

EDITORIAL

The Wall Mag. is picking up some tempo now. We have been allotted Rs. 100/= for this semester from the Lit. funds of the hostel. This will be given away in the form of ~~puzzles~~ every week. ~~prize~~ The best article published in the next four weeks will win a fabulous prize of Rs. 20. This prize will hold for every set of four issues henceforth. The remaining Rs. 60 will be distributed in the form of prizes of Rs. 10 per week for all-correct entries in crossword puzzles, brain teasers, etc. Any suggestions regarding the utilization of these funds are welcome. The account of the expenditure of the hundred bucks will be published along with the last issue.

Letters to the editor are welcome. So next time you find yourself awake in the Histech class (you must be tired of noughts and crosses by now), do use your talents and at least write a letter to the editor.

The quiz held in the mess last week was a turn-by-turn zapping machine. The team containing three editors managed to answer only five questions (or was it seven?) Anyway, the winners deserved their victory.

The volleyball finals saw a very keen tussle in the first two games. In both games, Natraj and Co. were leading 14-13; but they lost both. The main difference from last time's 2-2 encounter seemed to be Alok, who was muffing some easy shots. Anyway, Well Done, Krishna De and Co.!

This week's issue is coming out rather late due to the unreasonable, indifferent, high-handed, aristocratic attitude of the Mess Manager. This issue was ready to be typed early in the morning. We could not get the office key because the Mess Manager said that the key was with the Assistant Warden, and not with him. When the Asst. Warden returned in the night, we learned that the key had been with the Mess Manager all along. In the meantime, the Mess Manager had gone out. Thus we are sitting down to type, with the prospect of being up till midnight. We greatly deplore the attitude of the Mess Manager.

MANDAK RAG is carrying on in the face of adversities. At every corner do I meet someone who says, 'The standard is not good,' 'The jokes are clogged,' 'The stuff is not worth being put up on the notice board,' and so on. Those who do not express themselves freely are generally the appreciative ones. However, I will never lose heart. Come rain, come sunshine, every weekend will see a new issue of MANDAK RAG, right till the end of this semester.

Sign on desk on 4th floor, Ad. Block:
'Don't wake me while I'm working.'

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A lunatic escaped from an asylum, raped a girl, and ran away.

Next day's headline: 'Nut Screws and Bolts'.

OUR MESSY MESS

Writing about the Mandak mess is not an easy task as it requires the ability to express bitter thoughts in sweet words.

The early bird catches the worm. The wise men who coined this proverb had enough foresight. If you go within the first few minutes of lunchtime, you are assured of a chair, chapatias, a glass of water, and all the dishes prepared for lunch. The situation faced by the late-comers is pitiable - as soon as they come, racing from HSB or ME and MH, a long queue awaits them - finally when they get to the catering counter after a long wait, plates may be unavailable. It is like keeping a deer's mouth tied in front of a fresh haystack. If plates are available, there are no chapatias. If both plates and chapatias are available, then there'll be a shortage of chairs. If one has been successful so far, and one gets a chance to be seated at the dining table, one or more of the dishes is sure to be over. If by God's/Mess Manager's grace, all foodstuffs are available, there'll invariably be no tumblers on the table - if tumblers are there, the

water jug is bound to be missing. Even if a jug is on the table, it's likely that it contains no water. [One has to be carefully attentive to see that one's long sleeves are rolled up, failing which they would pick up enough stains from the sticky table-top to put the stains on their workshop uniforms to shame.]

Some Messy Scenes

11th Feb:

The day of the first perio. A long queue at breakfast hour due to lack of plates. One of the inmates suggests to the Mess Manager that the plates kept for lunch be utilized. The Manager readily agrees and 'orders' the table cleaner to give the plates at the catering counter. He cribs that there have been orders and objections against usage of these plates. However, these plates were used for giving omelettes. The Mess Manager (fatso) shrinks into the kitchen like a mouse.

Inference: the will of our Mess Manager is not as stable as his physique.

13th Feb:

A scene of 8 boys sitting at the table at lunchtime. None of them had tumblers. One of them cried for tumblers. The scurrying server took pity and gave two tumblers from the adjacent table. A shout for 6 more tumblers was heard. However, the tumblers were supplied 10 minutes later, by which time all 8 had finished.

Inference: Slow and steady wins the race - the dishwasher had to wash 6 tumblers less.

18th Feb:

The Mess Manager was overheard complaining to the Asst. Warden there was no 'kalai' in any of the cooking vessels, and that steps had to be taken immediately.

Inference: Even the Mess Manager complains about the kitchen.

20th Feb:

Overheard (from an inmate having bread and jam for lunch):
'This is the best lunch I have had here.'

