



Dare to be free

The Blue Print

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL, OOTACAMUND.

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September 1972.

SCHOOL NEWS

The school reopened on a note of change. Mr. P. S. Kailasam had left us to rejoin Lawrence School, and Mrs. Naik has taken over charge.

On the staff we welcome Mr. Joseph Nilkuncherry, Miss Ruby Muthukumari and Mrs. Sreedevi Palat.

We are glad to have Mrs. Naoroji our Chairman, with us this term. The ISC and the IX Standard returned to the school on the 3rd of July-three weeks in advance of schedule-for intensive coaching. The Core examinations were held here from the 31st July to the 3rd August, and we hope our IXth standard boys have done fairly well. The results are awaited from the ISC Council.

The new dormitories and the three teachers' rooms on the first floor were formally opened by Mrs. Naoroji early in August. The dormitories are occupied by the IX, X and XI classes.

We are deeply indebted to Dr. Samuel Raj, Principal, Brecks School, for so kindly agreeing to take the Geography classes of the XI and X, thus helping us to tide over the difficulty in finding a qualified Geography teacher for the Senior classes.

Independence Day was celebrated with Mr. Jategaonkar as Chief Guest. The Mock session of the Indian Parliament put up by the boys was excellent, and well appreciated. The no-confidence motion was forcefully debated by the members of the Opposition, who deserve special mention, and we have no doubt that a few of them have the makings of able future parliamentarians. Our boys also participated in the Government celebrations at the Anna Stadium that afternoon, by staging a short play, Safety First.

Onam celebrations went off with unusual enthusiasm and verve this year. Apart from the traditional carpet of flowers in the porch and the Kerala lunch, we were able to put up a short show in the evening. The programme which was one of songs, dances and the famous boat song (in shadow), was well enjoyed by everyone. All credit to all those kids who took part-ignorant of the language, yet eager to do their best.

We had three musical evenings during this period. Jack Dante, the well-known pianist treated us to two hours of delightful piano music, capped by a racy and lively commentary.

The Marzooks - Mrs. and Miss-, Mrs Marikar and Mr. Vajifdar gave an enjoyable performance on the piano, violin and cello.

A programme of popular music and folk songs was gone through by a Choral Society led by Col. Wright and conducted by his wife.

Swami Bhavaharanandji of the Arunachala Pradesh Ramakrishna Mission, gave a talk to the boys, on the part of the country he had come from, its people, and the school that the Mission was putting up there.

The following films were screened in school :

Doomsday Flight.
Live a little, love a little.
Speedway.
Where Eagles Dare.
The Valley of Gwangi
Boys' Town.

The Ugly Dachshund/Paras — at the Assembly Rooms.

We are also thankful to Swami Nandanandji of the Ramakrishna Ashram for inviting our boys to see the first two parts of the serial film on Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa's life — Rani Rashmoni and Sri Sri Maa.

Short educational films on topics in Science and Geography were shown here for the benefit of the students.

SPOTLIGHT ON SPORT

Cricket : It was indeed a proud day for us when our school wrested the Inter school cricket championship from Lawrence School this year. Our heartiest congratulations to Skipper Vaman Apte and his team.

We are gratified that two of our boys have been selected to District teams. Vaman Apte is to captain the All-Schools Nilgiris District team, in which Yatin Bhat is to play too. Vaman has also been taken into the Senior District team of the Nilgiris formed for the first time, for the S. S. Rajan Trophy. In addition, he had been invited to join the Combined Districts team against Madras City in the Buchi Babu Tournament, which however he has declined.

Basket Ball : We lost in a friendly match against the Municipal School.

Chess : Probably as an echo of the World Chess Championship played in Iceland, there was a spate of enthusiasm for chess among our boys and teachers too. A series of matches were played and our congratulations to Harshad, (ISC Class) for winning the title of Champion of the month, defeating Mr. Surendra Singh.

