



Dare to be free

The Blue Print

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS SCHOOL, OOTACAMUND.

Volume VIII-2



December 1973.

SCHOOL NEWS

Ooty was having one of its worst spells ever, of cyclonic weather when the school reopened for the special classes for the XIth and IXth Standards on July 10th. The rest of the school was back on the 9th of August.

The day was also memorable to many of us for Mr. Suryanarayana of Mysore, an eminent exponent of the Veens, played for us that evening.

Independence Day passed off with the routine flag-hoisting and a brief message on the occasion by Mrs. Naik.

On the 1st September there was an interesting exhibition of paper-cutting, floral decoration and embroidery by two persons from Rajasthan.

Onam was celebrated with the traditional laying out of the flower carpet and lunch on the 9th September. But the variety show was held an evening earlier. It went off well with a few short interesting items which we hope brought the culture of Kerala a little nearer to these not acquainted with it.

The ISC Trials—(combined for all the Nilgiri Schools for the first time) were held from the 10th to the 22nd of September.

Gandhi Jayanti on October 2nd was a memorable day. After the Special Assembly, we had a programme of general cleaning up of the school by the boys, which was undertaken with unusual zest and interest.

Diwali this year was unfortunately a 'damp' one with incessant rain, and most of the boys away home, for the four-days' break. Crackers were however burst off and on, whenever the skies cleared, and we have no doubt that the boys enjoyed themselves.

The ISC examinations are on, and we wish our boys the very best of luck. The school Farewell to the ISC was held on the 17th November. The variety show put up on the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. The bouquet for the evening must however, undoubtedly go to the little ones who with their enthusiasm, made their item, the Fantasy of the South Sea islands so very enjoyable. Our congratulations also to the children who exhibited so much of their handicrafts done during the last few days.

The following films were seen by our boys during this term :

The Anderson Tapes
Dhund
They call me Trinity
Sammy goes South
Bundle it all
Tammy and the Millionaire
A Midsummer Night's Dream
The Wizard of Oz.

The Longest hundred miles
Jokers
Gathering of Eagles
Torn Curtain
Munster Go Home
And a series of cartoons

The Science Department had also arranged for the showing of a few educational reels, which we hope would be of value to the students.

The Core examinations, were held early in September. The results have come and except for two all have passed. Congratulations to those who have come out with flying colours.

We were very glad to have with us the Directors all through the term and for the advice and help extended to us on every occasion.

DOWN MEMORY'S LANE.

A long time ago it was, I remember with nostalgia, that I first tightened my coat around me against the chilling wind as the ramshackle taxi, puffing and wheezing, took me up the reddish brown road through the open gates, and dumped me unceremoniously in the portico of this place. Curious faces, with babbling voices and tousled hair, peered into my alien face and a few came forward to complete the formalities. My bio-data known, I was ushered kindly into my dormitory and shown round the school. I soon melted into the routine life of the school and became a part of it.

A long span of time has passed since, during which I grew from that timid and shy boy to a boisterous and vociferous senior. With the end of my school career in sight and new vistas of adventure peering over the horizon, I reflect upon the good old school days. Seven years have passed—seemingly a long time—but to me a time which has been so fleeting, that I wish I were once again the youngster fresh for school.

My stay here has no doubt benefitted me in every possible way—from sports through etiquette to academic fulfilment. But what is that quality which makes this school so different from the several public schools that have a regular pattern? Here, in an aura of contentment and feeling of brotherliness, with a total lack of hostility, students come and go—they come in with a light-headedness so normal in all children, and depart with a tiny bit of the school in them; for, a Blue Mountaineer is always a Blue Mountaineer, however old he may be, or however far away he may be. In this family, rather than an institution, teachers impart to us their knowledge with an intimacy and friendliness, and quiet authority too, that we feel so utterly at home and at ease too. This school has often seemed to some, a home away from home.

