

Campastimes

Vol. I, No. 8

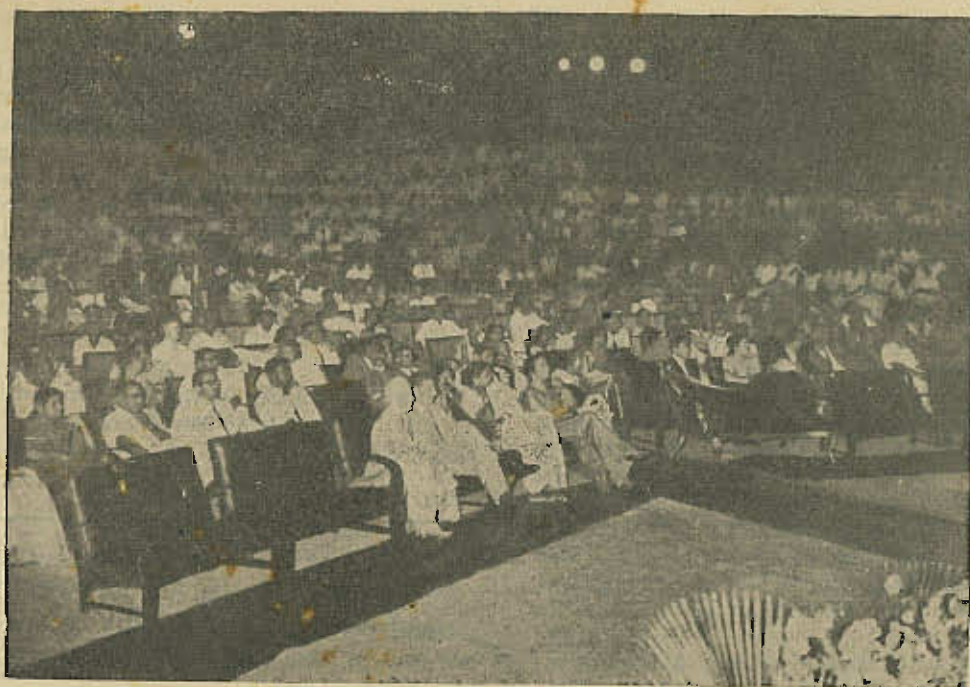
IIT Madras, 15th April, 1963

10 nP.



INSTITUTE DAY

On March 11, IIT Madras celebrated its Institute Day with Shri Bisnuram Medhi, Governor of Madras, and Mrs. Medhi as Chief Guests. Padma Vibhushan Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, Chairman, Board of Governors, presided. The official part of the programme included addresses by Prof. B. Sengupto, Director, Dr. A. L. Mudaliar, and the Governor of Madras. Shri R. Natarajan, Registrar, presented an absolutely delightful annual report, 'Keys of Kingdom'. Our picture on top shows Mrs. Medhi during the Prize Distribution with the winners of the All India Annual Debate for the Sarojini Naidu Memorial Trophy, R. A. Vaswani and T. S. Ananthu. The entertainment programme comprising a German sketch, an English drama (see page 9), a Tamil play and a Malayalam shadow-play, held an audience of four thousand (below) glued to their seats till late in the night. (see also pictures on page 10).



A Song on the I.I.T.

There are schools in the land and the
varsities true ;
There are 'tutes and the labs. where
pupils do crew ;
But the one you remember,
With thoughts fond and tender,
Is the I.I.T.,
In Madras see,
Good Guarantee.

Trees tall and shady with flowers in
bloom,
On the deer running wood, the stars
ever gleam ;
The sages dwell there,
Students with awe share,
Sciences and tech.,
Bring us good luck,
Without any check.

History and Culture with linguistics
bleud,
'Nomics psycho-labour in abundance do
lend ;
Commonsense, art and beauty,
Wearing ornament gaiety,
In fond embrace,
Our lives do braze,
With all the grace.

We play in the fields booking nights
for studies,
Questions and quizzes never scare
shouting buddies,
Speeches and debates,
Pay us good rebates,
Everywhere,
In concert air,
No ! night-mare.

We pledge our loyalty to the I.I.T.,
Future Prosperity for our people's
plenty,
With tech'knowledge, skill,
Ignorance nil,
Socio-Vision,
Scientific erudition,
Our Salvation.

M. S. VAIRANAPILLAI.

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CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

PERSONAL

ABDUL HAMEED, I.B.Tech., you have also been selected as a baby-sitter by the Staff Lecturer. Will you please report to the Editor, *Campastimes*, with the certificates in original?

The Campastimes

A new Children's Section, 'Kiddy Campus', will be started in *Campastimes* from the next issue and Uncle Bawa will be in charge. Grandad Klein will set the puzzles.

Manager, *Campastimes*.

The Campastimes

NOTICE

CONSEQUENT on increase in all-round production costs, the rates for Classified Divertisements have been revised to 55 nP. per line.

Manager,
The Campastimes.

VELACHERY YOUTH ASSOCIATION

FOR his services to the Madras State and his contribution to the enrichment of Tamil language in particular, the Association will confer on Dr. Nikolaus Klein the title of 'Nikilahasya Kalajnan'.

Hon. Secretary.

CHANGE OF NAME

I, V. Buddha, having attained no enlightenment, will hereafter be known as V. Siddhartha.

MISSING from I.I.T. Campus since March 25, tree No. WP 183 (Palmyra Palm). Will present owners please return it to the Estate Officer, I.I.T. Madras.

I.I.T. LIBRARY

OWING to National Emergency, one blade from each fan is removed in the Reading Room of the library. Members are requested to bear with the inconvenience.

Librarian.

TENDERS

TENDERS, at lowest quotations, are urgently invited for the supply of the following items (ISI standards), in addition to the school requirements already announced:

Headmistress	1 no.
School Mistresses	$\frac{1}{2}$ doz.
Ayaks	$\frac{3}{4}$ doz.

Secretary,

Campus School Committee.

The Campastimes

ANNOUNCEMENT

WINNING entries in the contest for a suitable title for our editorial collection to be brought out in book form next month:

First Prize: 'Bawa corrupts, absolute Bawa corrupts absolutely'
Second Prize: 'After Bawa, when?'

NOTICE

WE have been obliged to close down our office temporarily owing to the illegal strike by our staff, who are demanding four months' pay as bonus in contravention of the three months' pay awarded by the Pay Commission. Our journalists have been, in addition, paid a special allowance with Provident Fund and other benefits. The matter has been referred to the one-man tribunal consisting of Shri R. Natarajan, I.A.S.

Further issues of *Campastimes* will come out when the situation normalises. We regret the inconvenience caused to our readers and hope to start normal work by July, 1963.

(Sd). Dr. N. Klein,

Publisher.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

WANTED an experienced painter with skill in 'precision' painting to mark up the trees in our I.I.T. model. Persons who had experience in miniature painting, will be preferred. Apply in person to the Director, I.I.T., Madras.

CLASSIFIED

DIVERTISEMENTS

- 55 nP. per line

"UMBRA"

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF NATIONAL ENTHUSIASM

By V. S. KUMAR AND M. S. VAIRANAPILLAI

Those who play April-fool are largely prompted by fun and enthusiasm. If they succeed in fooling some, especially, the so-called intelligent people, their enthusiasm swiftly increases in its potentiality. It becomes creative or destructive. When the April-foolers miserably fail in their attempt, their enthusiasm, naturally, finds a grave pit. That enthusiasm has been a potent factor in human society cannot be denied. Man, unlike all other animals, thrives on enthusiasm. The greatest achievements of Greece and Rome were possible only when the enthusiasm of their people was steadily growing. The U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. may be cited as an example where enthusiasm achieved unprecedented results in almost all walks of life. As a psychological factor in the successes and failures of man, it occupies an indisputable place. But for its central place in life, there might have been many more suicides. At the same time, it may result in a Messiah complex, psychosis or neurosis exploding into emptiness.

Enthusiasm, like an organism, grows and reaches greater heights only when it is sustained by other factors. Otherwise, it will die a natural death. One does not have to look far and wide to find the graveyards of projects gloriously conceived. They have become part of our archaeology. In the absence of a sustained effort, they have tottered in a death-dance and crumbled into one vast debris to the everlasting shame of human fickle-mindedness. To conceive a great enterprise is indeed difficult; it lies within the realm of possibility. But in the execution of such an enterprise, faith, sustained will-power and ceaseless energy play no mean part. In the success of any project or a grand plan, enthusiasm is invariably found to be an indispensable force.

To borrow somewhat from Jonathan Swift, fancy flies while reality emerges limping slow. The constant grindmill that the human mind produces successive ideas only to bury them in the airless vault of nothingness. From nothing to nothing, this is the story of most of our lives. But civilization is the story of something from nothing. It is the story of a creative few. They are the people who were not afraid of facing new challenges even if it meant death to them. The fact that our civilization has endured to this day merely reveals that there have been many who refused to be treated like tennis balls, hurled back and forth between life and death. They refused to be inanimate goods, bought and sold in the market-place. Unlike most of us, they did not remain mute and spiritually inactive. They hurled themselves in life's great game assorting their ideas in the teeth of opposition and pursuing their goals against tremendous odds against them. We owe the foundations and super-structures of modern civilization to these heroes of the past for whom death itself was a compelling force of enthusiasm.

Examples of this creative minority are many and varied. The majority simply follows a drill-master. The point which ought to be made clear even in a drill is the rhythm. It contains the seeds of enthusiasm. The majority can be whipped into a creative walk of life by a rhythmic drill-master inspired by an all-embracing philosophy of life. Misguided enthusiasm has often led people to pools of stagnation or a dead-sea. Mahatma Gandhi was one of such creative leaders. He took up his cross and walked his lonely path. A million adversaries and a great empire, no, not even the Caesars in high places could deviate him from the enterprise into which he had thrown his body and soul. The Indian masses awoke to an era of self-determination under his leadership. It is this man's equanimity, his unbending will, his cascading enthusiasm that whisked the

(Continued on page 6)

An Experience
Non-Pareil

'Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder'—this was so very true when I first met her. She seemed so vivacious, full of naïveté and a very repository of all that could be classified as best and desirable. My class-mates chided me for falling head over heels in love with one who could be classified as commonplace and belonging to the usual category of girls budding with the zestful vigour of sweet seventeen. 'But', as Shakespeare so soberly remarks, 'love is blind and lovers cannot see the follies which they themselves commit', and this was so true in my case as she seemed to me to be replete with transcendental qualities.

