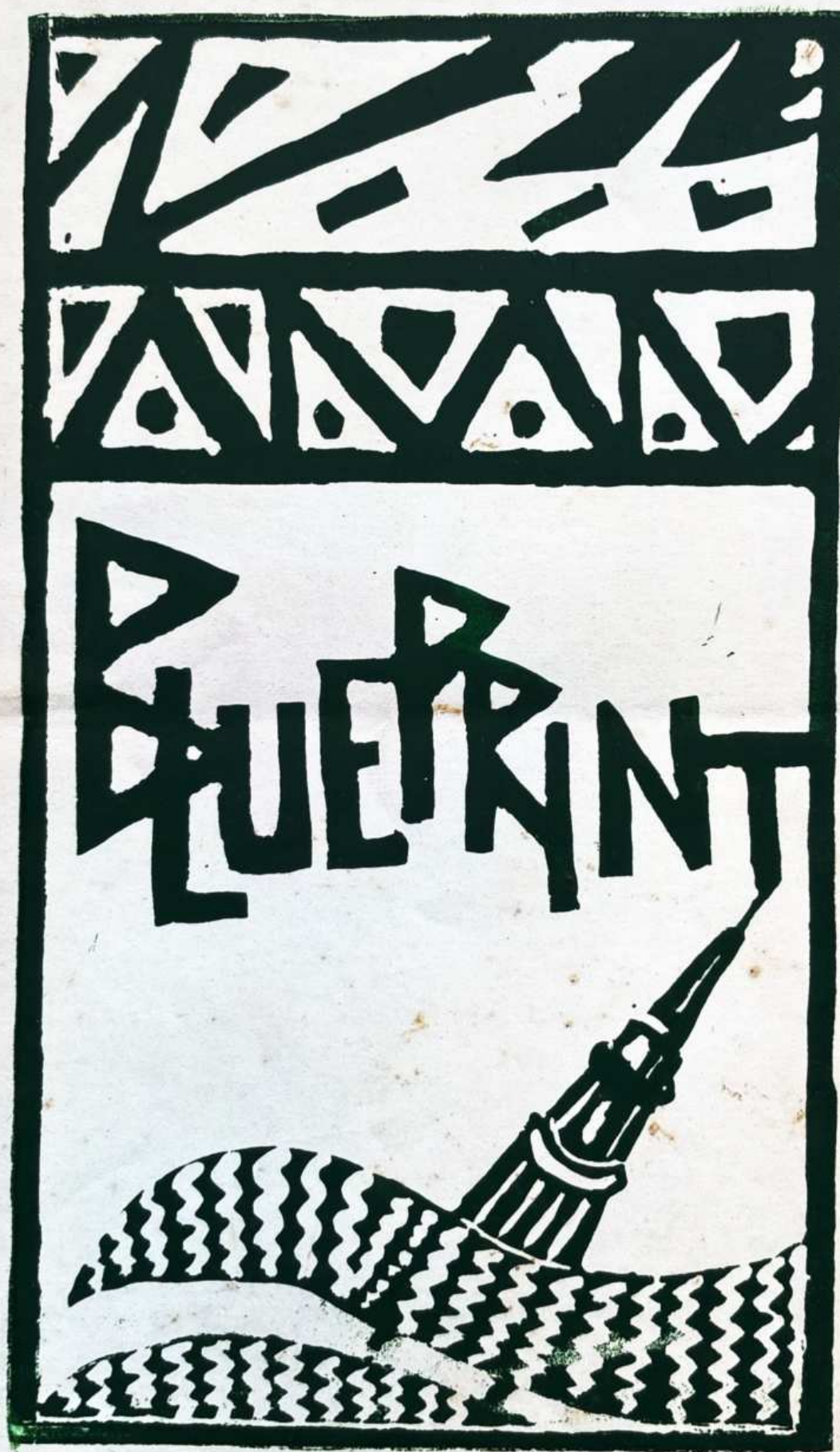




"To sing we must have a song
in our hearts; but having lost
the song, we pursue the singer".

- J.Krishnamurti -

Had he been alive, J.Krishnamurti would have turned hundred this month. The Blue Mountains School, which is committed to J.Krishnamurti's teachings on education has completed thirtyfive years of its existence. It would be in order if we take a look afresh at this juncture at some of the objectives of the New Education which the School is striving to accomplish.

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The faults and failings of conventional education are becoming more and more manifest. Conventional education is heavily biased towards academic or career achievement and therefore, by its very nature fragmented. Obviously it develops only a limited part of the potentials of the mind of the young learner. A kind which is not fully developed - a stunted mind - is a potentially dangerous mind; a mind that conforms to an insensitive society built upon violence, selfishness and disorder.

But true and real education should result in the 'flowering' of the mind. By true education we mean involving the mind wholly and completely in whatever we do; one capacity developed to the exclusion of the other produces a fragmented human being. The function of education is at the same time 'to help the students to see the flowers and also to be very good in Mathematics'.

The New Education, which is being constantly observed by the teachers at the School, does not neglect or underestimate acquisition of scientific knowledge or technological skill. On the other hand equipping the student with the most excellent technological proficiency so that he may function with clarity and efficiency in the modern world, is one of the objectives of the New Education. But far more important is to create the right environment so that the student may

flower in goodness to become a complete human being. A learner nurtured in such harmony will be rightly related to the whole of life - people, things and ideas. Says J.K: "To live is to be related".

It is the integration of the scientific mind with the religious spirit.

Such a learning, such a 'flowering' of the mind, will not take place in an atmosphere of fear. And fear is essentially involved in competition. To be fearful of being nobody, of not succeeding in a class or life, of not arriving, is at the root of competition. In this process of competition you gradually destroy the beauty, the subtlety and freshness of the childhood and youth. When one is not competing, the mind becomes extraordinarily alive where the learning takes place as an end in itself and fear ceases to exist. Freedom from fear is one of the basic ingredient of true education.

The state of fearlessness in the student will result in freedom. This freedom is order; it is not licence to do what one wants to do. Such licence is disorder. Real freedom is a responsibility and therefore will not lead to indiscipline. Says the School motto - "Dare to be free".

In such a state of 'freedom' one can be sensitively related to his surroundings. And in such sensitivity there is intelligence - an intelligence that comprehends the whole, the total process of life, not knowledge of one fragment of life.

Only such a mind can really listen. And in such listening there is spontaneous learning.

Such listening and learning is a continuous process of life; because education is for life, through life and throughout life.

Listening, learning and living are one and the same. Says J.K.: "Learning is discovering".

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The Blue Mountains School is not dedicated to propagating Krishnamurti's teachings, but rather to incorporating them into its educational work and community life. The general atmosphere of the friendliness, the quietness, the orderliness and the happiness of shared activities suggest that the school largely succeeds in doing so.

And the journey will continue till all our young learners discover 'that song' in their hearts.

- B.J.Krishnan -

(Secretary - F.G.Pearce Educational and Charitable Trust).

Excerpts from "Education and the Significance of Life,
by J.Krishnamurti.

- - - - -
- * The function of education is to create human beings who are integrated and therefore intelligent.
 - * The right kind of education, while encouraging the learning of a technique, should accomplish something which is of far greater importance, it should help man to experience the integrated process of life; It is this experiencing that will put capacity and technique in their right place.
 - * Education in the true sense is helping the individual to be mature and free, to flower greatly in love and goodness.
 - * The right kind of education consists in understanding the child as he is without imposing upon him an ideal of what we think he should be.
 - * A parent who really desires to understand his child does not look at him through the screen of an ideal. If he loves the child, he observes him, he studies his tendencies, his moods and peculiarities. It is only when one feels no love for the child that one imposes upon him an ideal, for then one's ambitions are trying to fulfil themselves in him, wanting him to become this or that. If one loves, not he the ideal, but the child, then there is a possibility of helping him to understand himself as he is.
 - * Right kind of education will encourage thoughtfulness and consideration for others without enticements or threats of any kind.
 - * True religious education is to help the child to be intelligently aware.

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* * * * * L I F E * * * * *

I was born, grew
Because of this I'm here,
I pass by,
I walk by,
Not hurrying to arrive.
I go much faster
Than those who run without thinking.
This is not our life
Everything here is a game
A passing thing.
What matter is what I've done
And what I leave behind.

