

# Campastimes

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## Mahatma Gandhi

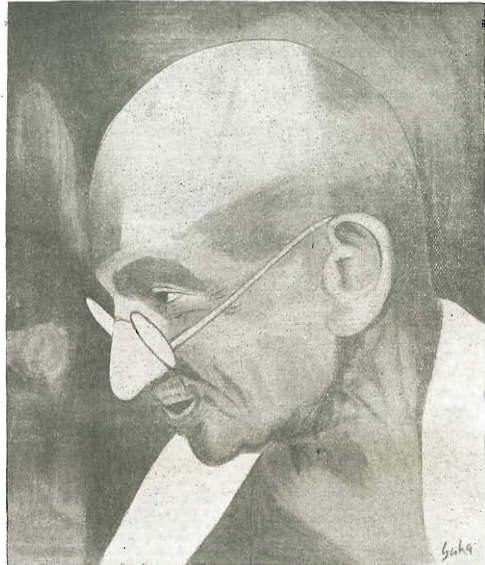
By DR. M. S. VAIRANA PILLAI

A thousand years from now, a historian, surveying the history of India from its ancient past, might pick out not more than half a dozen names of individuals who stand out head over shoulders over their contemporaries for outstanding merit in making life a little more human and meaningful than it had ever been before in Indian life. When we are dead and gone, and sink into oblivion, hardly remembered by posterity even by the names we hear, the name of Mahatma Gandhi will still be remembered and sung by millions as one of India's greatest saviours. While the influence of the Buddha has been far more enduring in international life and thought for over 2500 years, no man, in his own lifetime, was followed by more millions of human beings than was Mahatma Gandhi. When all our names, and practically, the names of all the contemporaries of Gandhiji are forgotten, even then, the one name that will be remembered in Indian history by the future generations of the world will be that of Mahatma Gandhi.

Mahatma Gandhi has attempted and achieved many things in his lifetime. He has been the greatest single force in our national life, and even after his death, his enduring influence over the people has been far more overwhelming than that of most of our living leaders. He lived to see, unlike most of the leaders who attempt great things and strive for great objectives, the independence of India although it brought in its trail the tragic Partition of the country. His *Autobiography* in spotless simple style will ever remain a unique contribution to English literature. His writings and speeches covering a large variety of interests and fields will continue to be a great fund of knowledge for our research scholars to delve into. Some of his sayings and statements are quoted from one end of the country to the other. The Harijan uplift programme has undone the two thousand years of social wrong. The Khadi movement has taken deep roots in India. Though it does not command the same devotion and respect that it once did, even from an employment point of view, it has been a source of help to tens of thousands of spinners and weavers. The sympathy and understanding he consistently extended to mill workers in particular and workers in general have strengthened the trade union movement in this vast continent. He preached a new day for workers and peasants.

The Satyagraha movements that he initiated awakened the political and social consciousness unknown before in Indian history. Mahatma Gandhi was the first man to take politics to the doors of the common man. The epic fasts that he undertook in times of great strain and stress stirred the conscience of India as nothing else had done before. The village uplift programme and the development of cottage industries have come to stay on the Indian soil. Our educational set-up is more and more tending towards the principles of basic education that

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### The Life he Lived

Civilization, in the real sense of the term, consists not in the multiplication, but in the deliberate and voluntary reduction of wants. This alone promotes real happiness and contentment, and increases the capacity for service.

The true source of rights is duty. If we all discharge our duties, rights will not be far to seek.

It is my firm conviction that no man loses his freedom except through his own weakness.

God travels at a snail's pace. Those who want to do good are not selfish, they are not in a hurry, they know that to impregnate people with good requires a long time.

If one takes care of the means, the end will take care of itself.

Monotony is the law of nature. Look at the monotonous manner in which the sun rises. . . . The monotony of necessary occupations is exhilarating and life giving.

For the poor economic is the spiritual.

God turns His back on those who quarrel among themselves.

### A Sonnet on Gandhi

He cannot sleep, he cannot rest in peace,  
He roused an ancient from slumber deep,  
Fought a race that ruled the mighty seas,  
And oft did disturb our guilty sleep.