She, with thought's speed, sensed almost instinctively that I was in love with her and so she responded not spontaneously but in stages. We went to college long before schedule and spent delightful moments talking of love and its beneficial and far-reaching effects. We were all sympathy for those who have never experienced that cannot-be-told delight of hearts and minds in unison par excellence. We traced the indiscipline and the seeming maelstrom and malice persistent in earth to the dearth of true love and affection. The misanthrope to us seemed to be an anomalous phenomenon—how could one hate the whole creation of human beings so violently? This never-ending analysis of people and life in general led us to the inevitable conclusion that life in its highest and most noble form would exist only where there is love and would wither to dust where it is absent. Our ideas and views on life were so similar that we could see everything in life as having a purpose which it is perhaps destined to execute.

Then came the deluge—all of a sudden there seemed in her a coldness and non-chalance which was very evident. I entreated and begged her about the cause of the change—but it was in vain. We had to part as it was nearly the end of the term and the nauseating ordeal of the examinations had to be experienced.

I fell into a reverie which led me to a deeper probe of the causes that contribute most to the unhappiness of mortals. Attachment was the catch-word that sprang to my mind—I was non-plussed and almost vexed with life at her behaviour, but nevertheless reconciled the whole affair as a tour de force—not of arms, but of the mind. There was a glaring change in my behaviour also—I was not betraying the usual gusto in my studies as I had evinced before. I felt with dol-drumbs of self-analysis and hours of thought of life in general and mine in particular. The pleasant hours we spent together came fleeting into my mind only to be superseded by the perhaps sardonic state of affairs now. I had joined an entirely different pursuit of science from hers. The gulf between us widened still further as she had her hours of study different from mine and as it was a befitting nemesis to all she seemed to be oblivious of my presence.

Introspection and thought led me to the conclusion that perhaps if I had not met her, it might have been more beneficial, but it proved to be a fallacious piece of reasoning. I had known and experienced that state of bliss and also its absence. To me, it seemed that a human being would be considered to be worth the name only, if he experienced life in all its aspects—both of joy and of unhappiness. The via-media namely, being non-chalant to everything is mere sob-stuff. As my friend recalled to my mind the lines which run

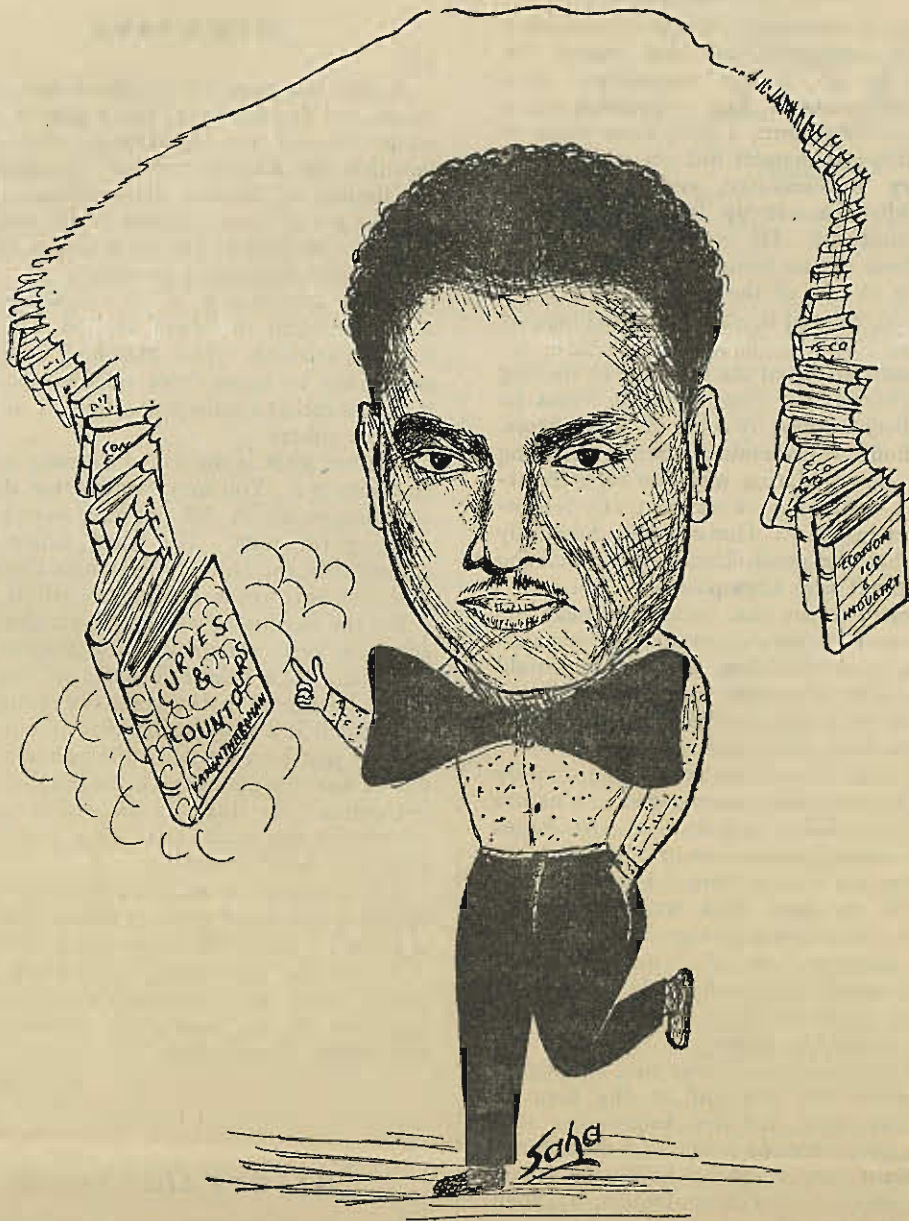
Why should I wasting in despair
Die because a woman's so fair.

seemed so true.

V. RANGANATHAN.

Campastimes No. 9 will come out after the Institute vacation on July 15. Contributions should reach the Editor on or before June 30.

PERSONALITIES (8)



DR. V. ANANTHARAMAN

'Dr. Anantharaman? Oh, you mean the guy with the bow tie?' a fresher was once overheard to say in the course of a conversation. Not a very respectful reference, to be sure, but very apt, no doubt. Dr. Anantharaman is unique in preferring the bow tie to the conventional one and audaciously unconventional in wearing it on all occasions. On being questioned on this point, he said, 'Let me adopt the I.I.T. technique of answering a question with a question: Don't you think it is more conventional than a tie and shoeless feet?'

Dr. Anantharaman had the 'monopoly' in this field until the advent of Mr. U. Bhaskara Rau created a 'duopoly', and it is sincerely hoped that it will not develop into a 'cut-throat competition'.

A habitually cheerful person—you must hear him laugh to know what laughter can be!—he is rarely to be seen in a glum or angry mood. He never loses his temper in class, a remarkable fact considering that he is teaching the present III Year batch.

Another glowing tribute to his patience is that he goes for evening walks with Dr. M. S. (Micro Speed) Vairanapillai. Time and again, Dr. Anantharaman has the class roaring with his sallies which (he being essentially Freudian in his analysis of human behaviour) invariably have that 'subtle libidinous slant' as he himself quotes. 'Oftentimes,' he once wrote in *Campastimes*, 'a widely appreciated joke has a "tinge of vulgarity".' He maintains that it was by experimenting on this idea that Ananthu got the First Prize at the Intercollegiate Debate.

Dr. Anantharaman is one of those rare personalities who take a genuine delight in cracking jokes at their own expense. Absolutely unassuming, he makes light of his achievements and tends to deride himself on

his weak points. For example, by his own admission, he has an inferiority complex as regards mathematics. In class he quips, 'This "simple" mathematical manipulation is highly complex for me, so will you please do it yourselves?' and then immediately bursts forth into his characteristic laugh the sound of which is not very different from the puffing of a steam locomotive.

He represented his school in football and on entering college, hung up his boots in favour of the N.C.C. It is rumoured that he did so in an attempt to shirk P.T. ! However, he soon became an ardent N.C.C. enthusiast. (A set of II Year students to whom I mentioned this, considered it to be an incomprehensible statement.) On some evenings, if you happen to see an immaculately dressed person (complete with bow tie and leather shoes) charging around the hockey field, you can be sure it is Dr. Anantharaman. He wields no mean stick, however, and defence seems to be his forte.

Dr. Anantharaman has had a brilliant academic career. After his M.A. (Economics) in Madras, he went to Wisconsin, U.S.A. on a Smith-Mundt-Fulbright scholarship, where he became the first Indian to get a Ph.D. in Industrial Relations.

A prolific writer, Dr. Anantharaman has among his publications 'Some Aspects of Financing Major Industries in India', 'Indian Working Force and American Labour Force', and 'Curves and Contours', the last mentioned being a highly controversial article which set the Campus astir a few months ago.

On being asked about his impressions of U.S.A., he paid a high tribute to the Americans. He said, 'If one does not learn to be humble after one's training in the U.S.A., one has learnt nothing at all.'

M. V. RAO.

The Foreign Expert

BY TEE AAR

The techniques were well established: loud protests of provincial discrimination, hunger-strikes and then the final weapon of a demand for separation from the Federation. Results, of course, depended on the nature of the demand, but were quite impressive. A hunger-strike had led to the creation of a 'linguistic' state; how could it be otherwise in the land of its origin where it had been developed to such perfection by the Father of the Nation himself and used by him also to such telling purpose?

But the novelty of it slowly wore off, and one came to the conclusion that practically any ill-fed Indian could fast indefinitely, especially, when he was surreptitiously fed with concentrated stuff of the right kind. Even the Central Government, having practically no member who had not at some stage in his career gone on hunger-strike (whether it be on account of not being given the whole family's share of sweets to oneself, or in order to force the University to revise its verdict of failure at an examination), slowly got scent of the stunt behind it all and decided to ignore fasts-unto-death or the much more common fasts-until-they-are-broken.