- Paramesh M.H. -

A NOTE FROM THE CONVENER

I am grateful to the following people who helped in the making of Blue Print:

- * Mr.Malik for designing the screen and screen printing the cover.
- * Miss Sophia for typing the material on to the stencils.
- * Mr.Ravi for cyclostyling the matter.
- * To the students who helped in correcting, arranging and stapling.
- * All those who contributed to the magazine with their articles.

Ayanjit is the designer of the cover page.

Abraham Pztrick,
Convener, Blue Print Committee.

KEY TO SUCCESS

Life is a golden casket
Inlaid with precious stones;
Open it with the key of preseverance
And you will find in it,
The precious stones of success.

- Paramesh M.H -

FROM THE GANGES TO GANGOTRI:
A TRIP TO THE SOURCE OF THE GANGES

I have been a great traveller. Visiting new places and meeting new people has not only been my favourite hobby but my greatest passion. By the end of 1987 I had seen most parts of India and had also been to Switzerland, England and the U.S.A.

At different times in my life I worked in Poona, Bangalore and Ooty but I had my longest stint with Rajghat Education Centre of Krishnamurti Foundation India, in Varanasi. There, on the bank of the beautiful Ganga river, I spent many years of my life translating English books of the late Shree J.Krishnamurti into Hindi and for some time taught in his schools.

In 1989 I decided to do something which went against what Krishnamurti had taught me. I decided to visit and explore the centres of organized religions and find out for myself what the gurus had to teach and how their followers practise different kinds of meditation and 'SADHANA'. In the Process of this exploration, I made two trips to the Himalayas and found, to my amazement, many intellectuals and westerners trying out time-tested and age-old techniques and methods to realize their spiritual goals.

For my second trip to the Himalayas I planned to go to the source of the 'Holy Ganges' which is worshipped by countless Hindus as the divine manifestation. From Varanasi I went to Haridwar. 'Haridwar' literally means the door to God. Haridwar is a city of temples, innumerable ashrams and beautiful ghats (river banks). A trip to the Manasa Devi temple by the rope-way (cable car), offers a breath taking experience. But the most memorable experience is watching the evening Arti of the Ganga river with the tape recorded devotional songs of Anuradha Pandwal in the background - a blend of ancient practice and hi-tech methods.

Rishikesh falls on the way from Haridwar to the Himalayas. It is a gate-way to the Himalayas. It is comparatively a small sleepy town, at the foothills of the Himalayas, famous for the Swami Sivananda Ashram and the modern suspension bridge over the Ganges. Atop this bridge, you can look down and marvel at the beauty of the fast flowing Himalayan river.

It took me about seven hours to reach Uttarkashi from Rishikesh. Almost all religious centres in Uttarkashi are situated on the bank of the Ganga, which is spectacular. You can go on watching it for hours together without getting tired.

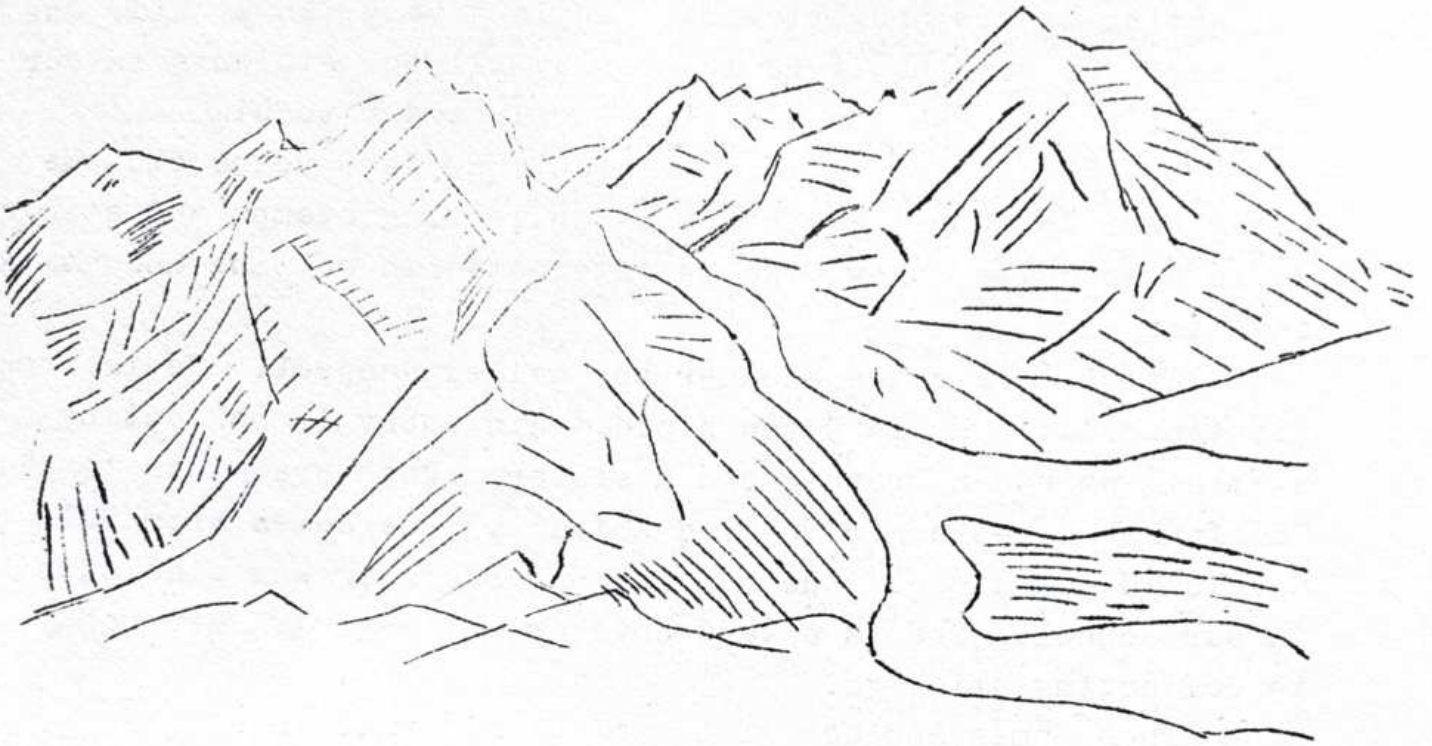
After Uttarkashi my next hop was Gangotri, beyond which no vehicles go. I was told that there was a time when the Ganga originated here. But when explorers and adventure loving men started thronging this place, the sensitive river shied away and withdrew further back into the interior Himalayas. I was stunned to see bare-bodied Naga sadhus at the altitude of over 12,000 feet. One morning while I was trekking along the bank of the Bhagirathi (The Ganges is known by this name in the Himalayas) in search of a miraculous sadhu I stumbled upon a cave where a young man was standing. He invited me inside the cave and offered me tea made with special spices. He told me that that special drink would sustain him throughout the winter when the temperature would be about -35 C. I asked him, "You hardly look like a traditional sadhu may I know your background?" He replied, "I was a professor of Mechanical Engineering in Melbourne, Australia. I had all the comforts and pleasures that a lucrative job can offer in our modern age, but guided by a divine inspiration, I left all that and came to India and took refuge in the Himalayas in search of truth". I asked who his guru was. He replied, "My mother". He showed me the book on yoga authored by him.

From Gangotri I trekked 18 k.m. and reached Gomukh. This word means mouth of the cow. Here I saw the Bhagirathi river taking shape between gigantic glaciers. I had visited so many places along the course of the Ganga and also had spent many years in Varanasi but I was never inclined to have a dip in this holy river. But here, at the very source of the Ganga, I could not check myself and ended up having a couple of dips. As soon as I immersed myself under water I almost froze - so cold was the water. When I jumped out of the river my hands and feet were numb and it was only with great difficulty that I could clothe myself again. A little away from the bank of the river a sadhu had made fire and was preparing a hot drink. He offered me a drink which brought me out of my near paralytic condition.

At Gomukh I saw a few foreigners trekking with huge back packs. I was surprised to learn that they were carrying their monthly provision to their Ashrams which lay away beyond even Gomukh.

I look forward to visiting the Himalayas again.
Not alone this time but with Pooja and Rishabh.

- Hareesh -



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MY PET

Many people prefer cats, dogs, horses, rats, rabbits etc.... as pets. But give a choice, I would like to have wolf cubs. I prefer them to others because they look very cute to me. I don't know what others feel. But I feel that they are the cutest animal on earth. I would like them to have a dark grey colour. I wish that the pet would be the smallest cub in the whole wolf family. He should be about 3 inches above the ground. I would feed him with milk and bread. I would never make him a non-veg. I would keep him as a veg-wolf. I would roam around with him every evening and morning.

