best I had ever visited. Perfect silence was kept inside the reading room. We saw discussions and tutorial classes conducted, but very quietly. Open air classes were another feature of the place. There were many books in different languages-French, German, Sanskrit etc. There were also books on various subjects. Adjoining the reading room was a special room in which some of the precious possessions of The Mother were kept. They included a one-cubic-cm. book in which The Lord's Prayer was written in 7 languages. The Mahabharata was written on palm-leaves. There were many other palm-leaf manuscripts there too.

Our next target was the school, a co-educational institution. We could not see the children at work because it was Sunday. Quotations from Sri Aurobindo's books and from The Mother's speeches were prominently displayed in the class rooms and halls, as they were all over the place, even dining halls and canteens. The school playgrounds were all scattered, and situated away from the school. I was quite fascinated by the swimming pool, hockey ground, foot-ball ground and tennis courts. Regular drill classes were also going on. The choice of choosing any game was given to the students, but once they decided on a game, they were expected to do it seriously and conscientiously. I saw girls performing Judo and even boxing, on a par with the boys. Discipline was maintained throughout.

On Sunday evening we thought of joining the meditation group. We went there 10 minutes earlier. Exactly at 7-30 p. m. the gates were opened to the Ashramites and visitors who were patiently waiting outside. We entered and everyone sat down on an open sand-strewn courtyard. The lights were put off and after a few minutes of silent meditation, we heard the taped speech of The Mother which was in French, but to me it might as well have been Greek. At 8 the lights were brightly shining into our eyes.

We had thought of visiting AUROVILLE, which means City of Dawn, a symbol of international unity and brotherhood which will be the Dawn of a new civilisation. They said that earth had been brought from all the countries in the world to lay the foundation of this city. We could not however go because of transport difficulties. Anyway we were told that it was only coming up, so we kept it over for a future visit.

Early next morning we said good bye to our respected hosts and Pondicherry and left. One thing I noticed there was that they give training in developing the body, mind and spirit. The sense of discipline that I found everywhere in that place was also worth noting. Even now my visit to Pondicherry is fresh in my mind, and I would like to go there once again.

Robin Thomas.

RECOLLECTIONS

A coloured rainbow
 pierced the sky,
A dark mountain
 tore the scene,
A leafless scene,
 swayed in the breeze,
As a bee kissed the flower,

The outburst of a thrush
 shattered the silence,
A black spider
 waved its web,
A bat swished by,

As I thought it was
 time to go to bed —
Goodbye.

Emmanuel Park.

TROUBLE IN THE AIR

The aeroplane sped along the runway, and with a mighty roar mounted into the air. We were on our way to London. In went the under-carriage and we were soaring high above Bombay in the dear blue sky. Within 10 minutes we were flying around thirty thousand feet high, and above the Arabian Sea. The Boeing 747 jet was soon cruising at a speed of 600 miles per hour. After about 3 hours flying we ran into a bad snow storm near Zurich. We found we had to make a forced landing at Zurich International Airport. Unfortunately for the passengers the under-carriages would just not come out!! There was a deafening silence as panic struck the whole plane. The throttle was by now cut down to 160 miles per hour. Life jackets were being taken out from under every seat and inflated. The cabin crew were also not idle all this time. I as the Commander was giving the crew instructions to bring down the under-carriages in any way. Rescue parties were being alerted, and the fire engines ready for the crashed landing at the airport. It was no use at all trying anything—the under-carriages just refused to move. At last as I wrestled with the controls, bringing the flaps down to 3 degrees, cutting the throttle to 140 mph. and giving the plane sudden swerves, one of the under-carriages came out—God knows how! It was the two pairs of wheels on the right hand side of the wing which had given way at last. A little later the other three pairs of wheels also gave way, and the whole of Zurich sighed a huge sigh of relief with us. Soon we were landing smoothly at Zurich with the crowd of people at the airport cheering away.

All's well that ends well, they say, but this will definitely be the last time that I ever pilot a huge civilian plane. I'm off to become a pilot in the Indian Air Force!

Ganesh Moorthy
Class VII.