No course other than a concerted demand for separation from the 'Delhi Imperialists' was then open to Mangoland. It had a very serious grievance: the absence of a harbour. It produced the best cowdung in the Federation and lived mainly by its export. With the inordinate increase in railway freight charges imposed by the 'Villains of Delhi', the exports had shrunk to unspeakably low levels. A modern harbour would rejuvenate the whole economy and bring unprecedented prosperity to Mangoland. The Centre, however, when approached for financial assistance for the project, dismissed the whole scheme as unworkable and dissociated itself from it.

This was the last straw. Mangoland was shocked by this callous treatment, the call for revenge was in the air. Bullock-carts were set on fire, the children from all the four primary schools in the State went on strike, the priests organised mass prayers in the temples for the eternal perdition of the Central Government. Even the ruling political party had to take notice of the growing rage of the people and of the demand for separation.

The matter was finally raised in the State Assembly by members of all parties. The ministers parried the questions for sometime, but were themselves convinced of the justness of the demands of the people. At last, the Chief Minister had to intervene and placate the agitated representatives of the people by promising to call in a foreign expert to advise the Government on the matter. He would be asked to make detailed plans for a harbour on the most modern lines. Mangoland would then directly approach a foreign government for help and thus begin to be independent of the Centre.

A committee of ministers and others was soon set up to find a suitable expert, and after an extended tour of Europe and America, found someone who claimed he could build a harbour almost anywhere in the world. As such persons are rarely found, he was booked on the spot and entrusted with the life-saving (for Mangoland) task of planning and constructing a harbour in the State.

The expert arrived without delay and was received by the Chief Minister in person. A special landing place for an aeroplane had to be constructed, as Mangoland had no aerodrome and as the expert refused to use any other means of transport. He started complaining about the weather and the cows in the streets even before he got out of the plane. However, no one understood much of what he said, as neither the Mangolandians nor the expert spoke English well. It was generally understood that he swore at them when he learnt that all his travelling to select a suitable site would have to be done by bullock-cart. The contract stipulated only air-travel up to the capital and was silent on many other

(Continued on page 9)



EDITORIAL

LOCK YOUR VEHICLES !

As children between the ages of ten and twelve, we have all felt that acute craving for driving, but rarely got the opportunity to satisfy it. The youngsters of our Campus experience no such limitation as is proved by the following episode.

Prof. M.V.C. Sastry's son was taking one of his usual walks down Delhi Avenue, when he saw the famous 'Oils and Fertilizers' truck-cum-water-trailer combination parked there. Curiosity killed the cat and it nearly killed our enthusiast, too. Having got into the truck, he managed to start it (law demands that all vehicles be provided with an ignition key !), and being in gear, it started moving (naturally !) and in giving a perfect demonstration of the 'drunkard's walk' problem, nearly collided with the Institute bus speeding down at over 40 m.p.h. ! The timely arrival of Mr. Uprethi saved the boy, and not knowing himself how to drive, he deposited the vehicle unceremoniously in a ditch close to Gajendra Circle.

We trust that the Security Officer will make a check on all vehicles plying regularly inside the Campus and certify their road-worthiness. Scooters are particularly susceptible for short-term borrowing, and the above incident will, we hope, induce those owning cars and scooters to lock their vehicles when parked.

The child, in the best Madame Montessori tradition, is not to blame, but instructions to the effect that eighteen is the minimum legal driving age, may be imparted to the Institute lollipop-set.

**WE GLADLY PUBLISH
YOUR CONTRIBUTION
PROVIDED**

WE CAN READ IT

WRITE LEGIBLY

Why Worry ?

There are only two things to worry about :

Either you are well, or you are sick.

If you are well, there is nothing to worry about.

If you are sick, there are two things to worry about.

Either you will get well, or you will die.

If you get well, there is nothing to worry about.

If you die, there are only two things to worry about.

Either you go to heaven, or you go to hell.

If you go to heaven, there is nothing to worry about.

And, if you go to hell, you will be so darn busy

Shaking hands with your friends, that you

Won't have any time to worry.

So then, why worry ??

* * *

FROM HERE AND THERE

SURJIT RANDHAVA

A couple of days back same gentleman on a motor-bike stopped me and asked for directions to go to the workshops. Not wanting to create a bad impression on a possible visitor's mind, I took some pains to guide him. His manner did not strike me as being very business-like, and I began to wonder what he was up to. Five minutes later I found out. He walked up to one of the windows of the fitting shop, handed his spark plug to one of the boys, waited till it was cleaned, refitted it, and continued happily on his way !

Dr. Rouvé surprised the Institute by turning up on his bicycle the other day. It seems he had also been noticed by some of the students, not without considerable alarm, pedalling furiously down Marina way late on a Saturday night. Mrs. Rouvé was patiently following behind in a car. One can only hopefully surmise that the good Doctor is practising hard for the Tokyo Olympics.

I am sorry to say that there has been no response at all to my suggestion (last issue) of a driving and reliability trial. One would have thought that with so many cars and scooters in the Campus, at least a few persons would have been interested.

The Third Year Civils are having a merry time. Currently they are engaged in a nature study, both wildlife and flowers. At times they also manage to squeeze in a little surveying. After ten days of fun, a hopeful young dodger of the same class was bitterly disappointed when he was apologetically informed by the Surveyor General's Office that they could not supply him with ready made contour maps of the Institute area as it had not yet been charted by them.

Herr Hasenbein wisely says that looking at all the coolant the boys spill on the floor of the machine shop, the first impression that one gets upon entering is that of a dairy farm. The coolant may resemble milk, the lathes may be mistaken for milk containers, but then who are the cows ?

Brig. Ram Singh took the salute at an impressive march past of our N.C.C. Cadets to celebrate the annual N.C.C. Day. A moek attack led by the ever vociferous G-2 completely routed the enemy paratroopers who had the misfortune to land in our Campus. The tea was good, and it was heartening to note that we did not have to line up to get it. The normal procedure in the I.I.T. to get one's tea at any function is to form a queue for the first few seconds and then to join the mad rush that ensues. The shot range was also inaugurated on the same day by our Chief Guest. In the shooting that followed, our Director got the maximum number of points, and Commodore Heble the least.

There has been some news that a hospital is likely to be made just behind the range, across the Velacheri Road. I don't think it'll be very healthy for the patients' constitutions. We all know the story about 'jumping from the frying pan into the fire'.

Bajaj, affectionately and very appropriately nicknamed 'the signal', turns up every evening in our wing at 7 o'clock sharp to persuade us all to go for 'grub'. One evening he forgot to show up, and all of us missed dinner. You should have seen what was done to him the next day !

The Film Club showed 'Gidget goes H.' last month. Anything that starts well definitely can't end well, and so half way through it started to rain. But so struck was the youthful and appreciative audience by stunner Deborah Walley, that in spite of Kapoor's chagrin and the projector's dampness, everyone continued to sit right through.

I'm afraid that this being the end of the year as far as we all are concerned, I've just about run out of everything to put down. I'll sound off by wishing everybody the best of luck in the annual branding and slaughter, and a jolly summer vacation after the clouds have cleared.

Idea of the Month : How about having a lawn in front of the Civil Engineering Building ?

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GYMKHANA

Sir,

A year has passed by with all our achievements and drawbacks, so also a year of crowded activities of our Gymkhana. But it is a fact that the activities of the Gymkhana are yet limited by dubious demarcations. Helpless we are to utter unconsciously that it has extended its field to private activities like 'designing and developing go-carts'.

Firstly and mostly it is roughly defined, with 8 student members elected and more than 20 selected. The reasoning behind this as I come to know from reliable sources is that it is rather cumbersome to elect all the 20 or 30 members.

Further what is the use of so many as 8 or 9 committees ? You may wonder that there are committees which did not have even a single meeting till now. The most active of all committees, the Literary Activities Committee had met only twice during the whole year.

On the Institute Day the Gymkhana presented a very colourful entertainment programme. The beautiful array of cups bore ample testimony to the talents of young men here but it is a novel thing that an editor gets a prize just because he is the editor and four out of the five members in an English drama get prizes. At this rate some of the selected secretaries also would have been given prizes. Maybe it is by mistake.

The magazine as such is not of so high a standard and prize winning articles like 'This is Delhi', I don't think, are worth reading.

Excuse me, gentlemen, for writing a few words about our Gymkhana which works on the basis of an 'unwritten constitution' as the British Constitution.

Yours etc.

AAN.

STREET LIGHTNING

Sir,

I have gone through your Editorial in March issue regarding 'Street Lightning'. As such matters affect the administration in some way or other, it is not well and good to the person concerned to point out the errors openly (giving the name of the person who pointed out such errors of administration), giving room to the administrative authority to take action against the concerned on some other occasion.

Matters which are of common interest and not criticising administration can be published in the name of the author.

Yours etc.,

ONE INTERESTED.

[We think that saving electricity is first and foremost of common interest.—Ed.]

SPEED-A-TECH

Sir,

While commending Tee Aar on his brilliant solution for accelerating the production of Bachelors of Technology, I wish, however, to point out a serious shortcoming of the plan before the Ministry for B. Tech. Industry, dazzled by the impressive figures quoted by Tee Aar, accepts the plan unanimously.