I would make a house and I'll put a spongy mattress inside so that he can stay comfortable. I'll give him toilet training. I'll always play with him. I would need a spongy mattress, a pillow, a shawl, a bath tub, an animal soap, perfume, talc powder and a hair brush for him. I would give him a good name like Howly, because he would always howl in the night.

- Parag Paliwal -
(13 years).

MY CLASS

There are 8 students in my class including me. The youngest is a boy called Arvind. He is 8 years old. He comes from Vijayavada but is now settled in Bombay. His hobby is collecting stamps and stickers. He is a very funny kid. One can never be serious if he is around. All the students in our class like him. He has a sister who is elder to him.

The second youngest is Aashish. He is 9 years old. He comes from Jothpur. His hobby is collecting stamps and stickers. He is also quite funny. He is interested in cutting and sticking things.

After this comes another boy called Ranjeet. He is from Tiruvanamalai. He is 9 years old. His hobby is collecting stamps. He has a brother and a sister. Both are elder to him. The fourth comes a girl called Abirami. She comes from Pollachi. She is 10 years old. She has a younger sister who also studies in our school. She is a very cute and nice girl. Her hobby is collecting stickers.

Then comes another girl called Sriparna. She comes from Calcutta. She is 11 years old. Her hobby is collecting stamps and coins. She is the only child in her family. She is the tallest girl in our class. I like her a lot.

The sixth comes a boy called Waseem. He comes from Madras. He is 11 years old. His hobby is collecting coins and stamps. He is a very quiet boy in class and talks only with his friends. He has two brothers and one sister. All the three are elder to him. His sister is married. He is a very nice boy.

The eldest student in our class is a boy called Srishaila. He is from Bangalore. He is 12 years old. His hobby is swimming and collecting models of cars. He is a very funny kid and always plays the fool. He has a elder brother and a younger sister. He is a nice boy. I like my class.

-Tifferet -
(11 years).

S P A R R O W S

I like to watch sparrows because they are small. I can find them in school and in my home. Actually, you can find them anywhere. The girl sparrow's colour is light brown. The boy sparrow's colour is dark brown. The boy sparrow has a mark on the neck. The mark is black. The wings of the sparrow have dark patches.

- Abirami -
(10 years).

MY EXCURSION

I went to a place called Mukurthi for excursion. We saw bisons over there. We had water fight at Mukurthi hut. We went to the top of the peak. There was a small temple. When we were climbing up, we saw a leopard. It was running down. There was no light at the hut. At midnight the bisons used to come near the hut. We went to swim in the stream. The water was very cold. But still we swam. We enjoyed the excursion.

- Waseem -
(11 years).

THE SCHOOLMASTER

Not weary days, nor the long nights of pain
Can rob me of my joy, for it is mine,
Not through the paltry worth of what I gain
In wealth or honours, nor in some design
Brought to its full achievement. Not from these
Blossom my soul's rejoicings, but they spring
In Friendship' garden, where the heart's sweet
Rose
Of boyish Love surrounds them, and where ring
Ripples of boyish laughter: sunbeams glow
Wrought of the smiles that from bright eyes
descend,
Warming my soul to gladness, for I know
I am no stranger to them, but a friend.

Wherefore with friendship's joys I'm happier far
Than with their wordly wealth all princes are.

- MR.F.G.PEARCE -

JUNIOR TABLE TENNIS COURT

Last term I didn't know how to play table tennis. This term I learnt how to play T.T. Now I have improved a lot. Just yesterday (Sunday) our school went to play a cricket match with Good Shepherds School. I didn't go to see the cricket match. Till lunch Waseem, Anshuman, Regi and I were playing T.T. Before, it used to be very difficult to get 20 minutes to play with someone. Everyone from Blue dorm likes to play T.T. Now it's very easy for me to book the court. Everyday I keep a T.T. racket in my class. And in our dorm nearly everyone has a T.T. ball. I myself have one.

- Sreyas -
(9 years).

THE SONGSTER

Thou sittest, pretty bird, on yon tall bough,
Lifting thy little head to where, on high,
March the white monarchs of the evening sky
With pride of sunset crimson on their brow:
And that celestial glory seems to flow
Into thy being, filling thee 'with store
Of joys that in thy song thou dost outpour,
Thy spirit finding freedom, doing so.

Ah! little songster, would that thou could'st tell
The mystery of thy blessedness to those
Whose hearts within self's prison dimly dwell,
And from whose eyes the joy of life is fled -
Who, gathering to themselves a world's dark woes
In songless sorrow have bowed down their head!

- MR.F.G.PEARCE -

JOURNEY TO THE PEAK

On the second day in Mukurti we went to the peak. It was a long way from the hut. We had to cross from hill to hill. We came to a stream. Everyone rested and cooled down. Then we started to walk again. We came near the peak. The guide told us to leave our things in a place. Then we started for the peak. On the way Monica Akka injured her ankle but still went on. When we were going to reach the top of the peak we saw a tiger or leopard from a safe distance away. Then we came very close to the peak. We looked down. We got so scared when we reached the peak. I ran to the middle where there was a small temple. After 15 minutes we left. I and three other kids started to run down the hill. When we reached the stream we waited for some time. When everybody reached the stream we got yelled at. And we started to walk back to the hut.

- Regi Rajan -
(9 years).

MY HOBBY

I like to collect stamps, stickers and coins. I like to collect old and new stamps. I like to collect funny stickers and I like to collect new and old coins. I have collected twenty stamps and I have collected twenty one stickers and some coins. I have mostly collected Indian stamps.

- Arvind -
(9 years)

THE MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER

As I was returning from my friend's house I passed through a thick and silent forest which was a short cut to my village. I was frightened and pale as it was getting dark. As I was walking through the forest I felt that some one was following me. I turned back and looked but no one was there. I got a little more frightened. I started to run as fast as my legs could carry me. Suddenly, I came across a wooden hut.

I went in and called out for help. There was nobody in the hut. It was old and very dirty. There were cob webs all over and there was no light. I thought I would rest there until the next morning because I still had to walk 5 miles to reach my village. I made up my mind to stay.

I looked all over for a place to sleep. I spotted a door in the corner of the hut. I opened it. I saw an old rope cot. There was some light because it was a full moon night. The light came in through the window in the room. I had a shawl with me which my mother had given me. The cot was caked with musty dust. I saw an old broom in the corner of the room. I cleaned the cot and was just about to go to sleep when a wolf started to howl and there was a hard knock on the door. My heart almost stopped beating. I hesitated to go and open the door.

It was about one thirty in the night. As I opened the door I saw someone standing there. I picked up courage and asked in a loud bold voice, "Who is it?". In an old miserable voice the person said, "I have come to get some shelter. Can you please give me shelter? I will go away in the morning." I couldn't see his face but I could make out that he had a big beard flowing from his face. He was wearing a kurtha and a pyjama. I could also make out that he had a big bag hanging from his shoulder. I said, "Come in". I took him to the bedroom. I asked him if he would like to sleep on the cot or on the ground. He said that he would like to sleep on the ground. I suggested that he sleep on the cot as it would be more comfortable. He said "All right, son as you say". We wished each other good night and went to sleep. As I was half asleep I heard someone munching food. I got up and saw the old man eating food which was wrapped up in a plastic cover. I felt terribly hungry. I went to sleep feeling hungry.

I don't know how long I slept. I was not disturbed after this. I opened my eyes. The sun streamed through the window and hit a spot on the wall above my head. I felt fresh and got up. I noticed that the old man had gone. He had left a

chit which was on the cot. I took it and read it. The chit said, "Thank you very much for giving me shelter, Antony". I never knew how he looked. He came in the dark and left in the dark. Anyway I took my shawl folded it up and put it over my shoulder. The chit also said that I would find a gift at the door. Curious to know what the gift would be I walked hurriedly to the door. I saw something wrapped in cloth. When I unwrapped it, to my horror I saw a half-decayed hand. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me. Later on I learnt that a man called Antony had died some years back. His hand had been eaten by a lion.

- Ratanraj -
(13 years).

THE FAREWELL SPEECH GIVEN BY THE 1996 BATCH TO THE 1995 BATCH
AND BAPTISTO

Dear Guys,

It's been great knowing you'll. You will be leaving us soon. Probably a lot of thoughts go on in your minds as you think of your life spent in B.M.S. Thoughts about the fun you had, the times you were fired, the times you were teased, the games you played, the times you bullied, the fights you had, the excursions, the hikes, the mischief you were up to everywhere and so on. These memories will remain with you for a long, long time. It's the same with us. We'll remember the fun we had, the pleasant experiences, the relationship we shared with you and probably a few unpleasant things we had with you. Though there's just six of you there will surely be an empty space in school after you leave.