Prince, peasant and all to their feet did leap,  
Rubbed their eyes and breathed afresh  
with him,  
His glance took them all in a mighty sweep  
The frail sage spoke in accents clear and  
grim

A sea of men flowed out in endless stream  
To unchain our Mother; her eyes grew  
dim  
With tears that rolled down in an endless  
spate,  
The redeemed slave wiped out his ugly  
dream

Of a bygone yoke; the hero's fate  
Bleeding Ind can hardly ever relate.

G. VISWANATHAN

Mahatma Gandhi

(Continued from page 1)

Mahatma Gandhi enunciated. The idea of an Ashram is not new. But Ashrams as Life Centres to train national and constructive workers with specific ends in view was systematically worked out by the Mahatma. The Sarvodaya and Bhoodan—Sramdan movements, seeking to shroud the least among human beings, are more or less off-shoots of the philosophy of Gandhiji in his comprehensive attempt to solve the complex problems of life from the point of view of those who are dispossessed. His overwhelming sense of humanity cut across all national, racial, and religious barriers. If he strove for the independence of the Indian masses, it was not because that these were Indian and that independence was an end in itself; it was because they were part of humanity, and it militated his conscience to see a part of humanity in economic and political bondage. The moral force he generated perplexed and paralysed for a time the mightiest empire that the world has ever known.

Mahatma Gandhi's greatest contribution to India was his magnetic personality and his unflinching touch of humanity that bound widely different people together. Under his flag, Hindus and Muslims, Harijans and Brahmans, Sikhs and Christians, workers and mill-owners, peasants and landlords, North Indians and South Indians sank their differences and united together to make a common cause. Differences in language faded away in his presence. In his presence, a Nehru and a Rajagopalachari, a Kripalani and a Jaya Prakash Narain, a Gaffoor Khan and a George Joseph felt completely at home. Men and women, the poor and the rich, the high and the low, the young and the old, a Panjabee and a Bangalee instantaneously felt the power of his personality which knit them and held them together. He was the greatest single nationalising and integrating force in the nation. Under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, India, for the first time, appeared like a nation.

The glories of this world will surely pass away. Civilizations with all their pomp and show may wither away. Empires and kingdoms may change hands. Power which allows and destroys often chooses new devotees. The invincible capitals of the world may be crumbled into dust and forgotten. But History and Culture will enshrine this, one of the noblest sons of man, in their pages for ages. Human existence loses all its meaning and significance without a Gandhi and Lincoln.

I pondered over Brahmacharya and its implications... It was borne in upon me that I should have more and more occasions for service of the kind I was rendering, and that I should find myself unequal to my task if I were engaged in the pleasures of family life.

In a word I could not live both after the flesh and the spirit. On the present occasion, for instance, I should not have been able to throw myself into the fray had my wife been expecting a baby. Without the observance of brahmacharya service of the family would be inconsistent with service of the community.

..... So thinking I became somewhat impatient to take a final vow. The prospect of the vow brought a certain kind of exultation. Imagination also found free play and opened out limitless vistas of service.

..... On my arrival at Phoenix I eagerly broached the subject of brahmacharya with Chaganlal, Maganlal, West and others. They liked the idea and accepted the necessity of taking the vow, but they also represented the difficulties of the task. Some of them set themselves bravely to observe it, and some, I know, succeeded also.

I too took the plunge—the vow to observe brahmacharya for life.....

MAHATMA GANDHI

## ALONG THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

As I stood on the mountain road overlooking the river flowing in the deep valley below me, I wondered and yet I failed to understand this mysterious nature. From where I stood, I could see a raging river in its unabated fury come rushing from the serene heights with a tremendous source of power and in its wake, it seemed to bring a new spirit of adventure into that mountainous terrain. And as the rising waves struck the massive specimens of ancient rock, little droplets of water splashed hither and thither, The gurgling of this lively river seemed to echo from the hills in the far away distance. And as it wound its way along the valley, it sparkled and glittered in the early dawn. The morning mist was slowly rising above me like a white veil disclosing in the horizon a beautiful landscape. The cold and cruel wind was lashing against me and it seemed as if I would be thrown down the slopes—so great was its power. It was then that I realised the abyss to which I might have gone. It was a deep precipice—full of irregular features and creating a sense of fear to the observer. It was dreadful to fall from there into that chasm of unimaginable dangers.