‘THE RAINS CAME’

The monsoon started very late in Kerala this year. The 15th and 16th of June on which rain was to fall the most, turned out to be the hottest days in my holidays. The crops, especially rice, were dying, and withering away in the blazing heat of the sun. Fertilisers were being showered on them daily, but only a shower of rain could revive them. Noonday brought down the maximum heat from that fiery furnace which stood undefined as king in its own kingdom of planets. Most of us preferred to sit at home and enjoy the cool breeze from an ever working, faithful fan from about 10 to 3 in the day. Early in the morning and late in the afternoon I would relax in the cool, crystal-clear water of the river close by.

One bright summer morning, I woke up early. It was the same kind of day one would expect in a dry summer. The air was still as I walked to the river. Only my humming broke the dead silence. It was for the first time that day, that I wondered whether all the birds and squirrels were dead. Of course, they aren't, I told myself. This was one of the very few days on which I walked around the cultivated lands and ignored the heat. The air was still. A feather would drop without even fluttering. As I walked around, I could see the crops drooping, as the sun's scorching rays fell on them. I muttered for the tenth time, "I wish they got a shower of rain", as I turned my face homewards.

That afternoon I woke up with a start to hear the wind whistling through the trees. I could not believe it, for it had been a long, long time since I had heard a sound like that. When I looked outside, it was dark. I lifted my face towards the sky, and all that I saw were black clouds-black not white! BLACK! I was thankful to God the rains had come. I looked around and lo, the trees around were shedding all their dry leaves, and I

thought that they would be bare in a couple of hours. In the distant hills I could hear thunder and see flashes of lightning. A thunderstorm was brewing. It was not long before I could hear the rain coming. I felt as though I was tied on railway tracks, and a fast on-coming train was about to go over me. The rain was on us before the thought had left my mind, and the first drops of water fell from the tiles protruding outwards. The rain fell in sheets. 'Would the asbestos roof break and fall in?' I asked myself. At first I thought it was hail. But hail, in this climate? Impossible!

That evening, as usual I walked down to the river. I was holding an umbrella over my head-not against the sun this time, but against the rain. I could hear the river rushing down with great force. In my eagerness to see it, I ran forward. This was one of my many mistakes, done in my excitement. I had hardly taken a couple of steps when I found my legs in the air. Only for a mere second, and I had landed on the seat of my pants in a puddle of muddy water. The pain lasted however, not merely for a second, but for a whole day! And the umbrella? It lay at a yard's distance and it was shut tight! I looked around to see who had shut it in that rain. All I could see were the innocent-looking trees and a couple of houses behind me. I got up painfully and walked over to collect it. I was thoroughly disgusted with myself and the world around. Soaked to the skin, I trudged back home. As for the mystery of the closed umbrella, I got no clue and so the case was closed. When I reached home, I thought of seeing the river again. After a refreshing bath, I set out towards the river once more. But I took along a stick to support me. The water had risen a good deal and was now muddy. It carried down broken branches, torn down by the storm, and occasionally a dead body. The muddy waters sickened me, and I made up my mind that I would not spend any more time in the river. Little did I know that I would not be able to have a bath in that river for the rest of my holidays. The rain went on into the night.

The next morning it was still raining, as hard as ever. Once again I set out to visit my old friend, the river. I went cautiously. The river was raging and the water had risen considerably. I now wondered when this eternal downpour would stop. At last it did stop, late in the morning. The sun did not come out from behind the clouds, and again in the afternoon, the rain came down. The next morning, the sun began to shine as brightly as ever, and the birds and the squirrels chirped in happiness. But not for long. The sky was once more covered with black clouds ready to squeeze water over us, which it did, in no time. The sun's rays, however, shone through this time. "A fox's wedding somewhere", I said to myself. But all afternoon the sun blazed till it dipped below the horizon. After this there was no respite-the rain came down every day, and on many days we did not even have a glimpse of the sun. Meanwhile the

water in the river steadily rose. When the holidays started, the farmers had been eagerly waiting for the rains to come, and when I left, they were still looking at the sky—only now they looked for a break from the fury of the monsoon!