Bapi, we will miss your mighty, helpful presence and your Spielbergian twists and turns of the mind. Your mischievous grin will be etched in our memories forever. We wish you all the best, especially a very happy and interesting college life which will soon follow.

Aditi, though short, we will miss your grandmotherly presence, your patience and your long nose. Your smile too will remain in our memories. We do hope you will be successful in whatever you would like to do in life.

Rajiv, we will miss your silent mischievous presence. Most of us will miss your captainship at the cricket field. The servers will be glad in a way as they will have less work now in bringing in bowls of rice. Well, we wish you



all the best in both studies and cricket.

Kartik, we will miss your 'U' shaped smile filled with mischief and of course your trendy hair cuts. We will also miss your barbaric shouts on the games field. Your acting and mimicking of others will be really missed. We hope you will improve your memory by taking some Ayurvedic memory tonic. Accept our best wishes for the life which lies ahead of you.

Anshul, we will miss your enormous presence, your boisterous laughter and your lively company. Video games lovers will miss your tips. Infact there will really be an empty space on your table which will give sighs of relief on idli days and of course, the mess too will be glad. For Veeresh it will be a great relief. Missing links will miss you and your money.

Last but not the least, Manoj, we will miss your vicious bowling, your mighty presence and your thundering laughter. Curd lovers will be relieved as they will get more curds now. Above all, you will miss a lot I think, as you have stayed here the longest.

We have only mentioned a few superficial things that we will miss in each of you. But some of us who have known you deeply will miss you.

We'd like to say
It's really hard to say goodbye,
To good friends such as you,
But there's not much else to do Except to wish
good health, good luck and happiness
As you travel along life's way
Increasing day by day.
So take these good wishes with you and be sure,
Very sure to keep in touch,
And remember
You will be missed ever so much.

- Keegan -
(15 years).



THE MUSIC ROOM

In our school we have a music room. It has a wooden floor, and a big piano and some other musical instruments. There is a door leading to a guest room and another leading to a toilet. There is a fire place next to the main door which leads to the music room. There are big windows opposite the main door.

There are some reports that the room is haunted. Long ago before I joined this school, it seems that at mid night some one used to play the piano and they used to hear many kinds of sounds. When I joined school people told me all this. I did not believe them but I got scared. Just this term, I started piano practice.

One day, I was along with my brother practising piano. My brother was playing a scary tune. So I went out for a little while and came in. Then I heard the sound of the toilet door latch opening for a few seconds. It became louder. I got scared and ran off. After some seconds my brother came running because he could also hear it. He came running without locking the piano.

After sometime we went and locked the piano and gave the key to the person incharge of the piano. From that time I too believe that the music room is haunted.

It could also be that someone was playing a trick on us

- Sarojini -
(11 years).

THE PLACE I WOULD TO LIVE IN

I like to live in a forest because I like the trees and streams. I love to play in the streams. The special thing I like in a forest is, it is peaceful. No one will disturb and I can see many animals in one place. I would like to go to Bangitappal. That's the most beautiful place I've come across. The good things about Bangitappal is the big waterfalls and a beautiful stream like a wide path. The cottages are clean and beautiful. There are lots of sambars and deer. They say there are elephants. The wild grass cut your feet if you are barefooted. I like Upper Bhavani too. There is a place where animals fight and you can see lot of pug marks and hoof prints. This is even a good place but not better than Bangitappal. There is a good stream in Upper Bhavani where we can swim. Forests are places where there is peace on earth.

- Srishaila -
(12 years).

THE PLACE I LIKE BEST IN SCHOOL

The place I like best in school is near the front lawn along the 10th Standard. The place is covered with plants and colourful flowers. There is a square ~~piece~~ of wood for feeding the birds with food. There is also a drainage but no water flows through it. There is a tunnel like thing running under the front porch. It ends near the T.T.Court. From this place we can peep into the library and into the computer room. If the computer room's window is open we can get in easily. There is a tiny lawn. The green grass is like a bed on which we can sleep. This place is about 2 feet above the school drive. And in the night it is the best place to hide when we play 'Surrender'.

- Giri -
(14 years).

EXCURSION TO PANDIAR

I went to Pandiar for the forest excursion. The place I like there is a stream. We had fun though the water was very cold. We pitched stones on the water. We missed seeing a tiger on our path but the guide saw it. We came back to the guest house and we told Mr. Prasad that we missed seeing a tiger. The same day we went to Mukurti peak. It took a long time to reach the peak. We stopped to have our mangoes. It was too sour. We reached the peak. There was a small temple on the peak. There was a flag on top of the peak. It was made of a piece of cloth on an old stick. There was a bell near the temple. We rang the bell and put powder on our heads.

- Arjuna -
(11 years).

THE CYPRUS TREE

There is a cyprus tree in front of our class. It towers over the new building and over the other trees. It's height is nearly 50 metres. And the width of the trunk at the base is two metres. Some branches of the tree flow down and some stick out. There are two main branches going up towards the top. The top of the tree is conical in shape. I can't guess nor tell the age of the tree. I believe that the tree is very old. The small boys always climb and hide there when they play 'surrender'. The tree is helpful for us to hide. It also provides shade. There is a small hollow where the main branches separate. This is one of the biggest cyprus trees in our school.

- Gitanjali -
(11 years).

THE HIKES TO GLEN MORGAN

I was glad that only our class and a teacher were going on a hike to Glen Morgan. We started off exactly at 8.30, boarded a bus and travelled for half an hour. We got down at the junction where a road diverged to Glen Morgan. We walked for quite a long time. Then we stopped at a place full of pine trees. We rested for some time.

The pine trees were so dense that sun light could hardly come in. There were lots of pine cones and dry pine leaves covering the ground. All of us were tired, so we felt good there because of the soft pine leaves on the ground. One of the boys tried climbing on one of the pine trees but didn't succeed. After that all of us decided to have a pine fight all of us against Abe. We all got hurt but we didn't mind it. Then we started walking again.

We reached Glen Morgan at 11.30 a.m. When we reached there we saw a big lake blocked by a huge dam. It looked beautiful. A little water flowed out from the dam forming into a stream. We stopped along the stream.

As soon as we reached there, Dhritiman, Kishen, Amit, Giri and I got into the water. We had a water fight and all of us got drenched. After this the boys and Abe started jumping across the stream. While jumping, Dhritiman fell inside the stream. He got soaked fully.

All of us sat in a group and had lunch. After we finished eating, the boys and Abe started jumping again. Dhritiman jumped across but didn't fall this time. Now Giri, Amit, Kishen and Abe tried holding hands and jumping. Giri and Amit fell inside the water and got soaked. At this, all of us laughed our hearts out.

At 2.00 p.m., we proceeded towards the hydro-electric project sight. We got permission to go inside. We saw a winch. We went higher and saw the tracks of the winch. We saw the surge tower from which 4 huge pipes went sloping dangerously down the slope carrying water to the turbines below. The buildings housing the turbines looked like a small box from where we were. The slope down is one of the steepest I had ever seen. The winch rails went along the pipes. We also saw a new tunnel which they were digging.

We boarded a bus and came to Ooty. As soon as we reached Ooty it started raining heavily. It was a nice hike and all of us enjoyed it.

- Aparna -
(12 years)

WHAT IT WAS LIKE INSIDE THE WHALE

Sailing alone in a boat, enjoying the blue sky and the waves, I thought of going further into the sea. As I went further in, I saw a huge monster swimming across. I went near to it. It was a whale. It suddenly raised its whole body out of the water and dropped itself into the sea, sending huge waves which tilted my boat over. I fell into the water. I was trying to swim. Suddenly I realized that I was being sucked backwards into a huge hole. Then I came to know that I was in the whale's mouth.

I went further inside. There was a pipe like structure. I went slipping down into its huge stomach. I could see only red everywhere - red walls, reddish tubes and reddish liquids. It was smelling badly of fish which were getting dissolved in the liquids. I realized that those liquids were acids. Those acids started coming towards me. I started to yell and bang the stomach wall. Suddenly, I realized that I was being sucked into the tube through which I had come to the stomach before. The whale spat me out from its mouth. I flew through the blue air and fell into the blue water with a splash.