A short analysis of the first years of the career as an engineer is necessary to understand the difficulties. There is sufficient proof that the B. Tech. of the present generation poses a problem to the society, to his employer and to himself in the early years of his professional career. At an average age of 21 years, roughly 97.7% of the freshly stamped B. Techs are still unmarried and it has been noted that young unmarried engineers are a menace to the respectable society. The reason for this phenomenon may lie in the fact that a young B. Tech. who has spent about 5 years in a predominantly male world loses his balance when let loose (after graduation) in the mixed society. On the professional side, too, the young engineer is a literal problem-child

Letters—(Continued)

to his employer. Imagination and idealism not yet cooled down in contact with this hard world of industrialists and Government red-tape often get him or his bosses into tight uncomfortable corners. This causes disfavour with the bosses and lack of peace of mind to himself. Lastly, the suspicious attitude taken up by the society and the employer imposes a terrific mental strain on the young fellow and he slowly loses his grip on anything, especially engineering. The picture, however, is not as black as depicted above; for our young B. Tech., now around 24 or 25, marries and there is usually a marked improvement in the situation. The society no longer considers him to be a potential menace to respectable living and 82.8% of the engineers after marriage have been found to submit willingly to the whims and fancies of their bosses compensating amply for any unpleasantness caused in their bachelor days. There is a marked shift in their mental attitude towards any cause of dissatisfaction in the office—they either have no time to worry about this in their leisure hours or they take it out on their wives and children rather than on their bread givers. To sum up, the present day B. Tech. is reactionary from his 21st to his 25th year (average figures), i.e. for a period of 4 years becoming in general, however, a tame and good citizen afterwards.

Now, taking up Tee Aar's first plan of B. Tech. at 11 years of age, a precocious engineer may also be expected to be precocious in other matters. We may expect that he marries earlier than his present day counterpart, say at 18 years. Even then the reactionary period is extended to 7 years, which will be very troublesome indeed from the point of view of the society and employers. It is even possible that due to such a long period of free living and thinking the percentage of engineers who remain untamed after marriage increases alarmingly. As to Tee Aar's second plan, suffice it to say that the problem is unimaginable.

If the authorities are still of opinion that the proposed plan can be carried through in spite of the possibility of increased reactionism, they would do well to take the following precautionary measures to reduce that possibility:—

1. Compel the engineer to marry within 3 years after the degree exam.
2. Compel him to maintain himself and his wife only on his salary. (No money orders or cheques from home.)
3. Make him sign a bond of service with his first employer for a period of at least ten years. (The penalty for default of bond to be quite high.)
4. Increase unimportant paper work to make the young engineer feel quite important. Being still a child it will be easy to inculcate in him the impression that engineering practice is nothing but signing papers and sending them through paper channels.

Yours etc.
PARAMESWARAM.

N.C.C.

Sir,

As a representative of I and II Year may I bring out the following facts of N.C.C.

After 7 hours of lectures we have to get to hurry to the parade ground at 4-30 p.m. and we are let out at 7 p.m. 10 hours of strenuous work (7 hours of mental strain and 3 hours of manual labour) imparts nothing but early sleep and we are not in a position to concentrate on our studies and as a result we are not able to fare well in the incessant periodicals of I.I.T.

My humble opinion is that we can serve our country by proper production of technical brains for which this institute is meant, the other side, i.e. building up of the army being taken care of by other non-professional students who have got less work to do.

It is hardly a month for the Annual Examination which decides the fate of a student, and we are not finding time to prepare for it. If the authorities assure us of promotion for those who attend N.C.C. regularly, we are



Explaining to the III Year Mechanicals the unique three phase, five wire system used for lighting purposes, Dr. N. G. K. Murthy went on to say that a latest method of power factor correction has been developed. It simply prescribes that every alternate street light be switched off!

* * *

The Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient Omnibus. On its hourly trips to and from Adyar, the omnibus stops at Narmada and Taramani Gate, but not at Cauvery Hostel. Anyone with even a faint knowledge of the topography of the institute will realise that Cauvery is on the way from Taramani to Narmada. Still, all the students of Cauvery (Krishna) have to unnecessarily walk a distance. Prof. Vairanapillai has his dinner at Cauvery mess and everytime he is made to walk that distance, his appetite suffers. We hope that the authorities will withdraw the promulgation (shall we say in the national interest?).

* * *

The Government of Madras are thinking of opening a new Infectious Diseases Hospital (Isolation Hospital) at Velacheri.

This gives all the residents in the Institute Campus a fair and equal chance to contract cholera and smallpox.

Apart from the great danger the villages, Raj Bhavan estate, the Governor and the Institute will be exposed, the presence of the hospital will artificially saturate the area in respect of industries. Any new industry which may have ideas of blossoming in the wide, open spaces of Velacheri, will drop them and leave the area to be occupied by Messrs. Bacillus & Co.

With reference to the Institute, in particular, the none too clean messes of the various hostels will be ideal breeding ground for the germs, not to mention the stagnant pools spread all over the Campus. The well-water supplied to the hostels will be the ideal carrier, and cholera will be second only to the news in *Campastimes* as far as propagation is concerned.

We are fully aware of the necessity of a hospital like this. But we fail to understand why it has to be shifted to this area which till now was so proudly dubbed the 'rising educational-cum-industrial centre of Madras'.

* * *

On March 31, the following notice was distributed personally to all Heads of Departments and the German Professors:

'All the Heads of the Departments are requested to meet the undersigned at 7.15 A.M. tomorrow (1.4.1963) at his residence to discuss some important matters relating to the National Emergency'. The signature of the Director was meticulously and effectively forged by tracing it out from the 'Institute Magazine.' This, however, did not deter some Professors—Indian as well as German—from getting up earlier than usual and whizzing over in their cars. *Campastimes* sincerely regrets not to have had its photographer on the spot. But one consolation remains. The 'Institute Magazine' (which so carefully ignored our existence) was of some use after all!

The Second Year boys were let off for, always at their disposal. I hope that the authorities will consider this matter and do the needful.

Yours etc.
ONE AFFECTED.

too, of their regular hours due to the following notice handed to and read out by the lecturer:

'Dr. Fareed Ydobon of the University of Irehcalev (Turkestan) will deliver a lecture on 'Engineering Cogology' to the Second Year Students. They may please assemble at room No. 105.'

When the lecturer concerned was told that Ydobon was 'nobody' inverted and Irehcalev 'Velacheri' inverted, he refused to believe it and swore he actually had seen the gentleman being taken round by the Director! The gentleman he had seen was, of course, Dr. Carl Gibson who had come to the Institute to deliver a lecture to the Chemical Engineering Department.

To cap them all (April Fools I mean), Mr. U. B. Rao sent a circular to himself and read out to the First Year boys:

'The hall tickets for the Annual Examination are available in the Humanities Department'.

Believe it or not, forty freshers landed up!

* * *

'So, you are one of those fellows who've pinched our riding grounds', an Englishman told an IITanian the other day when introduced to him. 'But I do hope you won't mind if I still take an occasional ride there, will you?' No, the IITanian replied, no objection whatsoever. The gentleman looked very much like someone coming straight out of a Riding Club's 'Annual Magazine and Committee Report' (150 pages, 20 full-page colour photos, 30 half-tone plates, on subscription only), in other words, the chevalier par excellence who would not carelessly gallop down Delhi Avenue overturning prams and knocking down cycles with a merry song on his lips, landing up in the laboriously raised rose-bed of a resident researcher (it seems the Viper has stung me after all). However, the IITanian could not foresee that something similar would happen soon after when someone on horseback came galloping down Delhi Avenue—apparently because he couldn't keep the animal from doing so—causing a scooter unfortunate enough to share Delhi Avenue with him, to dash into a cycle injuring the three people involved, we are happy to say, only slightly. Our chevalier par excellence living up to the Code of Honour of all gentlemen on horseback, would certainly have turned back and enquired if he could be of any assistance. Not so, however, our horseman who seems to have cared tuppence for the victims of his escapade. Not very sportsman like, that!

Campastimes News Service.

Smiles

Smile a little, smile a little,
As you go along,
Not alone when life is pleasant,
But when things go wrong.
Care delights to see you frowning,
Loves to hear you sigh;
Turn a smiling face upon her—
Quick the dame will fly.
Smile a little, smile a little
All along the road;
Every life must have its burden,
Every heart its load.
Why sit down in gloom and darkness
With your grief to sup?
As you drink fate's bitter tonic,
Smile across the cup.
Smile upon your undone labour;
Not for him who grieves
O'er his task waits wealth or glory;
He who smiles achieves.
Though you meet with loss and sorrow
In the passing years,
Smile a little, smile a little
Even through your tears.

N. P. NARAYANAN.

The Psychology—(Continued from page 2)

people from their ancient obscurity to a new era of self-respect. British might faltered and fumbled. The Indian villager, for the first time, walked with his head on his shoulders.

Enthusiasm is liable to be seduced and plagued by a thousand destructive forces. In India, as everything else including life, it suffers a high rate of mortality. It is always the few who attempt great things while the many might eventually applaud. The brave man dares while the coward stands aside, and ultimately falls down and worships. Sometimes, a lot of noise is produced only to die down. The monuments of human achievement are a standing witness of silent endeavour and sustained inner enthusiasm. Noise, like a bubble, bursts into nothingness. In the Japanese people, we have the living example of co-ordinated enthusiasm functioning creatively and silently. True enthusiasm never turns dim under the burden of strain and stress. Misguided enthusiasm does more harm than good. Enthusiasm must be directed through disciplined channels of knowledge and awareness—a consciousness of our failures as well as of our strength.

The Chinese invasion of India created a state of national emergency. The enthusiasm of the people to rise as one man against the Chinese menace knew no bounds. The paramount need of sustaining the people's enthusiasm that burst forth so spontaneously cannot be over-emphasised. Our Jawans poured forth their lives in a supreme and ever memorable sacrifice. The rich and poor alike donated their all apparently without any reservation. The forces for integration were making great headway. A great many pretensions taking advantage of the national emergency put on new garbs and paraded in the high and by-ways. But the question of questions is whether this unlimited national enthusiasm has met with a proper response or whether it has been completely watered down by the gutter. The enumeration of things that are being attempted or the actual achievements as pointed out by interested parties does not fully answer the question whether the unmeasurable enthusiasm that all of us actually witnessed and felt has been mobilised fully for national and social ends. Is it true that this genuine enthusiasm that one came across in every nook and corner of India has been allowed to die a natural death? Where has this enthusiasm gone? Why? Has it brought about a new day in our national history? Has it welded us like the Rock of Gibraltar? If the response was inadequate and even if part of this enthusiasm was allowed to dissipate at dead ends, the upshot will be dismal.