ROBIN THOMAS,
Standard X

LILIES

I gazed at the distant valley,
White for miles and miles
With patches of lilies,
Like a flock of birds—by the river.

Gently swaying in the cool breeze,
Oh, what a sight! Then the gardener,
He came with a knife and chopped off all the lilies—
They fell like dead trees—
And not one of the beautiful lilies was spared,
but patches of mud and grass—bare!

K. A. CHENGAPPA,
Std. VII

THE DEATH PENALTY OR THE HISTORY OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Ever since Cain murdered his brother Abel, mankind has grappled with the problem of capital punishment. Over the ages, ghastly, sickening, sadistic and revolting methods have been devised for despatching the criminal.

Stoning to death by the primitive man was soon replaced by crucifixion or beheading. Cowards were thrown into vats of boiling oil, thieves were hanged, often head down, religious and political rebels were torn apart on the rack, or forced into the deadly embrace of the Iron Maiden. Soon animals were employed in the hellish removal of criminals. Heretics and witches were burnt at the stake, while medieval murderers were given the sophisticated savagery of being quartered. The prisoner's wrists and ankles were fastened to four wild horses' legs, the horses were then driven apart, thus wrenching the man's body apart, often pulling out an arm or a leg. The executioner finished the job by beheading the person. Hanging was not limited to the time necessary to bring death. Sometimes the prisoner was dipped in tar to save him from the elements and hung up in chains—to prolong the agony of death. After some years, skeletons would be found hanging, and such gruesome sights were so common, that landscape painters would include them in their background as one would include trees today.

The death penalty which was augmented by branding, flogging, public humiliation, hanging, maiming, flaying and amputation was handed out to adults and children alike. When the weight of one ten-year old boy was not enough to get him strangled, the executioner hung on to his legs until the boy was dead. In the year that Austria abolished the death penalty-1791-, English youngsters were being hanged for minor crimes like rabbit-stealing, fishing in others, waters or stealing a paltry 5 shillings. Hangings often turned into celebrations, programmes were sold, refreshment stands peeled out their wares, and vendors peddled models of the gallows. Pickpockets had their heydays, with every one absorbed in the hangings!

In Spain two methods of execution were used till 1966—the firing squad and the garrote - an iron collar which is tightened round the neck swiftly, driving a spike into the spinal column. Invented by Dr. Joseph Ignace Guillotin in 1789, the guillotine performed much of her crude surgery during the French Revolution. Madame La Guillotine was perhaps the only tool of execution-apart from the executioner's knife-which had the gruesome privilege of executing royalty. (Marie Antoinette was one of her illustrious victims) People occupied every foot of space to watch Madame La Guillotine at her work.

Executions in the American West were rather prompt and swift affairs, carried out with little more than a length of hemp rope and a tree. American inventiveness added two humane refinements to the implements of execution - the electric chair and the lethal gas chamber. Invented by Dr. Alphonso D. Rockwell, the electric chair was first used to execute William Kremmler on August 6, 1890. The last man to be executed in the United States was an asthmatic killer named Luis Jose Monge who died in the gas chamber.

In India murder is the only crime which calls for capital punishment. Most countries seem to favour life imprisonment as an alternative, and have abolished the death penalty, which is well on its way out from criminal and legal codes all over the world.

K. Srinivas

Standard X

EATING OUT — SINGAPORE WAY

As tourism has increased, Singapore has offered hotels with high delight. But when it comes to spending for a good meal outside, there is only one way to go - to any of the noisy and beautiful street side-stalls. These stalls are owned by the Chinese and Malays, and are usually set up out doors. Some of these are generously patronised by millionaires, film stars and young love-birds.