I woke up to find myself on the floor. I had fallen from my bed. I had had a bad dream.

- Anith Shivni -
(13 years).

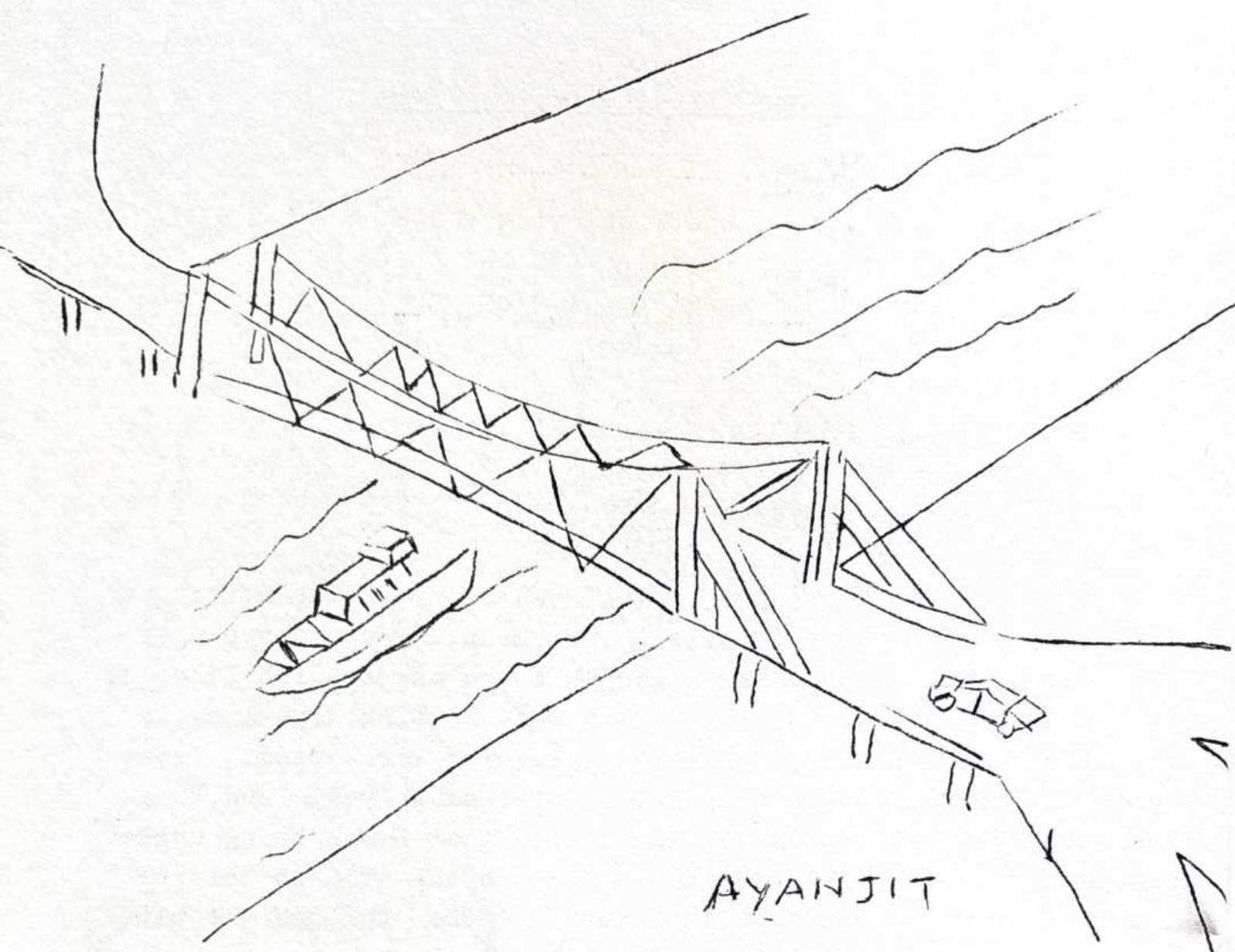
EXCURSION TO AVALANCHE

We went to Avalanche for excursion. Sandip, Arvind, Sanjit, Rejini, Dwarakesh, Vaishnavi, Anshuman, Satawahana, Minal and I went to Avalanche for excursion. We all saw a bull in Avalanche. We saw many fish in the well when we went to the fisheries. We had a bath in the stream and had a lot of fun. We spent three days there and everyday we had a bath in the stream. Mr. Malik and Archana Akka came and Narayanan the cook and Maryma came with us. After three days we went back to school.

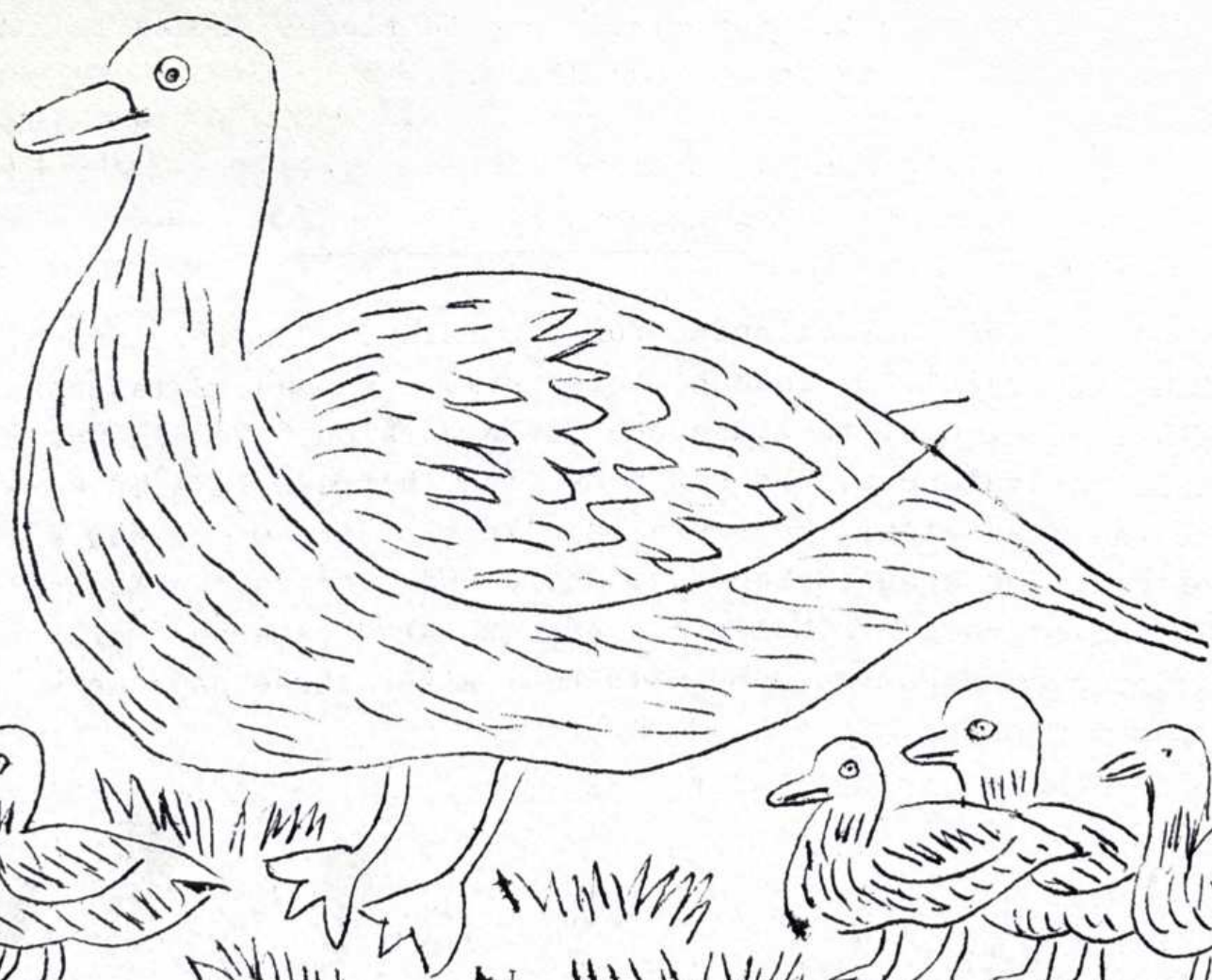
- Aashish -
(9 years).

'Freedom does not mean the opportunity for self gratification or the setting aside of consideration for others.'