Enthusiasm is a means to an end. What is the end we are striving for? Although the Chinese menace has come and gone for the time being at least, the total mobilization of this unprecedented enthusiasm towards our ultimate goal is still the lingering challenge that the nation faces. Our history

Jane

By S. BUKHT

THE newspaper office for which I work is situated in the centre of the busy city of Delhi. For the better part of the day, the place is found humming with sound. But away from the harsh sound or horns, in a little room at the end of a small corridor is my office. Once you are inside the door the screeching of tyres and hooting of horns are only faintly audible.

I was very fortunate in getting into this office, because often journalists who have been newly admitted in any company have to work under trying circumstances. However, our boss was a kind-hearted man and since the office position had been lying vacant, it was allotted to me. Perhaps it was because I was new to the place as well as to the work, that the people were extremely helpful. They did everything to encourage me in my job which was to write short feature stories for the paper.

A month had elapsed since I had joined the staff and Christmas was just two days ahead. I looked forward to it very much since it would be the first holiday since I had begun to work, and since as yet I had not seen the whole of the city, I planned to go for a pleasure ride.

Unfortunately, all my plans were shattered that afternoon. The editor called me and told me that he wanted two stories from me for that week. One of them would be the usual feature but the other he wanted me to write was to be something about Christmas. I didn't want to tell him that I had planned something else. So I agreed to think up something special. Besides I knew that if I were to make some progress in my rank, I should be prepared to work overtime.

Back at my little office I tried to figure out something with a background of Christmas. I racked my brain for a story for hours and yet I could find no solution. At the end of the day, I found that I had not yet got started on my regular feature. The following day, quite determined to finish at least one of my stories, I set to work on it. The job was not too difficult since I had already thought of the plot and all I had to do was to bang away at the keys of my typewriter. However, with all the shaping and reshaping it took me a complete day to finish my first story. I had yet one more to write and it was already Christmas Eve.

As I was pacing the floor of the room trying to think up something, a sudden idea flashed into my mind. It was just a fraction of a second but in that instant I knew what the story would be about. Why not write

and our future largely depend upon this heroic and soul-absorbing attempt to assess this emotional factor and divert it into creative channels before it dies a natural death.

about the first Christmas itself? It is usually my habit to note the points of my story on a slip of paper and then begin doing the actual typing. But since it was getting late and the printers were waiting for my story, I got working straight away. Within another four hours of tiring work I managed to finish it just in time to be checked over and then go into print. It was Christmas Eve. Time, 7-30 p.m.

I stepped out of the building into the chill air. The chillness seemed to slap me in the face and I was fully awakened from the pleasant world of fiction to the modern world of noise and tension. That year the Christmas crowd, in spite of the cold, was large and merry and the traffic was swelling up every minute. I had to wait for quite some time before I was able to cross over. On the other street opposite to our office was a sweetmeat shop. I paused to buy a packet of 'barfi'. While the shopkeeper was weighing out the sweets, a light and small figure pressed against the show-case window watching the sweets with hungry eyes. The girl caught me watching her and looked at me with a face that almost brought tears into my eyes. I could stand anything in this world, but there was one thing that I hated most of all, and that was seeing children hungry and starving. I had experienced it all years before and I knew what it felt like.

She watched me intently as I took the sweetmeat packet from the shopkeeper. I could not but feel a little bit guilty and so going towards the little girl, I offered her some. She hesitated, looked up into my face and when she saw my reassuring smile, decided to take a piece. I watched her as she ate first slowly and then more and more quickly, her face beaming with happiness. When she had finished the first piece she merely looked down on the floor moving one of her feet slowly sideways.

'Go ahead,' I said trying to sound gentle, 'take another piece.' At first she didn't move and then slowly she picked out a sweet from the box I was holding.

'Waiting for mummy?' I asked.

She didn't reply but merely shook her head. I ought to have realized that before. No mother would have left her child out in the cold with those flimsy clothes on.

'What are you doing out here?' I asked, handing her the box of sweets, which she acknowledged with a beautiful smile.

'I am just watching the people. They look so happy,' she paused for a moment as though trying to recollect something, 'but after all they should be happy today.'

'What's your name?' I asked.

'Aren't you happy?' she asked looking up at me.

'Of course, I am,' I replied truthfully, 'but I want you to tell me your name.'

'Oh,' she said, 'just call me Jane.'

I felt that she was trying to avoid all personal questions and so in spite of the fact that I was eager to know more about her, I did not ask her any further questions. Previously, when I had come out of the office, I had been feeling very tired and dejected but now the presence of this girl sent a strange wave within me. Suddenly I felt wonderfully refreshed and happy.

We stood there before the shop, before I finally asked her, 'Well Jane, why don't you take a walk along with me? It might warm you up.'

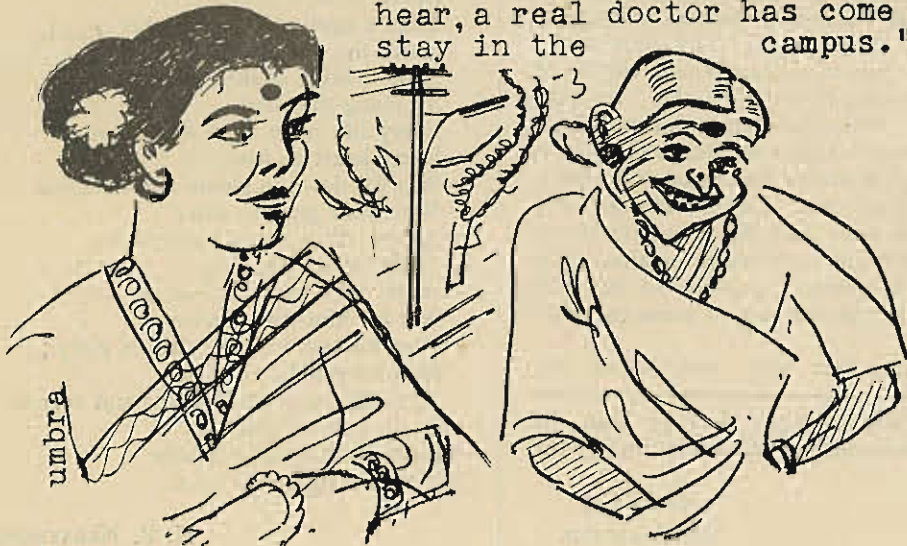
Without saying anything she caught my outstretched hand, and we quickly moved towards the park at the far end of the street. When she had put her hand into mine, I noted how cold they were.

At the end of the street from where we were to cross to the park, was the clothes shop. In the show-case were displayed several types of clothes, most of which were for children. In the show-case towards the left was a little model of a child exhibiting a woollen pullover. This little display caught the attention of my little Jane. She stared at it and tears began to fill her eyes. She didn't say anything, but as she was about to turn and follow me she saw a child wearing the same pullover pass just a little distance

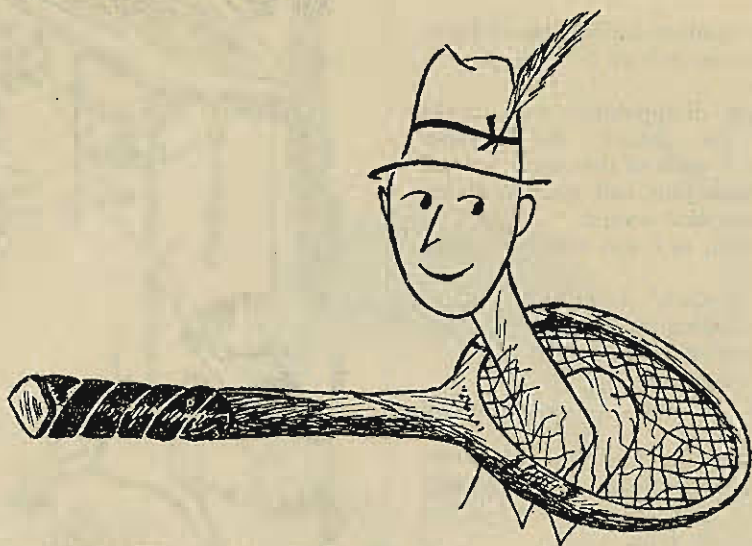
(Continued on page 8)

"How is your daughter today?"

"There are so many doctors in our campus. Not one was able to cure my daughter! At last, I hear, a real doctor has come to stay in the campus."



Sportfolio



FACE TO FACE—I: R. Krishnan

Campastimes News Service, March 16. Tennis is a game played the world over. Here, in India, it is becoming more and more popular. We have had great tennis players in the past—Dilip Bose, Charanjiva, Sawhney, Ghaus Mahomed, Sumant Misra, Narendranath and Naresh Kumar but none as great as Ramanathan Krishnan. He is the symbol of Indian tennis and, undoubtedly, the greatest India has ever produced.

Campastimes had the pleasure of interviewing him at his residence in Mylapore. Questions were sprung at him and he answered with a certain candour which did not fail to impress. It would be of some interest to know of Krishnan's ascent up the tennis ladder.

When asked: 'Why did you take to the game, Mr. Krishnan?' he replied, 'Because my father was a tennis player and it was he who introduced me to the game. Perhaps it is in my blood to play tennis.'

Krishnan's first appearance was in the Stanley Cup Tournament in September 1950 on Loyola courts. Though only thirteen, and in school, he was allowed to play. He won, and was the first schoolboy to claim the title. Since then, he has been playing regularly and seriously. He won the National Junior and other titles the same year and played other tournaments. In 1951 he played in the senior tournaments in Madras, but met with little success. In 1952 he was the state champion and also South India's number one player. Mainly due to rigorous training and advice from his father he was able to improve and shape his tennis. In 1952 summer he toured Europe. He returned home after two months gaining some experience. In 1953 the Maharaja of Mysore sent him abroad and this trip gave him the necessary tournament experience. In December 1953 he was nominated by the A.I.L.T.A. to represent India in the Davis Cup against Belgium in Perth, Australia. Sumant Misra, the present honorary Secretary of the Lawn Tennis Association, was the captain of the two man team. During the trip, he improved a lot and played in several exhibition matches in the Far East. Krishnan then returned to Calcutta and won for the first time the National Singles title beating Jack Arkinstall of Australia. It was a good season on the whole for Krishnan and an important event in his tennis career.