The most interesting factor about these stalls is, that the food is cooked right in front of the customer on simple oil stoves. The menu has not however changed for many years. On the top, among the Chinese dishes is crab in chilli sauce, sweet pork, fish balls, shark fin soup and pancake rolls-very delicious, and a favourite, especially with American tourists.

There are also many push-bike stalls owned by Malaya hawkers. One of their best dishes is Satay, which must satisfy the most choosy palate. They serve meat cooked on long sticks, and coated in a rich sauce, accompanied by onions and cucumbers. And when it comes to payment, the method is simple. The bill is calculated by the number of sticks or empty plates. This dish is very popular among the richer classes. Some of them come all the way from distant places to taste this heavenly stuff.

Street side hawkers earn quite a lot, up to even 200 dollars a day, from the beeline of American tourists. It is really enjoyable, eating in the night under the open sky, with just a candlelight beside you. Try it some day.

Selvamani Azad

Class X

OUR FIRST SHOW

It was going to be our first beat show. All of us were very excited about it, and started practising real hard, but we had forgotten one major thing - a name for the group. It took us about two hours of thinking and suggesting to finally decide to call ourselves BROKEN GLASS. Well, one big headache was over; now the next thing was to check all the instruments, amplifiers, cables, speakers, the wa-wa, the tremolo and so on. Luckily for us, not one of these gave us any trouble.

At last the big day came, it was a Sunday. At about 3'30 everything was packed, and we were ready to go. While a taxi and an Ambassador took all our equipment, we went in my car to the Anna Stadium where the function was being held. When we arrived, the groups who were already there looked at us with such an expression as if to say, 'What are these kids doing out here?' Well, that really made us mad, and we were determined to get the first prize! But when we entered the hall we were all terribly frightened. The hall looked so big. Anyway, we walked up to the stage with some of our equipment, and after several trips between the stage and the cars, we finally finished unloading. Our drummer who takes care of our amplifiers was very busy setting up everything. When he had finished, we still had half an hour to go, so we went for a short walk to cool ourselves. We returned in time, wished each other the best of luck and went in to change. I must say we were the 'jazziest' looking group around the place!

By 6, the hall was full and we were to be the first to go on stage. Everything was dark and the audience was very quiet, when suddenly the rhythm guitar seemed to have come to life. It twanged for about two minutes, when a cool voice joined in. This was one of our singers, who first introduced herself, and then the rhythm guitarist, after which, the bass guitarist, letting off a scream, joined the rhythm; the drums came in next, followed by a real cool lead. Our first number was 'Born to be wild' by Steppenwolf. It is a great number for introduction. When everything had to stop (except the lead), the dark stage started showing up the outline of the various singers on the stage. It was when the audience got the first glimpse of us that they really let off steam. We played for half an hour, but the song that really made a hit was one of our own compositions, 'Love Drug'. Well, I don't know whether they liked the song so much, but I think that it was that the song was composed by BROKEN GLASS that touched them. We were not somehow, satisfied though. We felt we had chosen the wrong songs. The crowd might have enjoyed the older type of songs, like A Few Dollars More and others. After us there were other groups waiting. When we heard the other groups we lost all hopes of winning, because they sang Hindi and Tamil songs, and those were the songs that appealed to the majority of the crowd. Still a bit of a young crowd had appreciated us. So, certain that we were far out of the first prize, we left the hall and went to the canteen for a coke and eats. While we were sitting there looking real miserable, one of our friends came rushing in to tell us that we had won the first prize! Now you can imagine how we felt. We yelled the place down, while our leader went up to the stage and received the cup. It was an exciting show - our very first show in public.

Subir Mitter
Standard IX

THE SUPERNATURAL

I think of the supernatural, first, as something to be shunned, something to be avoided, and kept clear off. But curiosity draws me on. I want to find out what it really is and speak to a ghost, though if I really see one, I would probably fall down on the spot. So my mind is pulled two ways, one by fear of the Unknown, and the other by curiosity.