- J. Krishnamurti -



AYANJIT



SANJIT

THE ENCHANTING HOUSE

It was the middle of my summer holidays and I was dead bored. My elder brother, who I usually had as a companion for my holidays, had gone on a camp with a few of my friends. And here I was at home doing nothing. Until...

At last long last one dull, wet evening, my father came home looking excited. After one glance at his red face, I put my book down and ran to ask him what had happened. He told my mother and me that he had bought a plot of land at half its usual rate. And on it stood a quaint-looking bungalow that had been eaten by termites and was literally falling to the ground. He also told us that not a soul had entered that house for the past 15 years.

That evening was a very restless one for me. I could **barely** eat my dinner properly. I told my parents that I would like to go the house the next morning and have a look at the place. My parents agreed. My dad offered to drop me off the next morning with a packed lunch.

The next morning I got up earlier than usual and got ready as fast as I could. I pulled the shutters open and peered out of the window, crossing my fingers it was a bright day. Then I heard my mother calling out to me. Tripping down half the steps I reached the dinning table panting. With all that excitement bottled up inside me I could not eat more than a toast. Gulping down my glass of milk, I picked up my lunch. I ran to the car where my father was waiting.

After a pleasant 30 minute drive I spotted the old dilapidated house. It was a very isolated area. I waved good bye to my father and saw the last of the car moving away. One look at the house made me get the creeps. I started wishing I had someone with me. Trying to act bold I walked up to the house and looked at the old rotten door. The lock was rusted and breaking it was not all that tough.

Turning the weather beaten brass knob I pushed the door open slowly, not knowing what to expect in the old musty room behind that eaten up door. It refused to open until I gave it a hard push and with a long prolonged squeal it opened. I **entered and turned right hearing a faint sound. A rat scampered by.** Out of fright I fell back and broke a wooden table that

happened to be right behind me. I pulled out the torch that I had brought along just in case I needed it. I looked around and saw a rickety old stair case. My first two steps on the stair case were slow and cautious, hoping that it would not suddenly break. As I kept going I suddenly felt my leg going through a broken step. I pulled my leg out and noticed that it was covered with cobwebs. I reached the top. The step led straight into a big hall. It had a lot of antique furniture and beautifully carved mantelpieces covered with thick layers of dust. Every step I took, a cloud of dust would rise. The plaster on the wall were all peeling off. There were paintings of many grand looking men and women. But they too were eaten and covered with dust.

I looked at my watch and thought I should be going. Reluctantly, I closed the front door behind me and walked away. As the bend on the road obscured the house I had a last look and promised myself I would always come back to this place again and again.

- Suchitra C -
(14 years).

THE FAREWELL SHOW

Baptisto, Aditi, Rajiv, Kartik, Anshul and Manoj were leaving us and in their honour, we hosted a farewell show on the 18th March, at 6.30 p.m. in the assembly hall. Mr. and Mrs. Krishnan and Mr. and Mrs. Ali Sait graced this special occasion with their presence.

Since we were the senior-most students, our class (10th std.) were responsible for preparing the invitation cards and inviting the outgoing students. Since I was the eldest in my class, I had the task of giving the farewell speech.

One of the items put up was a small skit called, "Buying a dog". Anshuman had taken the part of the dog seller and his customers were Regi, Arjuna, Sreyas and Giri. It was very well acted. To entertain our audience while the actors were getting ready for the next item, some students put up two commercial breaks. There were two main plays - the junior play and the senior play. The junior play called, "Peter rabbit" was about a rabbit family. The mother goes out shopping and leaves her children at home. Peter rabbit wants to have some lettuce from Mr. Shaun's farm and sets off to Mr. Shaun's farm in spite of his brother and sister warning him not to. Of course he gets tempted and eats the lettuce and gets into trouble. The juniors put in a lot of effort in

acting their roles out. The senior play, "The Burglars Alarm", was about the grandfather and his grandson of the Robinson family trying to catch a burglar. The role of the grandfather was played by Rocky who acted very well. Srinivas took the role of his grandson and acted very well too. Their plan goes awry because the burglars leave the house quickly since they suspect something wrong. This results in two innocent people getting clubbed and these scenes turned out to be the most hilarious in the play.

Our last item was a dance which was organised by Gautam, Amit, Parag and Gautam were the dancers. A special feature of the dance was the use of flickering bright torch lights instead of spot lights which created flickering shadows on the white screen behind. The effect created was that the dancers looked like fast changing still pictures. The audience cheered and encouraged the dancers.

Next was the speech which I gave on behalf of the students. This was followed by Mr. Prasad's speech in which he wished them well. Mr. B. J. Krishnan spoke after that. He too wished them well and asked them to take the spirit of the school with them, wherever they would go. Mrs. Ali Sait distributed the gifts and the momentos. After the distribution of the gifts and the momentos Manoj gave a speech on behalf of his batch and Baptisto. After the speech all of them put up an item called "The B.M.S. News". It was all about the happenings in B.M.S. The crowd roared with laughter while they imitated students and teachers. The item was a fine way to end the farewell show. On both a sad and happy note, everybody moved towards the dining hall for dinner.

- Keegan -
(15 years).

I WISH I WERE.....

I wish I were like a plane and could fly as high as a plane in the sky through the clouds. Then I could go wherever I wanted. I wish I could fly as fast as a plane. Then I would go over the mountains, hills, lakes and seas. Then I would be far far away from all problems and I would be free as a bird in the sky. I would tumble up and down on the clouds and float as though in a swimming pool. I would dive into the clouds and laze around in the clear blue sky. I would climb up ascending the highest cloud. I would glide through the air and soar high in the heavens. I would make myself as tiny as a dot by going higher and higher up in the sky. And I would wish to have a companion with me.

- Anahita -
(13 years).

THE DREAM RIDE

One fine afternoon, I was lying under a huge oak tree beside the bank of a lake. On the other side were hundreds of flowers fluttering in the wind. It looked like it would rain. The clouds were quite dark and the sun was peeping out from a small gap between the clouds. I was gazing at the lake. The ripples of the lake made it look as though the lake was shivering. I kept looking at the lake and fell into a dream.

I dreamt that I was rowing by myself into the lake. I went far into the lake not realising where I was heading towards. I kept rowing and the boat swiftly took me over the tiny waves. Far away I could see a dark patch. I was very curious to see what it was. I kept rowing and the dark patch kept becoming bigger and bigger. As I got closer, I could make out a cave. I wanted to go in but at the same time I was afraid. The water from the lake seemed to flow into the cave. It was possible for my boat to go inside. I wanted to know what there was inside the cave.

So I very slowly rowed inside. It was dark and scary. As I proceeded inside, it became darker and darker. A few yards away I could see something shining. I navigated the boat slowly through the cave. The shining objects looked like stars in the sky. As I moved on slowly, I seemed to see more and more glowing objects. My eyes had by now got accustomed to the dim light. The shimmering lights lit up the cave with a dull glow.

I could see a jag of rock projecting in front of me. I steered the boat beside it, climbed on it and tied my boat to it. To my surprise I found a ledge running along the side of the cave. I walked on it. There were hundreds of shining things. I went towards them. And to my great amazement, I realised that they were precious stones. I guess I was startled to see so many at a glance. I was rejoicing and planning to sell them. With the money I would get, I would like to spend it on many many things that I had always wanted to do. The list is too many to mention.

I was woken up from my day dreaming when I heard the sound of rowing. I was scared and found a small place to hide. A few men stepped out from their boats and came towards the treasure. They filled the precious stones in huge sacks and dumped it in their boats. I felt cramped in the small place I hid in. The men threw their liquor bottles, they were drinking from. It made a loud noise. I was lucky they didn't

see my boat. I was in an awkward position and so I tried to get comfortable. I accidentally pushed a stone next to me. I made a little noise but because it was in a cave the noise was loud due to the echoing.

The men turned towards the sound. Though I nervously tried to conceal myself, one of them spotted me. They walked towards me and grabbed me. I was very frightened. One of them hit me so hard that I fainted. I was out of my senses and didn't know what was happening. Suddenly I felt someone throwing water on me. I woke up from my dream and found that it was raining. I walked home sadly thinking about the treasure I had found in my dream.

- Srinivas -
(14 years)

A DAY AT MUKURTI

It was my first excursion to the forests of the Nilgiris and I was looking forward to it with great excitement hoping that my excursion would be interesting and filled with fun. The second day of my excursion was one of my happiest days. It happened that after having our breakfast all of us in our group decided to go to the lake and have a water fight. We all dressed up in shabby looking clothes and walked towards the lake with merry faces.