Throughout my school career I have encountered kindness, generosity and infinite understanding on the part of the teachers. No doubt the boys have gone a bit too far with their liberties, but this is due to their light carefree nature, not yet weighted down with responsibilities. No doubt we have complained about the food, inadequate facilities and so on, but suffice it to say we do not know exactly the standards that such schools are expected to have, nor the difficulties that such a young school must face in trying to meet the demands made. Comparison with other schools serves no useful purpose.

Activities in this school-co-and extra-curricular-have always benefited the students. Talks in the Assemblies, dramas and other activities like these, have enabled us to build up our self-confidence and prepare us for the future. The Art and Craft Sections and other hobbies seem to be taken up seriously by the boys, and this is a good sign, because it brings out the latent creativity in the boys.

Reminiscing, I am filled with nostalgia, and that inexplicable feeling one has, when something very dear is slipping through one's hand and out of one's grasp. Bitter sweet memories will always anchor me to this school.

K. Srinivas,
I. S. C.

THE DIVINE

Up in the sky I go,
Soaring above the rivers below,
Which flew west where the sun sets
And I go where people go,
In front of God—tired so-
From time to time, God is mine,
But when he is not, I sigh so,
Through clear skies,
Where the angels fly,
I go, where nobody's near-
But at last I go
Where nobody sighs so,
At the feet of the Divine,
Where life is sublime.

Milind Gokale,
Std. VIII

AN ACCIDENT

A year ago, my father, mother, aunty and myself were travelling back to Kuala Lumpur, the capital city of West Malaysia, from Singapore. It was about 25 miles away from the causeway which links West Malaysia and Singapore, that this accident occurred.

I had observed a Volvo 1445 overtaking us, and travelling at a great speed. This car was swaying from side to side. My mother who also noticed this, told my father not to get too close to the car. At the next bend, this car had collided with an oncoming car-a Ford Cosair. I could see from a distance both the cars crashing into each other, and I also could see how the two cars got smashed up. My father parked our car about twenty yards from the place of accident, and rushed to the scene. I too got out and followed. I saw the body of a woman of about 30 or 35, hanging over the door of one of the cars. A man was thrown out of the windscreen on to the road. One of the persons' eyeballs was hanging out. A girl of fourteen had got stuck under the seat. Two people had escaped with slight bruises. A boy who, we were told later, was to leave for the U. K. the next day, had his left leg broken. Both the families were Chinese, I could see. Blood was flowing like water all over the road. Pieces of metal and glass were strewn about. The engines of both the cars were smoking, and sparks were flying in the air.

Most of the people stopped their cars just to note down the car numbers, because strangely enough, many believed that these numbers were lucky in gambling !

Garrison,
Standard VIII

SILLY LITTLE PUSSY CAT !

Tic, tic, tic, who is that ?
I am a little pussy cat,
What do you want ?
A pint of milk.
Where is your money ?
In my pocket ?
Where is the pocket.
Oh, I have none -
You, silly little pussy cat !

Honwant Singh,
Standard V

THE LITTLE PIG.

Once upon a time, there lived a little pig. He lived in a sty with his six brothers. He was very unhappy, so he thought of running away. One night he quietly slipped away. He ran until he came to a cornfield. He was so hungry that he ate and ate until his tummy was full. He went to sleep after his meal.

When he got up in the morning, he had a terrible pain in his tummy. He could not even get up. He lay there, held his tummy and shouted. The farmer whom he belonged to, heard him, and came. When the little pig heard the farmer he tried to run away, but he could not

So he just lay down and closed his eyes. When he got up, he looked about. His pain had gone, and he was in his own sty with his brothers. He told himself, "I will never run away again. No world in the place is better than home."

Ravindra Reddy,
Standard V.

THE SMUGGLERS

About two months back a robbery took place in a jewellery shop after midnight. Nobody in the town had a single clue about the robbery. One day however, a man was caught in another shop trying to pick-pocket. Hoping he would be one of the old gang, the police started questioning him, thinking he would be able to lead them to their head quarters, from where they were operating, and give them the names. But before he could say a single word, the man was shot down by an unknown person from the crowd. But the secret police did have a glimpse of the killer.