THE TAJ MAHAL

There it stood, pearl-white against the pale, blue sky. It was the Taj which the Emperor Shah Jehan built for his beloved queen Mumtaz. Four white towers forming a square, loomed into the sky. And in the centre there was a marble dome with a spike in the middle. At the end of each tower, high up was a place where men could stand with a covering over their heads, and there were steps inside the tower leading up to it. It was a place where in fairy tales, the princess is held captive and the gallant knight comes to the rescue.

Tombs would appear to a fertile mind as deserted and inhabited only by ghosts, but this was not so with this seventh wonder of the world. Tourist bustled about, taxis and cars, to say nothing of the tourist buses, made their usual air pollution, and the guides spoke in their hoarse voices. Yet there was something deserted about this place, when we went inside the rooms without doors. The carvings were beautiful; everything was white, while outside everything was green. And there lay Shah Jehan beside his Mumtaz. The verandahs were large, and despite the fact that there were many people around, one felt lonely. Outside people sat down to enjoy the view and to their reflections.

Far, across the river Jumna as the Agra Fort where Aurangzeb had held his father captive. A tiny mirror was embedded in the carvings on a pillow through which at a particular angle one could see the white Taj. The old king spent his last days, of bitter imprisonment it is said, gazing longingly at the tomb that he had so lovingly raised over his dead wife.

As darkness crept over the sky, the marble tomb alone remained white.

K. Srinivas.

STORM IN VERAVAL

June and July are months during which there are heavy rains. I spent the whole of my vacation in Veraval, a coastal town in Saurashtra. There were heavy rains which caused the small rivers to be over-flooded.

In the month of June the sea was very rough. All fishermen were out of business. The port also looked quite deserted and isolated. There were no steamers coming or going.

Once I went with my friend to see the port, and of course, the rough sea. The Veraval port has been built in a backwater, which prevents the waves rushing inside the port. Nobody knows how the engineers got it built. That day the sea was very rough. The waves splashed against the walls with such force that the water rose up very high and split into fine

spray. The spray could be seen from far off. I discussed with my friend about the cyclone in East Pakistan, and what would happen if this area would be hit by a cyclone? We would be the first to die if it was.

On the same night at about 1.30, I was woken up by the sound which come from a microphone. For a moment I thought I was dreaming. But I wasn't-It was a warning to all of us! The person who was speaking into the microphone said in Gujarati, "The sea has become very rough since this evening. As the town is at a lower level than the sea, there is every chance of the sea coming into the whole town." Then in a note of emergency, the voice added, "Please be ready to run away at a moment's notice."

From the window I looked towards the sea. It could not be seen, but it was roaring away. The noise it made was frightening. The wind joined with this sound and produced a greater roar. It was also raining heavily.

All the people staying around were awake. There was so much noise and life in the night, that it looked like daytime. My father and mother were also awake, but I was asked to go to bed. I got into my bed and switched off the lights. But who could sleep? The fear was there. I just closed my eyes and listened to what people were saying. It was as if somebody was telling a story. In the background, the noise of the waves splashing against the rocks came to my ears. I fell asleep.

Bharat Jobanputra

SLEEP

Each night he flits around,
Visiting each and every house
Making man sleep safe and sound.

Happy is the man indeed,
Who can slumber deep and sound,
For here troubles take no seed.

The weary peasant, the tired king,
All those tired, rejoice in
The balm that sleep can bring.

Gentler than Death, its brother,
It refreshes man to fight,
Against Fatigue, its mother.

Jerry Earali.

LOOKING BACK ON THE HOLIDAYS.

Standard VII.

The day came when we were to leave and we were giving the last bits of touch up to our luggage. Soon we were out of Madras and were on our way to Guntur. I went mainly to see the dog I had tried to train some years ago. Of course I wanted to see my aunt and uncle also. We stayed there for a very short uneventful stay. We went by bus to Hyderabad. We started our journey at 8-30 at night. I tried my best to keep awake till 12-00. Although it was past 12-00 I didn't know. At 1-30 I realised the time and before I had 40 winks our bus stopped. I inquired, "Why"? I was told that a lorry got stuck up on a narrow bridge and that there were at least 60 vehicles on either side. None of them thought of pushing the lorry off. Some people were very impatient. The time ticked by and at about 6-30 the drivers thought of going back to the place from where they came. Of course the people who were travelling from Guntur to Hyderabad got into the Hyderabad-Guntur bus and so they thought the problem was over. Everyone shifted his luggage and we had a tough time because the luggage was heavy. As we reached the other bus we were called back by our old bus conductor-so back we carried our luggage. By this time a clever man from the bus department came. He did as much as he could to set things right. He called our bus from where it was and allowed us to get in. We were really lucky he came and also that the bus was still there.