And as I stood there thus contemplating, my eyes scanned the distance and there along the road, I perceived an old man tottering along. His face had a venerable look. His back was bent with age and even his staff seemed to bend under his weight. His steps were slow and staggered and after every few steps, he stood and panted for breath. He turned back and smiled. Perhaps he was rejoicing at the distance he had covered but once again he looked towards the vanishing road in the horizon and gathering hopeful courage, he moved along. His progress was slow but steady. But as all luck would have it, his weak and infirm step confronted a boulder. He tripped and fell. Soon he was rolling down the enviable precipice. Nothing more was left of him except his faithful staff which had served him for a long time. The river rolled on as if nothing had happened.

It was sometime later that a child playing with a ball came along the perilous route. So absorbed was he in his innocent game that he moved towards the dangerous slopes in a careless manner and unfortunately the ball rolled down over the deep precipice. And as the child watched the ball go far and far away from him, his hands reached out for it, but some intuition prevented him from following the course of his plaything.

Thus, many a traveller passed along the dangerous route. And as I stood there musing, I felt that the life of man itself was one arduous struggle to reach the Pinnacle of Perfection and along the path to that goal were imminent dangers unthought of by him before. Each one has to fight the battle of life in his own way and capacity. Some may be fortunate; some may be foolish; but every one has to reach the inn of happiness by one's own sheer spirit of adventure and belief that they can do what is necessary and just. The aged may look upon their past with happiness and leave behind them a legacy of their rich experience and it's for the young men to fight their way to the goal with the aided experience of the past.

KRIPANARAYANAN

\* \* \* \*

What cannot be followed out in day-to-day practice cannot be called religion.

MAHATMA GANDHI

## 'PRISONER FOR EVER'

The night was young—the jail clock had just struck nine. The sleep was miles away from his eyes. He lay there, thinking, on the hard floor, which continuity of use had softened.

He had used the same spot for sleeping for the last fourteen years;

And he had slept most of the nights. But tonight was different in the sense that it was the last night he was to spend in jail. Next day he knew freedom would rise with the sun. He will no longer be a prisoner—bound by the four walls of his cell.

'Maybe life would change a lot.'

He thought. It had to. There is a difference between liberty and captivity.

Fourteen long years back he had come to the jail on a charge of double murder. He remembered it all, but had never thought about it.

But tonight he was retrospecting. He was twenty-five when his father had died leaving him in charge of a big, flourishing business.

He was old enough to feel his responsibility and young enough not to take it. But eventually everything had started working out alright. After a few set-backs, he had smoothed out his path. Everything started going on fine.

Then had started his travels, his enjoyments and his affairs. He liked to work hard and live fast. The life had gone on for some years like that. He was having a 'go' at life, but not at the expense of his business. He had fallen in love many a time, but his love of freedom and independence, which he prized above everything else, had kept him a bachelor.

He was convinced that if a book 'Excuses for husbands' was written, it shall be read by every wife in the world.

It was just that he wasn't prepared to take the risk of marriage. Life was great, as great as it could be. He did what he felt like and nobody asked any questions.

Life had gone on smoothly, till the day he found out that he was in love with Kamini. One day in the earlier parts of their acquaintance he had rang her up and she said she couldn't come out with him that evening. He had felt sad, and since that was unusual he knew he was in love. Suddenly he had started wanting to get married. Two months later they were lovers and would have got married but for another man who had entered the picture to complete the vicious triangle. Kamini's behaviour had started showing a marked change and he began feeling the impending disaster to his life. It was too much for him; not because he had not lost a girl before, that had been his life, but because this time he had fallen in love. He knew that life without Kamini wasn't worth anything. He felt that she had no right to deceive him like that and he wasn't going down to take it lying down.

One day he had asked her for the final answer and she had said 'No.'

Next, he had murdered them both. Police didn't have to catch up with him. It was he who caught up with them and surrendered himself half an hour later.