In 1954 Krishnan won the Junior Wimbledon Title beating Ashley Cooper. During his college days Krishnan managed somehow to combine tennis with his studies. 'I played as much as I could but not as much as I wanted to. I loved the game but did not want to sacrifice my studies,' said he. In March 1957, he passed the B.A. (Hons) examination. He then concentrated more on his tennis and improved considerably as a result of match practice. He reached the semi-finals at Wimbledon in both 1960 and 1961. During this period he won over almost all the top players at one time or other. Laver, Fraser and Emerson were no exceptions. He has been ranked among the first ten in the world for the past four years.

- Q. 'Other than tennis, what do you like most about your tours abroad?'
- A. 'What I enjoyed most is visiting various countries and meeting people of different customs, habits and religions. During my career I have always found people very kind and hospitable. I have had an enjoyable time wherever I went.'
- Q. 'What do you think of Wimbledon?'
- A. 'From the point of view of tennis, Wimbledon is naturally the best place. Not only because it is a World Championship but also because it is a most perfect tournament. Behind it is a masterpiece of organisation and one cannot but play his best.'
- Q. 'What do you think of tennis in India today?'
- A. 'Tennis is becoming more and more popular in our country now and faci-



ties are far more than ever before. It is up to the youngsters to take advantage of the situation and do the necessary hard work.'

- Q. 'What is the secret of your success?'
- A. 'Determination and toil on the court. This is the only way to success. There does not seem any short cut to reach the top.'
- Q. 'What do you think of Balram? We hear a lot about him in the papers.'
- A. 'He is a young boy, thirteen or fourteen years old. I played with him in the first round of the nationals and found him promising. For his age he plays a very decent game and hits the ball cleanly all times. This is a very good sign. I hope he comes up someday.'
- Q. 'How do you keep fit for your matches?'
- A. 'I play continuously in tournaments and this is the best way to keep fit. Also I play some squash when I have the time. I find it gives a lot of exercise and one can keep fit playing this game.'
- Q. 'What do you think of the players from West Germany?'

A. 'In Europe, Germany is one country where tennis has improved a lot during the past few years. Buding, Bungert and Kuhnke are the best bunch of youngsters in Europe today. They should form a very good Davis Cup team for Germany.'

Q. 'Why is Laver getting beaten so badly in all his matches against the professionals?'

A. 'It is quite evident that he is not good enough to win. He has been beaten quite convincingly.'

Q. 'Will you be at Wimbledon this year?'

A. 'Yes, I hope to go this summer.'

Q. 'I think you should meet with lesser opposition than you did last year.'

A. 'Well, there are a lot of tough players, you know. Though one turns professional, three or four come up from the lower ranks.'

Q. 'But don't you think you could win it this year?'

A. 'I shall try my best but it is difficult to say.'

More than a tennis player, Krishnan is a perfect gentleman. His court manners are impeccable. The recent Davis Cup matches bear witness to the fact. Krishnan plays an inspiring game. His service, though not very powerful, is extremely accurate and consistent. His back-hand returns are a treat to watch. He excels in drop volleys and passing shots. In short, he has all the qualities (and more) of a good tennis player. We do hope he wins Wimbledon this year. Best of luck Mr. Krishnan and may there be more Krishnans to come!

Space Pilot

BY PRABHAT KUMAR

He had the strange feeling that someone was eyeing him, as he sat musing over his visit home for the week from which he was returning now. He had been on a week's special leave to visit his parents before he was to be sent up on the dangerous flight. He had been asked to stay away from strangers, especially from foreigners, as far as possible. He thought of the queer food he had to take. It was in the form of paste, and he had to take a spoonful at a time.

He sensed the feeling of awe, an odd feeling that he was being watched. It was then that he saw the girl sitting on a seat a short distance away from him. He had a glimpse of her, but in that glimpse he could see that it was a face he had never seen before. He was strangely attracted by it. He had an impulse to go and start a conversation with her. He stood up and looked around for a seat near her. Then he remembered the warning about not meeting strangers. He sat down again, disappointed. But he felt that she, too, wanted to talk with him. He looked at the seat vacant beside him, and the girl seemed to understand. She gracefully moved over to the vacant seat. She wanted to speak, but it seemed she did not know how to start. Finally, she asked in a sweet but restrained voice, 'Are you—Major Donald Strass—of the US Air Force?'

Donald, called Don by his friends, was stupefied and could not answer, but groped desperately for a reply. He wondered how any woman could know of a top secret man of the US Air Force. But was she just a common woman?

Her answer to his nervous reaction was not very assuring and made him wonder further. She said, 'I know,—you are the—space pilot working on—Project Moon.'

It was then that he looked fully into her face, fair and square, but only for a moment. It seemed unnatural and unearthly. But still it was beautiful. Her eyes had a strange radiant glow. He could not understand the alien appearance of her face.

Finally he managed to utter a few muffled words.

(Continued overleaf)

Jane—(Continued from page 6)

from her. She paused, looked back to the model in the window and then looked after the young girl till she was out of sight.

Though I knew well what the child wanted, I asked, 'Do you like the sweater?'

'It's beautiful,' she said in a strange voice. I knew she was trying to hold back her tears. I went back to look at the price tag. It didn't cost much. Usually, I am not in the habit of carrying unnecessary money with me but on this occasion I found that I had enough to buy the little pullover. So I went into the shop with Jane and helped her to buy the colour she wanted. You should have seen the glow of happiness on her face. I had seen children but never before had I seen the manifestation in so clear form as then.

'Thank you, Mr. James' she paused shyly. 'It's really very kind of you.'

She must have said more after that but I didn't listen. How did she know my name, I wondered.

'Jane,' I said as I helped her to put on her sweater in the park. 'How do you know my name?'

'Oh that, Mr. James, is a great secret. If I told you, my father would be very angry. Isn't the wool very soft and warm, Mr. James?' she said, looking at me.

'Of course,' I said absently for I was still trying to figure out how she knew my name. I was sure I had never known her before.

I reckon she wasn't feeling shy anymore, for she was gaily chatting about the place she lived in.

'It's such a wonderful place, Mr. James,' she was saying, 'We never quarrel and all the neighbours love each other. Oh, how I wish you could be there; then we could talk all we wanted.'

'Why don't you take me there?' I asked mildly.

'I am sure you will come there some day, Mr. James,' she replied.

I looked questioningly at her but she turned her eyes away. Silently we watched the traffic role by with Jane resting against my side.

'Won't you tell me something about your father?' I said. There was no reply. I looked and said loudly, 'Jane!' Still there was no reply. A sudden fear crept into my mind. Even up to this day, I don't know why. Was she dead?

'Jane, Jane!' I called out.

'Mmmmm...' came a faint reply.

I felt relieved. 'Come on Jane, wake up, Jane.'

Slowly she opened her eyes and looked into my scared face.

'Oh, I am sorry, Mr. James. I had just gone off to sleep.'

'Come on Jane, let's go for a drink. I'm thirsty,' I said.

'I am thirsty, too,' she chimed in.

We went to a nearby restaurant and ordered some hot tea. I watched her sip the tea. After that we stepped out in the cold night again and walked aimlessly, and then crossed over to the main street again. Finally we came to a little spot from where we had a grand view of the city. It looked so charming that I paused to admire the view. I don't know for how many minutes I stood gazing there before I finally remarked, 'Doesn't the city look enchanting from here, Jane?'

There was no reply.

I looked around, but there was no Jane. In the distant I caught sight of a figure hurrying. I knew at once that it must be Jane. Suddenly I felt that I must speak to her and started out towards her with quick strides. I saw her look back and at sight of me she hurried her steps. Then she took a bend to the left. By the time I had reached the bend, a girl was seen entering a church which was about a hundred yards away. The child was also wearing a red sweater. I felt sure that it must be Jane. I rushed towards the door excitedly and into the silent sacredness.

All was quiet in there, except for the sound of weeping from a corner. I know it must be Jane. So I went over to the last bench and said, 'Are you angry with me, Jane?'

The weeping ceased suddenly and the

crouched figure raised its head from its cupped hands and looked intently at me. It was not Jane.

'Sorry,' I said apologetically, 'but did you see another girl come in here?'

'No,' she said.

I felt extremely disappointed and slowly walked out of the church. As I walked along the street I noticed that there was an orphanage. Perhaps Jane had gone in there. I rang the doorbell and waited.

'Yes,' said a nun, as I was scrutinising the place.

'Excuse me, Mother,' I said trying to sound calm, but feeling far from it, 'Is there a girl by the name of Jane?'

'Jane what?' she asked.

'I don't know, Mother,' I said feeling somewhat abashed.

'Wait a minute,' she said and disappeared into the interior. Soon she appeared again with a little girl. She was much too small to be my little Jane.

'I am sorry for the trouble, Mother, but this is not the girl.'

She must have felt the disappointment that my voice carried for she replied, 'I'm sorry. We can't be of any help.'

As I walked towards the main street strange thoughts began to rush into my head. Some of them were even silly. My imagination was running wild. Suddenly a passage from the Scripture flashed into my mind:

The King will say to those who are on his right hand. . . : For I was hungry and you gave me food, thirsty and you gave me a drink; I was a stranger and you brought me home, naked and you clothed me.

MATT. 25: 34-36.

Space Pilot—(Continued from page 7)

'Please, call me Don—if you don't mind, Miss—'

His voice trailed off. He knew denial was useless because the girl seemed to know enough about him. She completed his sentence promptly.

'Daisy, please.'

Don was still wondering about the alien face. He dared look into it only once. She was watching him all the time. Somehow he liked her. Probably his fascination for the unknown. Truth was, he was fascinated by her.

The train rumbled to a dead stop. Before he could get out of the compartment, she managed to say, 'Meet me at the Military Park at 8.00 tonight.' Don said 'Yes' and hurried out to his friends with an expression of fear shrouded by mock cheerfulness. His nerves were shaken, but his Project Moon colleagues made no remark on it.