The supernatural was taken seriously in the Middle Ages in Europe. People used to shudder and cross themselves whenever any devilish looking person passed them. These so-called sorcerers and witches used to wear black garbs, grow beards, live in lonely places, and to add spice to the situation, have a daily menu of toadstools, snakes' fangs, bats' eyes and other 'delicious' ingredients, which they mixed in a huge, black cauldron. (They say it is an excellent recipe !)

The Ju-ju doctors on Caribbean Islands in Africa had a passion for outlandish recipes. They also used to daub their bodies with red clay so much, that greenhorn settlers coming to Africa started writing theses on how some Red Indians had migrated to Africa. They also ornamented themselves (rather like the tourists these days) with shells and bones, strung round their necks. They kept muttering strings of unintelligible words to anyone who crossed their paths, and to back up their threats on people, they used a little practical mumbo-jumbo. They squeezed the juice of some insects into the natives' toddy, which had the effect of sending him to bed for a week or two, or they made sure that some accident befell him.

For readers who are interested in the supernatural after reading this, I recommend *The Supernatural Omnibus* and *Ghost Stories* throughout the World, after which they can graduate to *Gory Stories of the Supernatural*, *The Hound of Death* and *Stories to make your Blood run Cold*.

Jerry Earali
Standard X

NATURE

The blazing sun rising in the east,
Giving light to all the men and beasts—
The shimmering river glowing in the morning light—
O, what a wonderful sight !

The breeze gently blowing,
And as if to music the trees are swaying—
The factory chimney pushing out wisps of smoke,
For their huge machines have finally awoke.

The distant mountains sheeted with blue,
And white clouds blotting on this brilliant blue,
The ice-capped mountains entranced,
In a misty trance of mist whitened.

Ganesh Moorthy,
Standard VIII

IS IT A PROBLEM TO BEDSER & CO ?

The M. C. C. is expected to tour India this winter, but without six of their senior players. G. F. Boycott, considered England's No. 1 bat is out, so is Surrey's left-handed veteran John Edrich. The others out are, John Snow of Sussex, the master fast bowler, R. Hutton, the Yorkshire man, son of a great father, but the man who will be missed most will be tough man Skipper Illingworth. Bedser and his colleagues in top hats have already found a man to replace Illy. He is A. J. Lewis of Glamorgan. Lewis was instrumental in Glamorgan's 1969 championship win.

But what about the team? Bedser has thirteen counties to chose from. You name it—Bedser has it. Someone to replace Boycott? There are half a dozen young men for it. They are Roy Virgin of Somerset, Jameson or Whitehouse of Warwickshire, David Lloyd, the dashing opener of Lancashire, Mike Buss of Sussex, D. Steele of Northamptonshire, Mike Dennes of Kent, Mike Smith of Middlesex, and Barry wood of Lancashire. Middle order batsmen? Again a dozen promising fellows,—Fletcher of Essex, Amiss of Warwick, Pilling of Lancashire, Frank Hayes, again of Lincs, Graham Roope and Stewart Storey of Surrey, and why not Brian Close, the tough who has been among the runs this season? Fast bowlers also, a pretty handful—Bob Willis and Alan Ward, Lever and Shuttleworth, Cottam and Old, or Arnold and Price, but no doubt Poet John Snow's absence will be felt keenly by the team and the crowds in India, Pakistan and Ceylon. If they are coming to India they would need good class spinners. England has them—Gifford of Worcester, Wilson of Yorkshire, Pockock of Surrey and Birkenshaw of Leicester are good, but aren't we forgetting Underwood? If given his conditions, Underwood is the most lethal bowler in the world. All-rounders? Yep, we have'em. Tony Greig has already proved his worth; Dolly of Worcester has still cricket left in him, even though he is 41; Graham Roope, in spite of being an attacking batsman, is also a good medium pace bowler, so is Stewart Storey. In wicket-keeping, fabulous harlequin acrobat Alan Knott is there, not only holding wonder catches, but also thrashing the seam out of the ball, as Australia discovered in the final Test this summer, and as we Indians and Pakistanis discovered when we were in England in 1971. Taylor of Derbyshire is a good foil for him.