One day after I had got my Learner's licence, I was driving on a lonely road, when a man came running and a car drove over him. I went to a telephone booth a hundred yards away, and phoned up the police. The police came in a much quicker time than I had expected them to. They asked me questions—about the colour of the car, its number, its driver, and which way it had gone—for I was the only eye-witness. I could only tell them that the colour was dark green, and the number was 84—, for I had not noticed the full number. Next day the report came out in the newspapers, and it was also said that only I was the eye-witness to the accident.

That night when I was in bed, I heard a noise under my window. I crept slowly to the window and saw a man come up the pipe line. I phoned to the police at once, but the police came too late, for that man seeing I was awake, had driven away. This time though, I had a nice glimpse of him. The day after that again I was driving up, when a car passed me at full speed. I knew the man inside the car was the same who had tried to climb up my window. The car was now pink, and I saw the number was 8400. I went to the booth and phoned up the police. They chased the car and caught it at the Airport. The man was going to smuggle the jewellery from India to London.

The Police Superintendent congratulated me on the help I had given them, and as a result I, who did not have such a good job, am now a member of the Secret police.

H. Narayan,
Std. VIII

I cycle—You cycle—
Everybody cycles
On life's cycle.

N. Annamalai

THE WATCHERS

There he was standing still,
Watching the farmers plough and till,

Now in a flash
And he is gone.

There he watched the children play,
There he stood at break of day,

Now away,
Away, not forever.

There he was, a horse—
Yes, a horse, wild and carefree,

In the meadows,
Down by the apple tree.

H. Narayan,
Std. VIII

THE SIX KITTENS

There was once a rich woman who had six kittens. There were two black ones, three white ones, and one black and white. The kittens were well fed with fish and milk, but they were always hungry. One day one of the kittens asked, "Where does the fish come from?" Another said, "From the market." But the black and white one said, "The fish comes from the river or stream." So another said, "Come, let us all go to the river in the night and catch some fish." So in the night all of them quietly stole out of the house, and went to a stream near by. They saw a farmer fishing with his fishing-rod. The farmer put his hand in his pocket and felt for his pipe, and found he had forgotten it at his cottage. He therefore balanced his rod on the ground, thought that nothing would happen to it, and went to get his pipe. After he had gone, the six kittens came out from the trees and pulled the rod. Suddenly they felt a tug at the end of the rod. Two of them pulled the rod and the other two helped to pull the fish in. And what did they see, but a big fish at the end of the line! They put the fish on the ground and started fighting for it. One said, "It's mine. I only did the work". Another said, "No, it's mine. I did it," and so on and on, they went on. Suddenly a fox came and said, "Stop fighting! The one who sings the loudest will get the fish, and you must keep on looking at the moon when you sing, until I tell you to look down." So the kittens sang, and what a noise they made! When they were tired of singing and looked down, what did they see? No fish and no fox! They all got angry with themselves for being cheated. Just then the farmer came back, and when he saw no fish at the end of the line, he was also very angry. Thinking that the kittens had eaten up the fish, he kicked them and sent them running home. They then vowed that they would never go fishing, but be contented with what they had.

P. Sreenivasan,
Standard V

THE EXECUTIONER

It was a dull and foggy day, the lanes through which I walked were dark and uninviting. I walked at a brisk pace as I followed a stranger. The stranger entered a house and locked the door. After some time I heard the sound of gunshots from the house.

I rushed in through an open window, and found a man with a bullet in his head lying in a pool of blood.

This was the tenth murder in town. I went to the Police Head Quarters and reported the murder. I gave the description of the stranger I had followed; it seemed as if the descriptions of all the men involved in all the ten murders were the same. I was sent to investigate the cases. I went to all the ten houses in which murders were committed. In all the houses cards were found with the letter X printed in capital letters on them. I was baffled. Who was X and what did it mean, I wondered. I took the cards and examined them very carefully. As I matched all the cards I found a bit of a matchstick sticking out of the last. Perhaps it was put in to stick the card on a curtain or some thing and it had broken off and fallen down. When I looked closely at it I could just see bits of letters of some name or other. After a good deal of effort and guessing I was able to put together the letters of RITZ LONDON. At once I climbed into my car and rushed to the Ritz. There I checked the register containing the names of the people who were staying there. I found one name - it was of a man staying all alone, a Grady. I silently went up to his room, when I peeped through the keyhole I could recognise the stranger I had followed - I pulled myself together, and knocked; when he opened the door, I suddenly rushed in with the help of a hotel boy whom I had summoned by pressing the room service bell while keeping Grady under cover, I sent for the police. We searched his drawers and found some fifty cards with the X on them. Later Grady told us that was meant for Executioner. He also told us that his only mistake was the matchstick he had so carelessly used at the last house, when I had seen him. He had forgotten the pins he always carried with him. And he cursed his fate and bad luck. After two years I heard that he had died in jail with repentance in his heart.