He could not work well enough in his office. His nerves grew shaky as the hour hand reached seven. He had had three cups of coffee during the last hour, but they had made him only more nervous. Four questions came up again and again in his mind and dwindled away in a maze leaving him confused—Who was Daisy? What did she want from him? How did she come to know of Project Moon? How will she manage to come into a garden well guarded by the Military Police? Don was restless, and at a quarter to eight he left the office and started walking up and down the garden. He longed to have a chat with this girl though he had a feeling of awe of her. He was fascinated by her expression.

The minute hand slowly crept to 12. He looked around him expecting to see Daisy. Suddenly he felt something soft and warm on his shoulder. He took it into his hands utterly surprised to find it was a woman's hand. He turned round to see the face of Daisy with a broad, mocking smile on it. She motioned him into the shadow and said in a clear but hesitating sweet voice with a very unearthly accent, 'You must be wondering who I am. Well, I am a—Martian. We Martians look very much like you people of the Earth.'



"....I wonder if Blackie reads Campastimes..."

Daisy could clearly see the surprise and an expression of fear on Don's face. Besides her duty, she did not know why she was personally interested in the welfare of Don.

She carried on in her queer accent, 'I learnt your language; but I cannot speak it very well. I have been sent out from Mars to tell you that—we Martians—farther advanced in science than you—your space helmet—it is not enough to stop radiation. We want to help you—and here is a metal suitable for your helmet.'

Don reached out for the piece of metal, but with a definite sign of hesitancy. He was surprised and suddenly afraid of the girl and the whole trip to the moon. What should he do? Should he tell the Security Police? The girl seemed to like him. Should he talk with this alien girl again? He was jolted to reality when Daisy said as if reading his mind, 'Don't be afraid of me. But tell your—Security Police. They cannot catch me. I want—to help you. Every evening at—eight you can talk with me, if you are—alone. Good night, Don.'

'Good night, Daisy', was the feeble reply.

For a moment Don stood dazed, thinking what to do. Should he tell the Security Police? What is this metal? Why does the girl try to help him? His mind was in a turmoil. This new thought made him afraid. He panicked and rushed to the Security Police and told them that he had met a strange girl in the garden. The President of Project Moon was the receiver of the strange metal.

Don was then shifted to a well guarded flat in the Palmer Rocket Base in Florida. The six-stage rocket was being given a last check. It was Don's last night and he was to relax fully to be ready for the great ordeal ahead of him. He went to bed early that day and started dreaming about the rocket 'Luna'. How would he get into it the following morning and man his controls? What? Is that girl Daisy? Yes, it was Daisy entering the rocket with him. He woke up with a start. The girl again! He heard her saying, 'I will see you in the rocket, Don!'

Was he dreaming? No. He reached out for the switch and put on the light. There was no sign of anyone in the room. It wasn't cold, but he was shivering. The door was bolted. He became wide awake when he heard that sweet voice with that queer accent. Slowly he collected his thoughts and called out. The Security Inspector came in. Don was dripping in sweat. He asked the Inspector in a shaky voice, 'Did you see anyone around just now?'

'Sir? No—No, Sir! N—none! But I felt there was someone in this room. What happened, Sir? Did...?'

Don was not listening. He was thinking about Daisy and the sentence he had heard said in her sweet voice.

He tried to go back to sleep, but still he dreamt of Daisy. What could he do?

Foreign Export—(Continued from page 3)

matters. But the one matter on which the contract was not silent, was the question of remuneration which was considerable by any standard. And this was a point which the expert did not overlook.

For the next six months, the expert was taken on an extensive bullock-cart tour of Mangoland. He insisted on seeing every nook and corner of the State, and as this could not be done in six months, his contract was extended for another six months, and the remuneration was doubled. When he, finally, returned to the capital, all Mangoland was there to receive him and accord him a hero's welcome. He, however, refused to make any statement on his findings, as he had to analyze and co-ordinate all the information he had gathered.

His contract was again extended to enable him to make a detailed report on the proposed harbour. The report was a long discourse on the considerations that go into the selection of a suitable site for a harbour and its actual construction. He ended his report on a rather pessimistic note, as he was forced to come to the conclusion that a harbour for Mangoland was not a very feasible proposition. The reason he gave was that Mangoland was land-locked and had no exit to the open sea. He, of course, did not forget to support his findings which the unassailable evidence of a proper map.

Space Pilot—(Continued)

He woke up late in the morning and got busy preparing for the launching of the rocket. At 10 a.m. he walked to the beautiful, majestic rocket poised on its launching pad. He did not notice the large gathering cheering him as he climbed into the lift.

Only 27 years old, Don was tall and handsome. He was the youngest of the team of twelve astronauts under training.

The seat was constructed to his size. Another seat was lying vacant beside him (the rocket had originally been designed for two astronauts). The long countdown had begun: 10...9...8...7...6...5...4...3...2...1...0. The rocket shuddered and remained very still for a few moments. Then it began to rise and gain speed. The gravity, now 8g, pressed him down into the soft seat.

He had reached the stratosphere. Then the force was 1g again as the first stage was jettisoned. This process was repeated thrice and suddenly he found himself in free fall.

With the same suddenness his controls grew hazy. He changed course. He saw General Drake, Chief of Staff, Project Moon, on his TV screen shouting at him to turn the rocket into course. The rocket went further out of course. A picture built up in his mind. It was Daisy. Was she affecting him in any way? He was frantic. He froze and could not move the stick but stared at the TV screen where he could see the General shouting and waving at him frantically, white with rage.

Don trembled with unknown fear when something soft touched his shoulder. He tried to jump, but he was still strapped down to his seat. He gasped when he turned and saw Daisy, dressed in a peculiar looking Martian space suit, smiling at him.

Slowly he said, 'You there?'

'Surprised, Don? Didn't I tell you—last night?' She had the same sweet, mocking smile on her face. 'Keep on the present course,' she said.

The General was still shouting, but they did not listen to him.

Don was not so afraid of Daisy now. Suddenly he felt deeply interested in her. He wanted to know about her life. His fear had gone, but he still had that feeling of awe. She came and sat down in the vacant seat beside him.

Finally he said, 'Tell me more about you, Daisy.'

She started speaking in her strange accent, but he accepted it because he seemed to understand her better now.

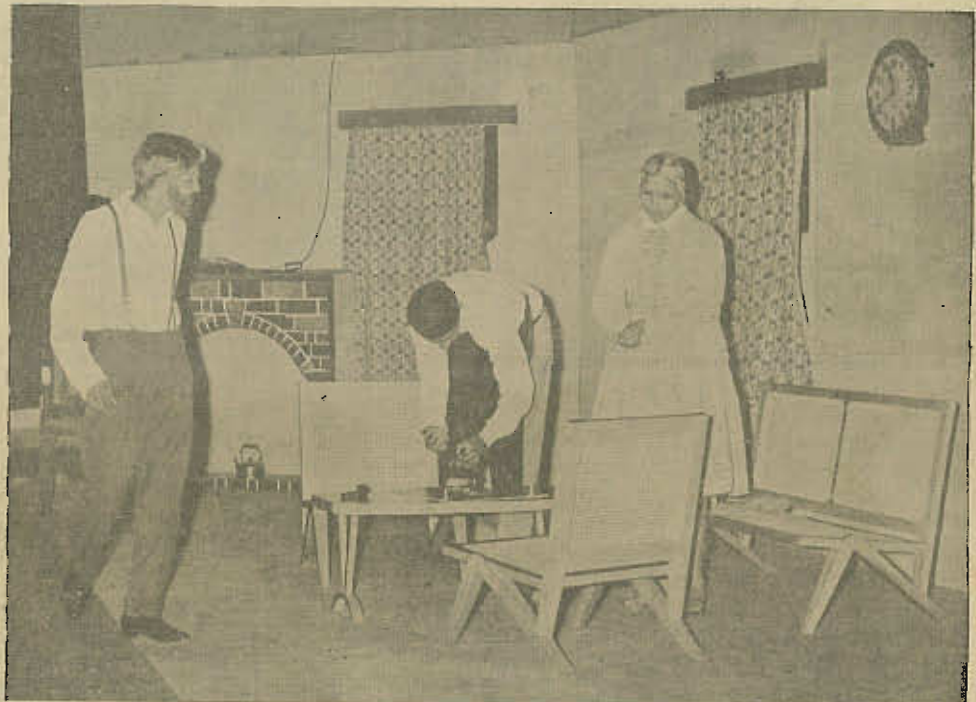
'I am the daughter of one the greatest Martian scientists, Don. I love space and

the people on the Earth, because they are—so like ourselves. We sent our space-ships—you call them flying saucers. They landed in parts with no civilization, but still some of our people were seen, because they are about eight feet tall. We learnt your language and tried to speak it. Language brains do the translating and teaching on Mars. We wanted to make contact with you. I was short like the people on the Earth, and I was sent to bring you—safely to Mars. We want to be your friends. I liked you from the beginning and tried to help you. We Martians are two hundred years ahead of you in science. We want you to learn more about rocketry. Now, I am taking you to live...' she hesitated and seemed confused. Don tried to encourage her with a 'Yes?' Daisy continued with an uncertain voice but in a different tone, '...with us. You will learn more about us. Then we will go back to the Earth—if you want. You can then try to ask your friends to make contact with us.'

They were disturbed by General Drake shouting at the top of his voice, 'Yes, we want to make contact with the Martians!' Don said a curt 'Yes, Sir!' and reduced the volume of the TV.

Daisy carried on in a more normal voice, 'Now, we are going to the—Interplanetary Space Station. From there we shall proceed in a Hyperdrive Space-Ship which goes at half the speed of light. We will go to Mars and—' Her voice trailed off.

Don looked up. Their eyes met and Daisy looked away.