The journey from the cottage to the lake was terrible. We had to walk through thorns and on sharp rocks which was quite tough. There were slopes and there were chances to trip and slip. After passing all this we could see the calm and gentle blue water of the lake surrounded by green beautiful hills, with a clear sky, on top spotted only with a few clouds.

All of us were excited and ran towards the lake. One of our teachers pointed towards the big herd of bisons (wild buffaloes) sitting beside the lake. We got very scared and decided to leave the lake. We went to a small waterfall which our guide knew. A few of us were down where the water fell, a few jumped inside the water and some of us climbed up the waterfall. The water was clean and freezing cold.

After a few minutes one of our teachers who was sitting and watching nature and us playing in the water screamed, "Look the bisons are going". The people who were down the waterfall heard it as "Look the bisons are coming". So a few jumped inside the water and some climbed up the waterfall where some of us were playing. The students who were playing in the water drenched those who got scared and came up. Then we saw the bisons going and realised that we had heard it wrong. All of us started laughing and couldn't stop for a long time.

- Sapna - 13 years -

THE 2nd GROUP SHOW

The second group show started at 7.45 p.m. on a Saturday the 29th of April. The item I liked the most was a play called Remoski put up by the small children. The children who acted in it were Satawahana, Abirami, Rajini and Ranjeet.

The story was about a man who wanted to go all around the world, especially, he wanted to visit Remoski. But his wife and child did not want him to go. Even then he went. On his way he wanted to go to sleep after his meal. He put the boots pointing to Remoski. When he was asleep, a thief came and pointed the boots back to Saint Fabian, the man's village. The man got up and started walking towards Saint Fabian. After he reached Saint Fabian, he started wondering why Remoski, so far away, was just the same as Saint Fabian. Then he entered his own house and thought that his wife and daughter were some one else in Remoski.

The characters were:

Satawahana	- Husband
Abirami	- Wife
Rajini	- Daughter
Ranjeet	- Thief

- Sriparna -
(11 years).

MY DREAM

One day I dreamt about a lady who had left her baby child at the bank of a river and had forgotten him. Suddenly a strong wind blew and the poor baby was about to drown. It started crying. In a nearby forest an elephant was loading logs. It heard the crying and then came rushing to the bank trumpeting loudly and saw the baby child drowning. He caught the baby and saved it. The forester who came looking for the elephant, saw the elephant saving the baby. He patted the elephant on his back and held the baby in his arms. He thought "What a beautiful child this is to adopt!" He and the elephant went away and looked after the baby. They used to give bath to the child every day, rock him to sleep, get food for him and take him to school. And just at that point I wondered whether it was true, for I was only dreaming!

- Iyesha -
(10 years)

THE DAY OF DISASTERS

I remember clearly the day everything went wrong, oh yes! It was the 5th June, 1990. And it happened to be my first day of work, after a week's long leave, which I spent on the sandy beaches of Florida, sun-bathing in the golden sand and watching surfers battle the 15 foot waves.

I woke up that morning, or rather was woken up that morning by a violent fall. I had rolled off the bed. I wondered if it was going to be one of those days when everything went wrong.

With my left hip badly bruised I managed to cover the ground between me and the bathroom. I made it without falling down even once. I went in half-dazed, reached out my hand for my tooth brush and tooth paste. I squeezed out some of the red gel onto the bristles of my tooth brush, and I started brushing my teeth. Due to my bruised hip I took the support of the white ceramic sink. I finished cleaning my teeth, but just as I was flossing, my hand still on the sink, I heard a thud, followed by a sharp pain in my big right toe. The sink had fallen on it. I was cursing it but then looked at the brighter side - the sink had not broken!

Don't ask me how but I changed my clothes. I was ready to go to work. I went out to the garage and started my **trusty** Lincoln. Thank God at least my Lincoln started, nothing went wrong. I started my journey towards my office. I knew it was going to be a long and tiring day. I reached my office with five minutes to spare only to find the lift out of order which meant that I had to walk up seven flights of stairs. It took me a good 10 minutes with a bruised hip and a stubbed toe.

I should have guessed. I reached my office 5 minutes late. I wondered what next was in store for me.

I sat on my chair only to fall right off. it. (I had forgotten that it was an office ritual to greet someone by loosening the nuts and bolts of the chair). The whole office burst out laughing. They sure had a good laugh at my expense. I paid no attention to that pack of hyenas who seemed to laugh at every little thing. Soon I changed my chair with that of my neighbour. He was on leave and was expected only 8 days later.

I sat down and started to sort out my work. I switched on my computer on which I did most of my work. But the computer did not start. I wondered why. Then I realised there was a virus in it. I took a floppy from my friend and booted the computer (started it). After it started I ran the virus killer. Now everything was okay. I started feeling better.

I opened the file of my clients. I was doing some designing work for them, or rather it was advertising. Non-stop I worked for an hour and finished quite a bit of my work. Just as I was giving it a last look the electricity failed.

I waited for two long hours before the current came back. I wanted to get the printout and get it approved by my boss.

As soon as the current came I switched on my computer again and opened the file. Something horrified me. The screen showed work done upto last week. My present work did not show. Then I remembered, I hadn't saved my work even once before the electricity had gone, which meant I had to do the work all over again.

There was nothing good about my lunch break either. My favourite fast food joint had closed down. The next fast food joint was a long drive away. I decided to skip lunch.

I resumed my work on an empty stomach. Every now and then it would give a growl out of hunger. Due to my hunger and loss of energy I worked very slowly. Because I could not work fast and finish off a project my boss did not let me go home till I finished all my work.

Instead of 5 0' clock, I left the office at 7 0' clock. I was the last one out of the office.

I walked down the seven flights of steps and got into my car. It refused to start. I walked to the nearest phone booth to call the mechanic but the phone was out of order. I walked back to the car.

I locked it up and decided to take a cab. No cab showed up for fifteen minutes when I remembered that all the cab drivers had called a strike.

With this I come to the end of my story of the day everything went wrong. Except for one detail I had to walk all the way back home!

- Anshul -
(16 years).

THE P.T.A.CONFERENCE

The three day annual P.T.A.Conference was held on the 12th, 13th and 14th of May 1995. I will highlight the important events that took place during these three days.

DAY 1

12th May coincided with the birthday of Sri.J.Krishnamurti and this year is his birth centenary year. His portrait was unveiled by the vice chairman of the Trust, Sri.Jategoankar. The portrait was drawn by Mr.Malik which was true to life. Mr.Jategoankar addressed the gathering and highlighted the history and objectives of the school. This was followed by an address by Mr.B.J.Krishnan. Subsequently, the gathering of parents was divided into four groups for a discussion which ended in half an hours time and the main points of the same were shared with others by the group leaders of each group. On all occasions that the parents meet at the school, the children always want to play a match with the parents. This time also they played a cricket match. Surprisingly, the parents scored their highest ever total of runs at any P.T.A.Conference, with 62 in 20 overs. But as always the students proved they had better skills of the game and scored 63 with 5 overs to spare. It was good fun for the all and the parents left with sprained backs. Most of the parents dispersed after tea to be back for an entertainment programme put up by the children. The children did it well.

DAY 2

This was the day that was earmarked for the P.T.A.Conference and the same was convened by Mr.Prasad. The inaugural address was again by the vice chairman of the Trust, Mr.Jategoankar, which was followed by a group discussion on the following subject, "IS THERE A CONTRADICTION BETWEEN HOME LIFE AND SCHOOL LIFE? HOW BEST CAN HOME LIFE AND SCHOOL LIFE GO TOGETHER?". Again the audience were segregated into four groups and the group leaders reported back the outcome of the discussion. All the groups felt that there definitely is a difference between home life and school life and what should be attempted, both at home and at school, is that each should be complimentary and they should be extensions of each other. After this the affairs of the P.T.A.were discussed. The meeting was convened by me, the Secretary. After the discussion, I read out a report of the year. The post of the P.T.A.Secretary being a yearly one, election was held and the

parents unanimously re-elected me as the P.T.A. Secretary for another year. After lunch the parents adjourned for practice as the evenings show was being put up by them for the children. The show commenced at 6 p.m. and for one full hour thereafter the children had a rib-tickling time with the skits, dances, songs that were put up by the parents. The second day ended thus.

DAY 3

The third day's activities commenced leisurely with the fete opening at 10 a.m. The games stalls opened at 10.30 and the food stalls at 11.30 a.m. The parents had a food stall where they put up for sale, eatables of interest for the children. A governing body meeting was held at 12 noon and with the raffle at 2 p.m. the activities of day 3 ended.