Madan.

We went to the harbour at Ernakulam and were trying to see the inside of a ship for which we had to get so many gate passes and permissions. We first went to a Russian ship but the guards on that ship did not allow us to get inside. Then we tried a Spanish ship Virgo-II, of which one of the sailors called us in and showed us around. Inside the ship, were small and neat rooms with air-conditioners and fans. Then we went to the top of the ship and saw the engine and two life boats. The life boats were coloured bright red. Then we went down the ship which was like a club. There was a cricket pitch, a table tennis table, and a foot ball ground. I did enjoy seeing around the Spanish ship Virgo-II.

Pradeep G. N.

I used to swim a lot in the Madras Club and once a small child nearly got drowned, because its parents did not know whether it was drowning or playing the fool, and so the Club put up a notice saying that "Parents are responsible for infants entering the pool".

Gopal.

When I was coming from Madurai I saw a car push and break a big coconut tree, went down the road and crashed. In that car were the T. V. S. Manager and three people including the driver.

The T. V. S. Manager had a serious hurt on his chest. The other three also were serious.

Rajesh.

During the holidays, I went to the "CHILDREN'S TRAFFIC PARK" at Ernakulam and we could drive cars, small cycles, big ones and scooters, but we couldn't swim because there was no water and the pool was slippery. One day again, I went to the park and there I met Sunil and we both together went to the bigger park and we fed the monkeys with nuts and then Sunil had a cycling race with another boy and Sunil won the race and we praised him.

Appu Kurian.

One evening about three days before I came, our car had a very minor accident. We were going slowly alongside the beach when suddenly without warning a car which was going at a terrific speed trying to slow down, scratched our car and took off at full speed. We stopped at a car park a little further and came out and saw the damage done. It wasn't much, only a long scratch and a few other small ones. We then turned into the car and continued our drive along the beach. As we were turning to go back home I noticed the same car because it had a very prominent colour- a green body with a black and white top. We stopped near the car and walked towards it. The nervous Arab driver quickly turned around and parked it further up. My father and I walked up to the car again, and for the second time he turned the car around and took off down the road at top speed. We quickly got into the car and after him we went. We soon caught up with him at the traffic lights and then we kept at a distance of about thirty feet, for my father didn't really mean business. He just wanted to give the Arab driver (they are mostly very careless) a good fright. Soon we reached the turning for us to go home, and we left the chase and we went home. On the whole it was a very enjoyable incident.

Ganesh Maorthy.

Standard X

A few days after my holidays began, I read in the papers that there was to be a 200 km. rally on the 1st August. I at once filled in the form and sent it, and was picked. My car roll no. was 31. I was in our Ambassador. The rally was very interesting especially the 11-mile cross-country. The road was awful; many cars punctured their radiators, cracked their differentials, and also burst their oil chambers. On the whole it was very exciting. My friend came 3rd but I lost by 3 points.

Giridhar and Madan had come to Hyderabad, but I had no car to go and meet them. There was an old broken jeep of my father's, so I jumped into it and tore along to find Giridhar. It was perfect, and I found them, but when we decided to see a movie, the jeep conked on the way. The fuel pump got heated up, and by the time we cooled it down and reached the picture house, we were 35 minutes late. Anyway we saw the movie till the interval, and then decided to leave. Again on the way the jeep conked out, so we bought two pails of ice-cream, scooped out the ice-cream, and got water in the pails to cool the fuel pump. When we got it cool enough, we started but we had hardly gone a km. then the blessed jeep stopped and refused to budge! I phoned up my brother-in-law for his car, and when he came, he said that while we were cooling the fuel pump, water had got inside the engine. Finally we got it cleaned, and I

took it straight home and left it there. I never touched that jeep again after that.