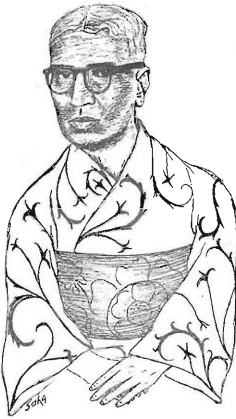
Then had followed the trial. He had sat sullenly through the endless stream of arguments. The prosecution tried their best to get him hanged. The 'amieus curiae' didn't try his best to defend him so he had got life imprisonment.

When the judgement was read he was dumb-founded because he had never thought anything wrong with his action. He hadn't defended himself because he thought what he had done was that any man with blood in his veins would have done.

'I must have been insane' thought he, as the clock struck three in the morning. Then he had come to jail. In the beginning he was defiant and sulky. But very quickly he had

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PERSONALITIES—(3)



PROF. KRISHNAMURTHY

Professor Krishnamurthy has brought I.I.T. onto the academic map. As he is sitting up and taking notice that a professor from I.I.T. has been chosen to represent India at a World Conference. He went to Tokyo, as we all know, for the World University Service Conference. 'I did, twelve thousand miles, my boy' he boomed and added as an afterthought 'noth at one stretch of course.'

He gave a delightful talk in Narmada Hostel soon after the Group Discussion, and was forced to dispense with the services of the milk. In class too, it would be farcical to say the usual 'can't hear you, sir'!

His long experience as a lecturer and later the Principal of Pachappa's College has made him a past master in the art of handling students. The boys stand in awe of that imposing personality. One day I heard the following conversation outside the Humanities Department.

A boy: Go on in and get your marks, I say.

Another boy: (peeping in) No fears, Krishnamurthy is in there!

The Prof. has a unique approach to teaching English. When he taught us Pygmalion last year he used to modulate his tone and pronunciation according to the situation in the play. It was comical to see the expressions on the faces of passers-by when he shouted like Higgins or plainerly when he shouted like Higgins or plainerly howled like Eliza. In fact on one occasion, he enacted a sequence in a scene which was so sudden and ferocious, that some workers in the corridor dropped their equipment and fled. However this served to make the class lively and any drowsy feeling induced by the previous lecture was rapidly dispelled. ('can't sleep' one boy complained, 'too much noise'!).

1. Never come to class without two things; book.

2. Write down the meaning of a word explained by him, in the margin of the page.

Defaulters usually ended up by wishing they had not come at all. But his ferocity is usually short-lived, and after a stern reproof, he continues the lecture on a milder note, as if nothing at all has happened.

As the Head of Department of English he rules with an iron-hand and never brooks any violations of his dictums.

Bad Morning, Sir!

Good morning, Sir!

We use the above expression innumerable times, but on how many mornings have we really felt good? When, on one fine morning we wake up to find that a thief has stolen all the cash and ornaments from the house, we ring up the police, and when the Inspector answers, we first say 'Good morning, sir!' When we are expecting to get a first div. and one morning we are informed that we have failed we run to the Principal's (or Director's) office, and begin the conversation with 'Good morning, sir.' In fact, seldom do we have the fortune of enjoying a really good morning but, all the same, never do we deviate from our great tradition of saying 'Good morning, sir!'

At least as far as I am concerned, there can never be a really good morning unless I have been able to sleep undisturbed till 8 o'clock in the morning. Then only do I feel revived, refreshed and rejuvenated enough to say 'Good morning' from the bottom of my heart. Otherwise, I have the feeling of frustration and disappointment and it is a 'bad morning' or bad 'good morning' (if you prefer). Well, on the 24 Dec., after a hectic day's work, I went to bed at 2 a.m., determined to sleep at least until noon the next day. My boss had invited me to a Christmas Dinner the next evening, and I wanted to go refreshed to the Dinner. I was dreaming of my boss congratulating me at the Dinner for having worked hard until 2 a.m. when suddenly.....rrr.....ing!

Ouch! What was that? I got up with a start, and half frightened, half bewildered looked about for the source of that ringing which had not yet ceased. Then suddenly I found it. It was the alarm clock ringing at 4 a.m. Why had I been careless enough not to notice that the alarm was off before I went to sleep? I put it off now, and lay down again in bed, angry with myself for having spoiled the beautiful dream that I was dreaming.