Inference: Mandak mess is probably the only mess in which members prefer bread for breakfast, lunch and dinner instead of the usual grub served. ~~Ma~~

However, steps are being taken to improve the menu. The veg. kitchen provides us with hi-protein Chinese delicacies, which sometimes include nutritious cockroaches and flies.

I observe another regular feature in our mess: the mess workers prepare separate, special dishes for themselves, after everyone's finished his supper, despite the regular dishes being available.

Inference: Even they don't consider the usual grub sufficiently palatable.

Some Suggestions

(1) Almost every one of us enters the ManNak storeroom to get cool drinks. But I doubt if anyone had noticed a number of water jugs lying idle on the shelves. Where two tables are put together in the dining hall, I feel we could do with two water jugs per table.

(2) The plates used for lunch can be used for breakfast too. The breakfast timings have shifted to 7:00 a.m. onwards instead of 6:30. Our mess sec. should shift it back to 6:30 a.m. Since the perios have started, there are many fellows who get up early believing that 'Late to bed and early to rise makes an IIT student a topper and wise.' Hence some rush could be avoided on weekday mornings.

STOP PRESS: 21st Feb: The Asst. Warden had upma and omelette for breakfast.

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-- Hogpot.

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* Did you know? The cat in our mess refuses to drink the mess milk.

* The milk served last Saturday was extremely watery. Rumour has it that bnyl half the usual amount of milk was added to the water.

Sign at a Laundry: 'Eat, Drink and Spill Merrily.'

That's what it is by Jantonee.

The situation was desperate for our team, the score being 0-14 in their favour in the volleyball match. One slip and would we lose the match. Then, the impeccable Pane struck. We knew it would happen and it happened then Pane Rao 'freaked out', but not for our side assisting us all the same. He smashed and he kicked and he jumped and he netted and in fact he did all but play volleyball. One moment he was at the server's position, the next he was in our court - his speed being admirable! He is a man of incredible talent - you see. If that were all, it would be a happy situation, but he could yell, let alone speak. His presence could be felt even in Ganga and some seniors came around asking what happened. He not only managed to send the ball consistently outside the court, but also outside the hostel! ('There lies the talent!'). He could make his presence felt anywhere (a talent) in the world, be it the slow room or the logs. He would show everybody the right method to do it & again would the flow of advice from his sweet (ah!) mouth run. Normally called the Pane Rao phenomenon, my game played with him by

any team ~~was~~ at any time could be converted
into anything

any team at any time could be ~~considered~~ converted into anything but itself.

But then we are proud of him (she) There he goes, the smart, great pane Rao, Youngster's dodged him, teachers shirked him, fellow mates saved him (for his talent!), but he was - OUR PANE RAO.

P.S.:- There is no need to mention any further about the V'ball match. The result was obviously

PJ

What do misers do in cold weather?

Answer: They sit around a candle

What do misers do in very cold weather

Answer: They light it.

Note:- (i) Due to lack of space, all contributions could not be published. Those left out will be published next week.

(i) Rules for the best article competition

(a) Any original article written by an inmate of the hostel is eligible. Editorial staff is not permitted to participate

(b) The final decision rests with the editorial board

-4-

WORD PLAY

ALON E.

cockeyed

KIAS

pregnant
○

MISPELT

LOW CUT

INCLINED.

INCOMPLET

KICK^K

QUICKSAND

plumber

ALMOS

ba^oppⁿs

DISAPPEAR.

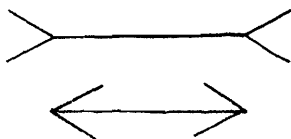
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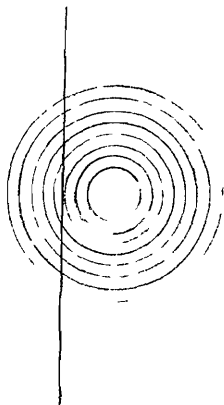
COILED COIL

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

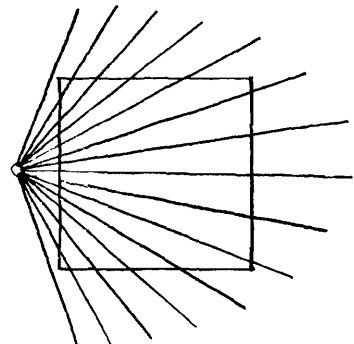
Which line is longer?



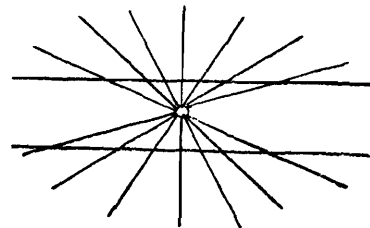
Both are of the same length.



This is a straight line.



The figure above is a perfect square.



The two lines are parallel and straight.

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