Ghousuddin Khan.

Shankar and I left Bombay by the Indian Airlines flight No. K 105 for Bangalore. It was a Caravelle flight and the take-off and landing were perfect. After lunch at Bangalore with my father's friend, we went back to the airport to try and get accommodation on the flight to Coimbatore. We had to wait for about an hour before the reservation was confirmed.

When we got on the Fokker Friendship flight, the first surprise was that anybody could sit on any seat. Luckily Shankar and myself got seats together, but unluckily above the wing. The take-off was quite shaky, and in mid-air the plane would literally vibrate. It so happened that once when the plane vibrated, Shankar dropped most of his squash on his shoe. The rest of the flight was normal without any excitement. When we landed at Coimbatore, the man at the Airlines counter announced our names and asked us to report at the counter, there we found a driver waiting for us. After tea and a movie we came up to Ooty.

Yatin Bhat.

We were at Bangalore for a five-day stay and enjoyed our stay there. I visited some places, and the Visweswarayya Museum was worth seeing. Even if an ignorant fellow went inside that museum, he could come out with lots of knowledge, which he did not have the least idea of. There were quite a lot of things to see - the Rolls Royce engine, the telephone and how it works, and many other things that we learn in Physics and Chemistry. On our way back to Calicut we stopped at Mysore and saw the Brindavan Gardens. It was quite good.

Harshad.

THE FUTURE OF BLUE MOUNTAINS CRICKET

It is dim, yes, it is, for the next two years-extremely so. The present XIth class, I must say, have contributed to the school in many ways, sports especially. They have given us a full band of exhilarating cricketers who have served the school team since they were no more than 13 years of age. To name a few-the future Larwood-Rajwade; Kanhai-Pradeep; Jaisimha-Mukund; Butcher-Tanna, for this is how they call themselves. They have been in the scene for too long and have been contributing to the school's cricket for a long time, but do they have successors as good? Well, a difficult question to answer. But for me it is no.

Their successors in the present Xth and IXth are, (I am sorry to let down my class by saying this) not at all in the same class as the XIth. We have seen it for ourselves. The only two accomplished batsmen for the next year's school team are Vaman and Yatin. Both of them are extremely good. Vaman

is an efficient stroke maker while Yatin is more like a Compton. Then there is Shankar to open steadily. But what about his partner? Another tough question.

There is the fat, handsome Nagesh to give us a start, or-(you might toss this away in contempt, but I can think, can't I?)-there is Rakesh, the VIIIth class opener who I think is good. He is the sort of player who believes the ball is there to hit. In the bowling section again, there is plenty of weakness. We need two bowlers of genuine pace to operate against all the other schools' formidable opening pair of bats. At the moment the two who come in my mind are Levin and Aslam. But both of them lack the pace of their predecessors-Rajwade and Pradeep, and are not likely to cause much trouble for their opponents even though they are accurate and have length.

In the spin section another conflict comes up. The main ones now are Vaman and Girdhar, but both are erratic and cannot be relied on, for a long spell. Fielding is another headache. All the newcomers in the team, except one or two, are slack in the field. But still there are some players who have got a very safe pairs of hands. In the wicket-keeping department, there are two choices-Robin and Nagesh. Nagesh with his bulk, however, is rather slow, and not so agile as Robin. But Robin who kept the wickets quite efficiently in the 1970 season, is out of practice and will have to be tuned up again.

Then comes the main part-who is going to lead the team? There have been whispers about choosing Shankar as the probable skipper for the team. Yet there is Yatin also who can lead, but not a single player in the team is a good tactician or an efficient leader of a team. Thus the Blue Mountains are going to lead a depleted team next year, and the success of the team will mainly depend on the skipper (whoever it be) to tune and team the group into a fighting force, a match for its opponents in batting, bowling and fielding.

But wait, (and this is my own personal forecast), there are the younger fellows like Murli, Nitin, Vinay, Madan and Chockalingam, who are extremely good for their age. We have still got something to learn from the fielding of Nitin, Murli and Co. May these young, talented cricketers build themselves into fighting cricketers to serve the school who taught them this wonderful game.

Yeshpal Levin.