- N.K.VASUDEV -
(P.T.A.SECRETARY)

Response of some children for the question : Distinguish brain and mind.

1st student : Mind is inner voice.
Brain is made of blood and slushy things.

2nd student : Mind is memory
Brain is a lump of flesh

3rd student : Mind is that which thinks.
Brain is a ball of earthworms.

4th student : Mind is like the soul.
Brain is a chunk of thro^bbing flesh.

5th student : Mind is inner voice.
Brain is the ear of the mind.

.....

'Education is not merely acquiring knowledge, gathering and correlating facts; it is to see the significance of life as a whole. But the whole cannot be approached through the part which is what governments, organized religions and authoritarian parties are attempting to do'.

- J.Krishnamurti -

HERE AND THERE

JANUARY

- 28th - Teachers arrive, refreshed and enthusiastic after the holidays. A warm welcome to the new teachers: Miss Monics Makan (teacher for F.G.1) and Mrs. Shaibi Abraham (Physics teacher.)
The 10th standard students and Baptisto arrive too, for special classes in view of their forthcoming exams.
- 30th - The first meeting of the teachers takes place in the presence of Mr. B.J. Krishnan.

FEBRUARY

- 2nd - The teachers and the students go for the customary picnic to Pykara.
- 3rd - The first J. Krishnamurti meeting takes place.
- 4th - Rest of the students arrive, cheerful (some of them a bit plump) and eager to start the term. We welcome heartily the new students: Arvind, Minal and Aashish Kohli to The Blue Mountains School family.
- 6th - Simulated exams start for the 10th standard.
- 7th - Miss Savithiri, a new teacher who will handle computers, arrives. A hearty welcome to her.
The first Tuesday meeting takes place.
- 9th - Miss Rachel, from Australia, begins to visit school in the afternoons to help out especially with piano classes. She is attached to the Rotary Club by way of exchange program.
- 11th - The school buys a new VCR.
- 18th - Students go for hikes according to dorms.
- 22nd - Expositions are revived and the first group of students give their expositions.
- 26th - Mr. Anil Kumar, a former teacher, visits school.
- 28th - Quiz for juniors is conducted.

MARCH

- 1st - Exams for the 10th standard and 9th commence.
We wish them all the best.
The 8th and 9th standard visit Radio Astronomy Centre at Muthurai.
- 7th - Exams begin for Baptisto. We wish him all the best.
- 8th - Quiz for seniors is conducted.
- 15th - Quiz for juniors is conducted.
- 15th
&
16th - Exams get over for the 9th and 10th standards and Baptisto respectively.

- 18th - The farewell show takes place followed by dinner. The BMS family wishes the outgoing students happiness and success in their lives.
- 24th - A special assembly is conducted to commemorate the Founder's Day. The local trustees, the teachers, students, office staff and minor staff were present. The minor staff were honoured by gifts. A cricket match takes place between the students and teachers. The students, of course, win.
- 29th - The school goes for the 4-day excursion to the forests of Nilgiris. The students are really excited. Mrs. Pooja Singh and Rishabh leave for Bihar in view of Mr. Hareesh leaving the school.

APRIL

- 1st - The students and teachers return back after an exciting excursion.
Mr. Hareesh leaves for Oman for his new job. The school wishes him all the very best.
- 3rd - Mrs. Joan Khan joins school with her daughter, Iyesha. A hearty welcome to them both. Mrs. Khan will teach Biology.
- 9th - The school plays a T.T. match with Good Shepherds and loses. Better luck next time.
- 15th - The 10th and 9th standards go to visit H.P.F. The rest of the students go for hikes.
- 16th - The 1st group puts up an enjoyable show. Congratulations to the students and teachers.
- 20th - Welcome to Jijin who joins school.
- 29th - The 2nd group puts up its entertaining show. Well done Group 2.
- 30th - Our students along with Shiva and Paramesh play a match against Good Shepherds. We lose by a narrow margin.

MAY

- 4th - Welcome to Nisheed who joins school.
- 5th - Quiz for seniors is conducted.
- 12th - The first day of the P.T.A. Meeting is dedicated to commemorating the birth centenary of J. Krishnamurti. A good crowd of parents and prospective parents turn up. The students win the cricket match with the parents. The students put up a show for the parents.
- 13th - The second day of the P.T.A. is spent in group discussion and meetings.
The parents put up a laudable and entertaining show in the evening.

- 14th - The Annual Fete takes place. A sizeable crowd of parents and well-wishers turn up.
- 27th - The teaches will be putting up a show.
- 31st - Quiz for seniors will be conducted.

JUNE

- 3rd - Students and Teachers leave for their homes.

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HOW CALCUTTA GOT ITS NAME

There are many stories about how the name of Calcutta came. One such story relates to an English man, who arrived in one of the villages of the present city nearly three hundred years ago. He called a man and asked the name of the village. The man had heaps of grass on his head, which had been cut on the previous day. Not understanding the language, the man answered, "CALKATA", meaning that the grass had been cut yesterday (in Bengali). So over a period of time, the city spread and came to be known as Calcutta.

- Sanjit Malik-
(9 years).

THE BUTTERFLY

I like to watch a butterfly. It is such a beautiful creature. It has such pretty wings. It flutters its wings and dances in the breeze. When we are about to catch it, it flies off. It is too hard to catch a butterfly. When a butterfly flies fast we can hardly see where it has gone. The butterfly doesn't do any harm to us. When the sun comes up and the flowers opens, the butterfly sucks nectar from flowers. It uses a long tube to suck the nectar from flowers.

- Ranjeet -
(9 years).

- * The purpose of education is to cultivate right relationship, not only between individuals, but also between the individual and society; and that is why it is essential that education should, above all, help the individual to understand his own psychological process.

- J.Krishnamurti -

SHOW BY PARENTS

One of the great delights of the students of BMS, is to watch the parents in action in their show. The show by parents becomes a hit everytime. This time was no exception.

The show this year was marked by songs. Mr.Kohli stole the show with his perfect rendering of old Hindi movie songs. The students clapped and cheered him as he sang expressively. I presume that the oldies in the audience were wafted back to their youthful romantic days by the gusto with which he sang.

Mrs.Paliwal sang a gazal in Hindi, not just with her melodious voice but with her whole physical self. Lovers of Hindustani music, enjoyed a real treat hearing and watching her sing. In another item, Mrs.Paliwal proved that she was not just a singer but a dancer too. She danced very gracefully to a tune. The audience applauded her.

Mrs.Elizabeth sang two English numbers in her mellifluous voice. Very often the students kept the rythm by clapping. Mr.Sangameshwar opened the show with a Hindi number. He took time to get started, probably due to some musically mysterious reasons that he only knows. I guess he mistook the real show for the rehearsal.

Now to the skits. The first one was about an ugly lady (played by Mrs.Padmaja) not getting any bridegroom. The ladies (played by Mrs.Elizabeth, Mrs.Alice, Mrs.Kohli and Mrs.Paliwal) pass innumerable typical Indian comments on her beauty and on her not getting married. Then comes a young man, played by Mr.Jagathram, (not so young as he had grey hairs) who accepts to marry her and pays seven cows as dowry. She returns after many years completely transformed-beautiful and bright.

The next skit was about a perfect manager (Vishal) having the most imperfect women secretaries. One of them (Mrs.Mirajkar) dozes most of the time. Another, (Mrs,Alice) is preoccupied in rocking to the tune of her walkman music. Another, (Mrs.Paliwal) is beautifying herself the whole time. And the last, (Mrs.Elizabeth) spends her time eating. The result - they have left important jobs undone. All of them played their part well and the students had a good laugh.The climax was when the disgruntled perfect manager fires them from their jobs and walks out frustrated. He is seen walking out without trousers as he has forgotten to wear them. Moral of the story - even a perfect gentleman can forget to wear his trousers.

The third skit had the trio, Mr.Chandra Mohan, Mrs.Elizabeth and Mrs.Mirajkar, on the stage again this year. When they are on the stage, the students are sure to roar with laughter. The play is about a man coming to a hotel called, "Big Mamas". The two big Mamas (waiters) serve him rotten stuff and do the most absurd things, infuriating the man. It was perhaps the most hilarious of the skits.

The show concluded with most of the parents forming a group and singing two common songs. The students joined in too. It was really an enjoyable evening for most of us.