Milind Gokhale.

STANDING BY THE ROADSIDE

Forgotten,

your eyes flickered in the evening light,

and they were glazed with

the bewilderment

of being alive to see

another sunset.

Your face seemed like shrivelled leaves

and merged into the background
 of heaped autumn remnants,
 smoking in compact
 backyards,
 There were children playing in the street—
 But your eyes,
 shone like the pin-pricks of
 neon light surrounding you,
 with the withered wisdom of
 the eternal scavenger.
 There was a sense
 of futility,
 of despair, surrounding
 the inert body,
 Some sense
 of demanding hate,
 and unborn love,
 which pierced through a foggy mind,
 and squeezed
 compassion from a dry rind.

Jerry Earali,
 I. S. C.

THE END

It is actually the title of a song by that immortal singer, Jim Morrison, and the verse went like this.

"This is the end, my beautiful friend,
 The end of all my dreams.
 The end of all my plans, the end,
 No element nor surprise, the end ;
 Of everything that stands, the end.
 I'll never look into your eyes again."

Touching, heart-rending, all this he wrote two weeks before his mysterious death. Somehow you are forced to believe he knew. I know the end of my school life has come too. The wonderful days I stayed with my friends are going to be soon a thing of the past. There's no use crying, for it's got to happen. Nothing, no power can prevent me from leaving this school. Yet I wish there had been some force which could hold me back here, for I feel bound to this place so much. I try to lie down and forget about it, but it seems to be the most difficult task I have in hand. Sweet memories of yester-years keep coming back, floating back again.

In those days when I first joined the school, the thought of leaving it never occurred to me, but today it is a painful reality. As I board the train with regrets and sorrow, and the train pulls out, I'll be saying good-bye to these eucalyptus trees, these blue hills and this school, which though engulfed in a mist, can never be clouded in my mind, and never in my memory. It was Shakespeare who said that, 'Parting is such sweet sorrow'. After all I am going away from this beautiful place probably forever, or may be I'd be back in the future some time, but never will I enter this school again as a student, only as an outsider, a visitor. I cannot deny that I have enjoyed my stay here—the five years which I spent here were full of sunshine and laughter, but it is all going to end. Ooty will always haunt me. My friends and I have stayed together for five long years—now the fun and music are all over and we go our separate ways. The best part of our lives is about to end—the happy days of sunshine and merry-mellowness are nearing the end.

All said and done, as I get ready to leave, I remember that piece from a famous song by Peter Paul and Mary—I am leaving on a jet plane,

Don't know when I'll be back.

I don't blame them for feeling like that, for I don't know myself when I'll be back in these wonderful woodlands, I shall go on and on living somewhere, but my mind will continue its great struggle to soar above all this around me. May be it never will, a pity it is so. I close my eyes and try to think of my future. But it seems blank; my usually imaginative mind produces nothing. Only the past with its wonderful memories flashes by. This makes my heart heavy, and however much I try to push them aside, they return to haunt me. It is not going to be easy to escape—it is a hard lesson, but I am beginning to learn it.

Yeshpal Levin,
I. S. C.

The more you lie—the more of troubles;
The more of troubles—the more of disgrace;
The more of disgrace—the less of happiness,
So why lie?

.....
The more you hate—the more you boil;
The more you boil—the more you suffer;
The more you suffer—the less of comfort,
So why hate?
.....

Gowreesan.

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