I lay down in bed again, and was about to sleep, when the young boy upstairs, who is one of the best early morning mug pots that I have ever come across, started memorising his poems. And, of all poems, this one was :-

'Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise'.

As the boy shrieked these words at the top of his voice, the theme of the poem annoyed me as much as the disturbance of my precious sleep. I wanted neither health, nor wealth, nor wisdom, but only sleep.

After half an hour, the boy stopped. I tried to snatch sleep as quickly as possible, and was just about to succeed when my neighbours decided it was time to play music records. This was followed by the resumption of his mugging by the boy upstairs, and the 'boos' and 'peeps' of the cars which had now begun to run on the roads.

Somebody has said, 'Nothing is impossible in the world', but certainly sleep was impossible then. I tried Wordsworth's method of counting sheep, but the only thing that happened was that every time I counted ten sheep, a new record was put on by my neighbours. I tossed about in bed, and was soon full of frustration. It was indeed a bad morning! I decided that if ever I became Mayor of the town or held any position of power, I would order pin-drop silence in the town until 6 a.m. every morning—and anybody violating this law would be executed on the spot.

Finally, I got up from bed, and closed all the windows and put on the latches. I knew

Rumour has it that he was so impressed by his visit to Japan that he is seriously thinking of changing his name to 'Kishamushi'!

M.V.R.

ON PARTINGS AND MEETINGS.

Life, it has been said with derision by some and confirmed by many others consists of a series of partings and separations. It would be taking a very dismal view of life when consciously or unconsciously we launch into jereמידs against life in general and our existence in particular. Paradoxically on a deeper probe of what causes could be sifted out as being the defacto reason for unhappiness is the inevitable vicious cycle constituting a series of partings and meetings.

Viewing life with levity is not uncommon. As if it were a justifiable able nonces people pay dearly by being unhappy for reasons unknown to them. The missing of a lover separated from his beloved is only a signal illustration of the insuperable wave of causes and events that govern our life. Life could be made less noisome if only we could appreciate that beneath the seeming maielstrom of difficulties and unhappiness there persists an unwritten code of life is governed by this fact; throughout our life we could see a series of separations. As children we are attached to each other so much that on separation, as for instance joining different schools we have distinctly felt unhappiness. On joining the hostel we are again separated from those near and dear to us and our unhappiness would be only too apporant were it not to be overwhelmed by that egregious act of Providence that other interests prevail. The bull-dog like tenacity with which a scholar clings to his books, the seemingly anomalous gusts with which a connoisseur of arts clings to his objects d'art and if we can estimate their misery when we separate them from what they like best. The very same thing is present in our lives if we care to analyse it. When we strive to achieve something great and fail to do so we are engulfed in grief; when we lose those near and dear to us we are sad, in all these we can see 'that wave' in operation—i.e. a separation from what we cherish most.

This aspect of life has been diagnosed by various social scientists—the psychologists in particular can trace most of our frustrations to this insidious but nevertheless existing fact—a separation from what we liked most. Many of the delightful novels in literature and short stories are based on this topic. Tagore's short story about a rustic girl Katan and her amorous affairs with a school master makes delightful reading and his conclusion that life is a complex series of meetings and partings is only too true. We could all make life happier and more delightful if we only appreciate that

'There is a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.'

as also their chain of separations and meetings which exists whether we like it or not. 'To seek to rebuke this is only in vain as it disappears only momentarily and then reappears with increased vigour! Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose—No superficial or apparent change alters its essential nature.

V. RANGANATHAN.

this was scientifically bad for health, but who cared for health? All I cared for was sleep.

Soon I was back again in my pleasant dream of the boss congratulating me, and when I got up I felt really revived, refreshed and rejuvenated. Yes, this was indeed a good morning. I looked at my watch to see how much time was left for my boss's dinner to begin. To my surprise, I found that the time was only 6 o'clock. I felt as if I had slept for at least 6 hours. But, as I was keeping the watch back, I happened to glance at the date dial. It read '26'. Imagine my horror! All the boss's congratulations and the lovely cakes and drinks were now actually a dream. Frustration, disappointment and despair came back to me. Once again, bad morning, sir!