There are plenty more fine cricketers in England who can make the grade, so might we not hope to see some fighting, exciting cricket this winter?

Yeshpal Levin,
Standard X

MY TRIP TO MANDAPAM

My parents and I left for Mandapam on the 4th of June. We started at 8 in the morning, drove on to Madurai, had lunch there, and drove on to Ramnad, finally reaching Mandapam at 5 in the evening. We went to the house where we were to stay. It was called Bison House, and had its own beach opening into the Bay of Bengal. That evening we went just for a walk.

The next morning after a swim, my father and I went out to try and get some fish and crab for lunch. We were told by the town people that we could get them from an Ice plant where they kept sea-food for export. But when we asked at the Ice plant, at first they said it was not possible, but after a while they agreed to let us have some. This Ice plant is run by Norwegians. The next day we went to see the whole plant. In it they have got another department where they make fishing boats. Two days later, we went to another fish plant where they make fertilisers. The whole plant where they put the fish and where the fertiliser is produced is in one machine.

The next day we went to Rameswaram to the temple. We went by train, and when we reached there we were shocked to find so many beggars. We went to the temple in a jutka through small and narrow lanes. At the temple we mainly performed the puja to Hanuman. We bought some shells and returned to Mandapam; but we had spent nearly 5 rupees on the beggars alone!

One interesting experience that I had was, when my father and I ordered two hottles of toddy and drank it. It was very refreshing. But the second time, when we started drinking there were so many flies about, that my father said, 'How many flies there must be in the shop,' and we gave it up. Mandapam is a very small town. We could get no varieties of vegetables or meat. The sea was on the other side of the town. Fishermen were in plenty. We were told that they were on the sea all the year round - at Cochin, Madras, Calcutta and so on.

The week at Mandapam was the nicest bit of my holidays.

Deviah
Standard IX

THE CRAZY WORLD

I dreamt that I was free - blown with a blinding explosion that sent me hurtling through Space, Time, and out of the three-dimensional world. I felt relaxed, free from the worldly worries for the world for me, had come to a stand still.

But when my memories drifted back to earth from where I so badly wanted to escape, my stray thoughts wandered somewhere in our little world, a poor little child, like his million counterparts crying for a single meal, yet again in the speedy world, a well-to-do teenager pulling away at his chillum.

Is man going crazy? Or has he already done so? In this advanced stage of ours, with our power of intelligence soaring, we cannot deny that we have put a black cloth over our eyes. Innocent people getting killed just because of a dirty thing called war.

"Power maketh a man," is the motto of all our nations. The only aim of every Super Power is to see that their armoury is expanding, while the rest of the world can only wonder how these enormous sums of money could otherwise have been used.

Theft, murder and rape are on a steady increase, our backyards are filled with cold-blooded criminals. The drug racket is rampant. And at present we are more bothered about skyscrapers, cities, automobiles, industries and machines. But what are all these? They are the filthy congested things that poison our system.

Now we come to the question of man himself. Once a proud and noble creature, he is now trodden by his own follies. Can we call ourselves human, when we behave like good-for-nothing, cunning, calculating machines, programmed to outbeat our brothers? Where is the force that once ruled the universe? Where is love? Morality has been thrown out as if it were scrap. Vulgar books and obscene films are the main means of making money. Teenagers are torn apart by the desire for sex and drugs. A whole generation of youth stands ruined and in an agonising predicament. What had gone wrong? It was man himself. Peace would never be attained on this world, as long as man remained as he is.

