

EDITORIAL

Hostel Detectives - Alert!

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

JACK THE (MANDAK RAG) RIPPER

Known to be staying currently in Mandakini Hostel.

Beware, guys, Jack is among us now. He is a mean, vile fellow, who believes in doing things while people are asleep - an abject coward. He's already struck 4 times, leaving absolutely no clues. He seems to be someone who has access to the notice board keys.

The games held in celebration of Holi were most refreshing and exhilarating, and provided a good change from the usual games which involve stiff competition. It was fun to see a hundred 17+ year-old boys playing balloons and it was apt that the prizes were won by the kids.

The road race was also a lot of fun. But Seshadri hadn't expected the participants to want their cool drinks soon after the race! (At least we went along only for the cool drink.) No cool drinks had been kept in the fridge. Anyway, the participants and others were happy enough to have OCed warm (cool) drinks.

The Hostel Day went off quite well. Many very good songs were spoiled by the mike system. The grub was quite good, though unfortunately some items got over.

PERIOS - OH! What a PAIN

- Rajeev J.

Usually, when someone asks you, 'How's life?', you are expected to say, 'Fine,' but I have noticed that here in Mandak one comes across answers like 'S---,' 'Lousy,' 'Bad,' 'Sick,' etc.

Is it really all that bad? Perios certainly present a very controversial topic. After an almost carefree schooling, I mean - no perio business or Relative G stuff, perios form a massive problem for lots of us. There is no doubt that it is absolutely necessary to have periodical tests in an Institute like ours to maintain the high level of academic standards for which IITs are famous. The choice of having or not having perios is not ours, and it is quite reasonable too, but this is not what I wish to say. It is the way in which perios ruin everybody's happiness is what I ~~wh~~ wish to emphasise.

Every perio, there is a lot of enthusiasm among the students - mug till 10 p.m., go to Quark or Tarams, for a tea, fags, etc., come back and mug till the late hours, say 1 or 2, catch one of your hostel inmates still awake to wake you up at 5, mug till 6, go for an early brekker, just have a wash, and hitch a lift to HSB or ME and MH. After all this and then after 50 minutes of head-scratching and desperate attempts to solve problems, one comes out and consoles himself that there is always another perio to do better in. Thus goes on the eternal cycle here in IIT. It is deuced painful to find that chaps having mugged less than you get fabulous 90+ marks, and you land up in the late 60s.

Once in a while, someone or the other tops, and the topper comes and asks you your results. It is such a ghastly situation that once or twice I had the irresistible urge to jump him and quash him. It would be pretty hard on ~~me~~ ~~if~~ you if you were in such a situation.

Finally, just one thing:

P for Pain and P for Perio.

RIDDLE ME THIS

- G. C. Prasad.

- (1) I am greater than God.
Dead people eat me.
If you eat me you will die.
Who am I?



EXTENDED
To TUESDAY

- Photo by Sunil Bhargava.

Give in your entries to Room No. 152 before Friday, 3/4/81 night.

LEARNING TO DRIVE

--R Bharat Rao

I learnt to drive one sunny morn,
When I entered the car and pressed the horn,
With deadly determination I decided to drive,
Trying to ignore my brother's jibes.

I settled myself and pressed the key,
A cough, a splutter and my brother's, 'Hee-hee!'
Turning away I released the clutch,
A cranky rattling was the result.

For hours it seemed I tinkered about,
While my brothers doubled, as tho' from gout.
Finally, after grave thought I said,
'It's no use, the battery's dead.'

His laughter stopped as though chopped off,
His rage increased as the car gave a cough.
'It's not my fault,' I cried,
'You bumbling idiot!' he replied.

'What you know,' he continued in rage,
'About cars, couldn't fill a page,
Wait till Dad sees the battery,
You'll wish you were in the artillery.'

Quaking with fear, I tried again,
Tho' I was sure, it was in vain,
With a cough she sprang to life,
Like a man kicked by his wife.

With a vengeance to make matters worse
She headed for my brother like a curse.
Two panicky cries melted into one,
As my brother broke into a run.

'Stop it, you fool!' he cried,
'I don't know how,' I replied.
Twice around the house we flew,
'Fore I stopped in the way ~~w~~ k I knew.

You see, I made a mistake,
Pressed the 'cellerator, not the brake,
The car shot bang into a tree,
And out leapt poor, battered me.

The car was flattened out of shape,
It resembled an over-ripe pancake,
It looked as if an attacking Hun
Had gone at it with a loaded gun.

Hopes vanished at his heaving brow,
Like food before a starving sow,
Anxiety heightened at his heaving chest,
But hope springs eternal in the human breast.

'It's not my fault,' I said,
Ducked ~~n~~ from a fist swing at my head,
Turning I ran for dear life,
Like a henpecked husband from an enraged wife.

Heard in class:

Lecturer: What is the energy delivered by the seat of emf?

Student : Vdq.

Lecturer: 'V' I understand, 'q' I understand, but what is 'd'?

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Lecturer: So we integrate $\cos\theta$ from 0 to $\pi/2$.

Student : Sir, what about $d\theta$?

Lecturer: OK, we'll integrate it from 0 to $d\theta$.

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