T. S. ANANTHU.



## EDITORIAL

### THE CODOPYRIN DRAMA

So much has been said about the unconventional, conventional nature of the administration of medicine that it is sometimes forgotten that earlier techniques have not altogether lost their place in contemporary India. The use of mantras (chanting! devastating?) by the temple priests, therefore, is a helpful reminder that the A.P.C. is not the only medical weapon of the day. Pasture may not have approved of witch craft and it is doubtful if the R. M. O. of any hospital would consider this a potent medical means. But there are times when complete submission to the supernatural forces can turn the tide of sickness. One wonders if the waters of the Adayar would have enjoyed their present reputation if *Pindus* had been successfully induced to believe in his rheumatism. In fact, hearts have given way to smaller reasons. It is said that Siddhartha was rushed to a private nursing home because at the very moment he was suspecting typhoid he was being administered Codopyrin. He was, of course, wrong, and the diagnosis as always correct!! At the same moment, not realising the immensity of his fortune (not to say of the tender care of 'Herr Doktor') and exercising folly a hostelie is known to have wailed, 'take me to a big doctor.'

Karna is known to have bled to the bite of an insect while Dronacharya slept. May be it is to help the more docile Karna of today that there has been instituted a Medical Aid Fund. Unfortunately, while Karna is still bleeding, his Guru, Drona is still sleeping, blissfully unaware of this new organisation. Instituted to give financial assistance at short notice to victims of the Phenacetin, Codeine Phosphate and Acetylsalicylic Acid compounds, this newly (but not so very shortly) instituted fund is already extinct. It is worth pondering if the extinct ever erupt. Vesuvius was silent, not even dormant. But what is most strange, is the utter lack of publicity, which is normally associated with even smaller ventures. Alas, even funds for a fiend do not aleak.

It was the swineherd with the golden goose that cured the mute princess of her malady. Perhaps the great question of our day will be settled by the *riish-munis* of yesterday since witchcraft and demonology are rather scary. Treatment is sweetest when we do not know much about medicine. Now, what about Allopathies.

## Blaise Pascal

Blaise Pascal, French thinker and scientist, was born on June 19, 1623. His main scientific work was concerned with mathematics and the physics of fluids. In philosophy he belonged to what can be called the mystical thinkers. He died at the early age of 39. His 300th death anniversary falls this year.

Out of his experience and reflection he wrote: 'Man is but a reed, the weakest thing in nature; but a thinking reed. . . . It is not from space that I must get my dignity, but from the control of my thought. The possession of whole worlds will give me no more. By space the universe embraces me and swallows me up like an atom, by thought I embrace the universe. . . .'

## NEWS AND VIEWS

SURJIT RANDHAVA

September was a month of historic importance for our Institute. The Directors of the four IITs met in Madras. In the evening the students got a chance to meet them over a cup of tea. Apart from a mass rush towards the tables by about six hundred hungry engineers the rest of the function went off quite well. All the Directors addressed the boys, and the visitors were profuse in their praises for our Institute, particularly the workshops.

The Outdoor Club has had a couple of meetings this term to decide about their activities for this year. Last year, apart from a rock climbing trip and a beach party, the organisation was singularly dormant. This time, however, Dr. Gerhard Rouvé has decided to get something done. His plans include trips out of Madras during the various holidays, boating, skin diving and swimming lessons. (Dr. Rouvé happens to be an expert swimmer). Come on you guys, where are your subscriptions?

Remember Kapur's advertisement for the Film Club in the last issue of *Campastimes*? Ask the crowd that just got a glimpse of Ingrid Bergman in blue before the sound system failed (presumably due to a supply of two instead of a single power phase) about the improvement in their state of frustration and loneliness. Ask me??

One thing I have to really take my hat off to is our Co-operative Stores. Thanks largely to the efforts of Mr. Muthaya it has really got going. They are a bit cramped for space at present but let's hope they can manage to get something bigger.