Now I float back into my own world of ideas. I think of an imaginary being, travelling in his Time Machine asking me to join him into the Future. And there I see no man nor animal, but strange, expressionless faces governed by greed, lust, hate and violence.

Love had been sent into oblivion.

M. R. Chinnaswamy

Standard XI

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS CRICKET TEAM

The Blue Mountains School got the Inter-School Cricket Cup this year. This is for the first time in the history of the school that we were able to snatch the cup from Lawrence School.

The following were the players in the team :

VAMAN APTE : The Captain. He is our best all-rounder, and is to captain the All-Schools Nilgiris District team.

YESHPAL LEVIN : A fast bowler, who opens the attack. He is a good fielder and a very good bat. He has saved our team from disaster many a time.

NAGESH : Wicket keeper and opening batsman of the team Slightly slow in his movements, otherwise his collection is good

YATIN BHAT : A hard hitting batsman, and a very good fielder who is always on the alert.

O. L. RAJENDRA : He opens the bowling with Levin. A good close in field, and very agile.

S. K. GIRIDHAR : He is a leg spinner, a handy bat in the middle order .

RADHAKRISHNAN : A very steady bat, who sticks to his end.

AJAY J. : A very good fielder, has caught many brilliant catches. His batting is good His running between wickets is fast.

ASLAM P. : Medium-pace bowler of the team. Very good and accurate. Many a time he has broken a good partnership. A tailender.

MURALI P. : The Baby of the team, he is a good bat.

RAJEEV SHARMA : He is an off spin bowler supporting Vaman in the spin attack A hard hitting No 4 bat.

SHANKAR A. : An opening bat, a good slip field.

Rajeev Sharma
Standard X

B. M. S. Vs. LAWRENCE

We started the fight for the Inter-School cricket cup, after losing the previous match to St. George's Homes, Ketti. The match was played at the Brecks' grounds and started at 1'55 P. M. on the 22nd of May.

Vaman won the toss, and put the visitors in to bat. Nisheet Gupta and M. John opened the Lawrence batting. The first blood was drawn early in the game when bespectacled Rajendra clean bowled Nisheet when the score was 13. In came the hard-hitting, bulky Popat who scored a quick 6, and was sent back to the pavilion. In came Vinoo, the Skipper, the well known bat. A quick change of ends brought his downfall. Aslam bowled one over-pitched down the legside, and Vinoo trying to flick it to square-leg was caught brilliantly by

Ajay. This catch was least expected, but it brought the downfall of their skipper. Only Manohar offered some resistance to the Blue Mountains bowlers, but was eventually stumped splendidly by the alert Nagesh of Vaman's bowling. Thus soon after this came the downfall of the Lawrencians. The haul of wickets was shared by Rajendra, who got 2 for 16 of 8 overs, Aslam, 3 for 23 of 7 overs, and Vaman, 3 for 1 of 2 overs, with one being a maiden. The Lawrencians were all out for 84.

We went into bat, the openers being Shankar and Nagesh. We had an early setback when Nagesh was caught off Samson with his contribution being 7. In came Levin, the steady No. 3 bat, but at 23 we had another bit of trouble, when Levin was run-out in a misunderstanding with Shankar. In came Rajeev, the lanky hitter, but returned quickly, with his contribution being 5. Skipper Vaman came in next, and helped carry the score to 41, when Shankar was run-out in a misunderstanding with Vaman. He scored 13. Then came Yatin, the cross-bat specialist, who joined the skipper and helped carry the score to 61, when Vaman playing a faulty stroke outside the off-stump was caught behind for 15. But Yatin carried on the fight along with Ajay, Giridhar and Rajendra, till we passed their score, and in the end when we declared at 90, we had won by 2 wickets.

Thus we won the coveted trophy for the first time in the history of B. M. S. Out of 6 matches we won 5, and lost 1. That was the happiest moment when we achieved our long desired dream.

And now this is to wish the next year's team too the VERY BEST OF LUCK!

Vaman Apte