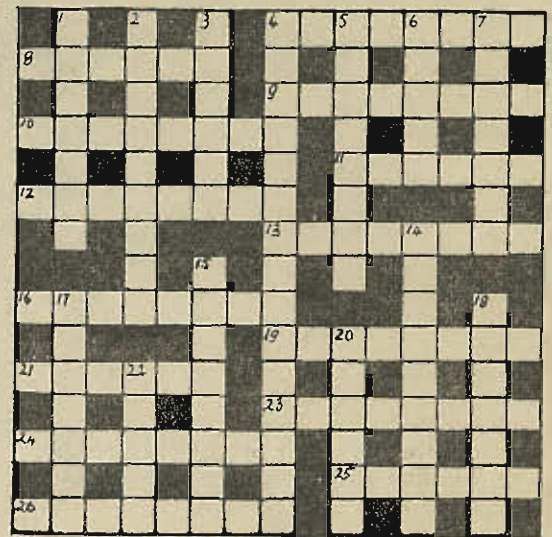
General Drake was frantic but did not speak till Daisy has stopped. He was desperate. He had tried every means to bring back the rocket-ship or to set it back to course. It had all been in vain. The screen was growing fainter. He was trembling. The other officers in the room showed pallid countenances, as if they had seen a ghost. The General was shouting for Don but without response. Don was busy. The General's voice had by now become a hoarse whisper. He sat there like a man come out of a grave. Then he saw Don get up and say hesitatingly, 'I—I love you, Daisy!'

The screen was very faint now. Still, he saw Don move towards the girl. They embraced, he saw their lips meet, and then the image blurred away as the screen went black.

For a moment, General Drake sat at the edge of his chair holding the sides with all his might. Then he got up shakily and stumbled to the other room and fell on to a bench. He asked the technician in a hoarse, angry voice, 'What happened to the screen?'

The technician was trembling all over. He could not answer for a few seconds. Then he managed to say, 'Sir, we - - we - - lost contact!'

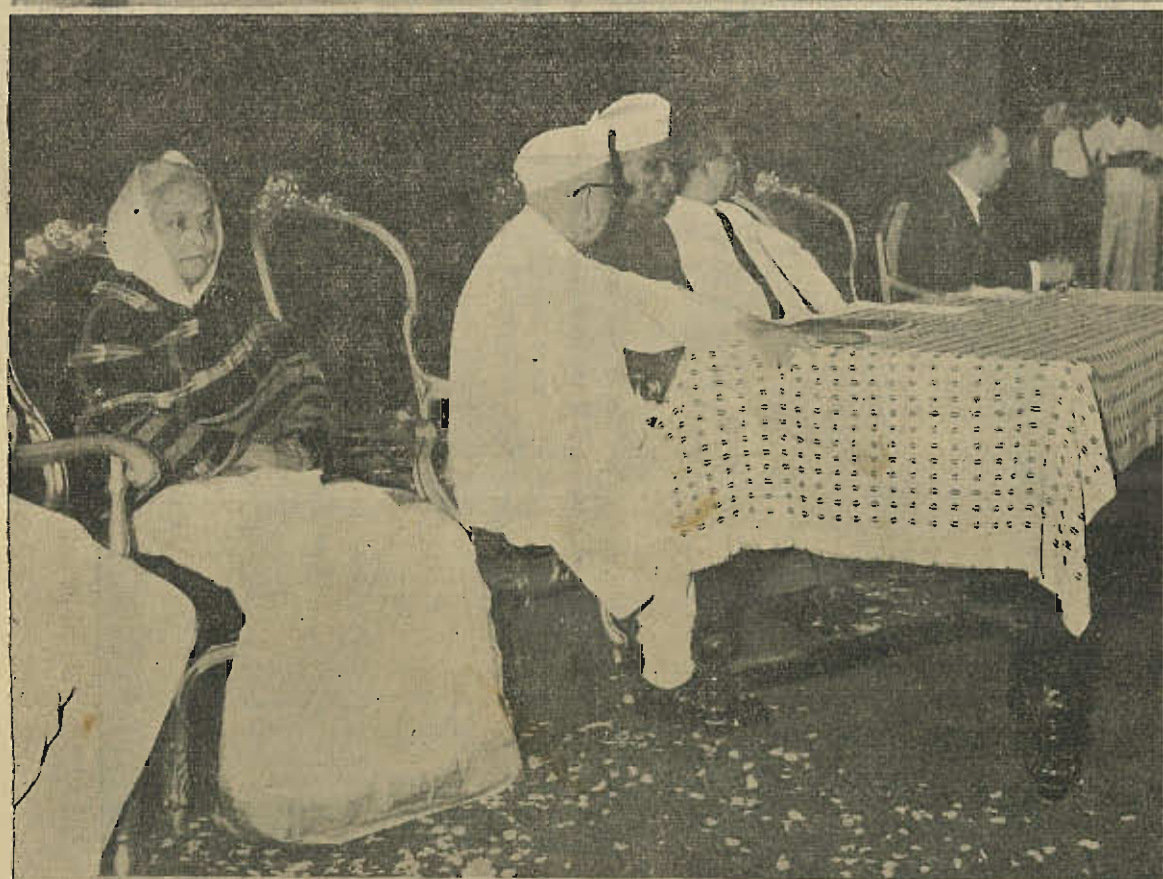
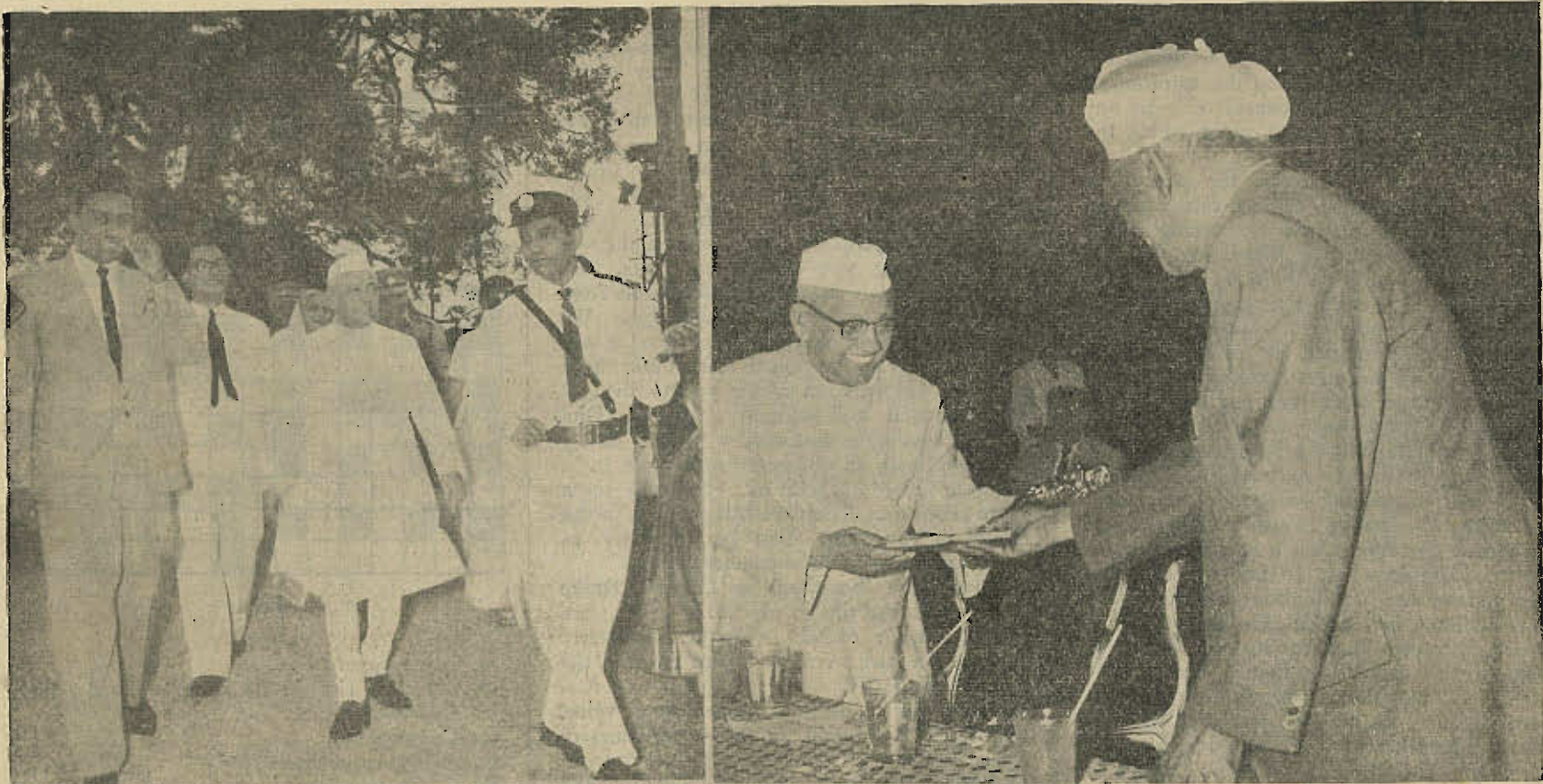
General Drake got up, and all he could say was, 'Damn you... that face!' before he fell heavily on the bench his brain in a turmoil.

SQUARE DANCE No. 5**Clues****Across**

4. See 1 down
8. It's her sin maybe, but obviously he shines (6)
9. Conquer (8)
10. Ate locus maybe to kiss (8)
11. When you are at the end of this, you seem quite lost (6)
12. Pirbright of Wodehousian fame (8)
13. Not reign—not leaving (8)
16. In a plant it's a banana (8)

Down

19. Eat Tubal and set up a table! (8)
21. Nation to smear with oil (6)
23. Frankly speaking! (8)
24. This lover was advised,
'Turn you where your lady is,
'And claim her with a loving kiss'. (8)
25. Die lex, was sent away from the land (6)
26. The French Setter, jumbled to settle again (8)
1. 4(across) and 20. This flag certainly seems studded with heavenly bodies (3,4,8,6)
2. Ruin the scion, and do what the Chinese have done! (9)
3. It's on your trousers and the batsman has to be in it (6)
4. The penultimate one (in Golf) (11,4)
5. The year in Latin before the London Art Gallery, to comment upon (8)
6. This precedes the groan in wrestling (5)
7. Sea rent from the East (7)
14. Eric's all mixed up with a list to make it look more natural (9)
15. The fisherman may do this (4,1,3) and a Spanish dancer certainly needs one (8)
17. Eagle in the family line? (7)
18. The sappers are all upset about talk,—a hunter maybe (7)
20. See 1 down
22. Progeny to flow out? (5)



*Celebrating
Institute
Day*

PHOTOS: K. MAHESH