A lot of road-building is going on around the hostels, complete with neon lights and all. One day, just when a part of the tarring had been completed, the bulldozer was found on the wrong side of the street. Since the driver had to get the rooster across, and because he couldn't fly, he calmly drove over it with obvious consequences. The remarks of the road-builders were worth hearing. A funny point about these roads is that they don't lead to the hostels but simply seem to go around them. With this in view, the inmates of our wing have decided to name our corridor 'Sunset Boulevard' after that famous strip of macadam in California.

An alarming number of lawn-mowers have started collecting in the quadrangles. These hay-burners, ignoring the almost complete absence of grass, gather every evening and stay till sunrise. On rainy nights they also make frantic efforts to occupy Sid's room.

Idea of the Month: How about an inter-IIT fashion show?

## METRIC AGE

Teacher: The area of a station yard is 120 sq. ft. Convert this problem into metric system.

Student: The area of the station metre is 11.148 m<sup>2</sup>.

## ALI BABA'S CAVE

Dear Sir,

A million and one thanks to Mr. Kurvilla Thomas for his wonderful description of my dear old common room and its inhabitants in his delightful article 'Ali Baba's Cave'. But how dare he forget to even mention my new curtains? Isn't that the stuff that makes it into a perfect Ali Baba's Cave?

Yours etc.

T. S. ANANTHU.

Common Room Secretary, Kaveri Hostel.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NIRMALA

Dear Sir,

This is a letter on one of the letters published in the last issue. I am referring to the letter by Sri R. S. Sehgal, criticising the story 'Nirmala'.

Following the customary way of giving the tributes first, I should say that the letter was written in good style and was a very interesting letter, considering nothing else, and paradoxically enough deserves nothing more than a cursory glance. For a person who did not read the first issue of *Campastimes* it was interesting, but almost to all of us, the letter was at once repulsive and absolutely could not be reconciled with the criticisms that the story is due.

The first suspicion that arises is whether the letter was written in sober state. I am forced to, because the plot is referred to as 'hacked'. I am sure that those who have read the story will not agree with this, assuming what was written was meant.

As the letter progressed I began to smell a rat in the whole thing, and had a sure suspicion that the comments perhaps were not referring to 'Nirmala' but the result of Confusion Confounded with some other word.

Towards the end, the author seems to have got a 'criticise-anything' complex, especially when he says that the phraseology reminds him as having been in a cheap film. Like Milton's Satan he has endeavoured to find evil in things good.

What does he achieve except perhaps marring the enthusiasm of a young writer?

I won't go a step and say that such letters should not be published. Let us have interesting criticisms but let the eyes of the critics be open to the good part of things also (the inherent defect of a critic), let the criticisms be just, let them not be 'hacked', severe and arrogant, and above all let them not inflict pain.

K. V. RANGASWAMI.

Dear Sir,

Mr. Sehgal's criticism of 'Nirmala' is most welcome, only thing is I do hope he had all this in mind while writing his prize-winning poem 'Dejections' in the last Annual Magazine and his enigmatic 'To A Love No Longer Mine' in the previous one. How much the better were these poems, judging from Mr. Sehgal's own standards? Certainly they had a much more 'stupid theme' and were dealt with much more 'stupidly' than anything in 'Nirmala'.

Mr. Sehgal declares emphatically that the dialogues are taken from film producers in Madras and Bombay. Wonder when Madras and Bombay started producing English films!

Mr. Sehgal complains bitterly about an 'O' Henry twich at the end of the story. What is so detestable about 'O' Henry? Or is it that Mr. Sehgal failed to get such a 'twich' for his own poems, and feels jealous about it?

People living in glass houses should not throw stones at others.

T. S. ANANTHU.

## LIGHTS ON!

Dear Editor,

We students of I.I.T. are supposed to form the cream of Indian student society, and therefore are overloaded with all sorts of work. But how is it possible for us to study anything if there be no lights in the Hostel, when we have to spend all the time when the sun shines over us either in the classrooms or in the N.C.C. Parade grounds?

The lights go off in every hostel at least once in every two days. It is high time the authorities looked into these and a thousand other matters concerning the students.

JUSTICE.



Letters—(Continued from page 4)

**DOCTOR AT LARGE !!!**

Sir,  
The medical aid situation in Krishna Hostel has become farcical. The doctor is supposed to come on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays. We never know when he comes or goes unless we sit on the door-step of the room at the expected time of arrival. Even then more often than not he skips Tuesdays. So a chap who has fallen ill on Monday is forced to do his own doctoring till Thursday, by which time most likely he will be alright.

The diagnosis taken by the Doctor takes exactly 15 secs. Here's a sample:  
Boy: Sir, I have got some pain in my heart and there are rapid palpitations all of a sudden.

Doctor: (after 10 secs.) Take an A.P.C.  
Another boy: Doctor, I have got a cold...  
Doctor: (peremptorily) Name?  
Boy: Kishen. But, Sir, I have...  
Doctor: Take codopyrin. Next boy.

But the fault can, I think, be laid at the doors of the fact that the range of medicines he is permitted to give is limited. All right, the Doctor does not have time on his hands they say. So, why can't they get a Doctor who *does* have time on his hands and who can take at least a little interest? The Diphtheria fiasco at the end of last year is another type of thing that should be avoided. Further there should be a competent medical room assistant to keep stock of the medicines and help in a general way.

Yours etc.,  
CODOPYRIN.

**Prisoner—(Continued from page 2)**

mellowed down. Some time later he had got back to his normal condition. It was during those days that he realized the magnitude of what he had done. He used to lie awake thinking of Kamini.

All through the night the distracting voices of warders would float through the jail breaking the chain of his thoughts. He remembered the time when the words 'Sab Achha Hai' used to disturb his sleep, but slowly he had got used to everything.

Life had again become smooth. Then the words, 'Sab Achha Hai' had become a lullaby to him.

He woke up with a start. The sun was streaming in. It was a nice blue day.

The day he had entered the jail was also beautiful, blue and clear.

To all appearances it might have been the same day. He stood then looking at the jail and looking back at the last fourteen years which might have been counted off as a dream. But it wasn't so. He knew he had entered young. His youth had been transformed into age.

His servant was there with the car. He went home. The house reminded him of many things, his youth, his affairs and Kamini. He smiled as he thought of her.

At night he lay in his room. Everything seemed too strange. He couldn't sleep. The silence was biting. There was no disturbance.

He felt uneasy. The absence of those assuring words, 'Sab Achha Hai' made him nervous.

It was quite late in the night, and he still couldn't sleep. Suddenly he realized he was free he could go out. So he got up and passed out of the door into the darkness.

In the morning a warden of the jail found him asleep in front of the jail and woke him up.

R. S. SEHGAL.

A lecturer in civil engineering by way of pulling up a sleeping student asked,  
'Bees-sal-bad or Come September?' 'Periodical Test' drolled the sleepyhead sleepily.

\* \* \*

**Over A Cup of Aye Aye Tea**

This will probably be the last time the library is being mentioned in these columns. Nevil Shute's autobiography 'Slide Rule' is classified along with the aeronautical and aerospace sciences. One patient member of the library staff explained the apparent discrepancy as follows:

Nevil Shute was an engineer. He was an aeronautical engineer. His autobiography is that of an aeronautical engineer. Therefore (admire the logic!) 'Slide rule' must come under aeronautics. While we are about it, when is the super-soundconditioned library building coming up? (or going down, in case it's underground!) And when is it being stocked with a lakh of books, theme being a lack of them at the present moment?

The staff quarters are like those in the capital in so far as a knowledge of the type of quarter will pin-point for you the pay-scale, rank and marital status of its occupant. A little extrapolation and the qualifications also become known. I must say it saves a lot of embarrassment. I suggest they name the roads so that each has a definite 'snob appeal' level. Sixteen 'Late Dr. Lechner Avenue' might raise a few eyebrows and, as far as the I.L.T. marketing centre is concerned, be the equivalent of a 'Diners Club' credit card.

After having machine-gunned the façade of the Director's bungalow, the other quarters sport beautiful two toned bull's eyes fashioned out of cement. Maybe they are intended to distract eyes and catty's from the nest of the surrealistic red, yellow and gray.

Pink and yellow is the mood of Tapti hostel. All we need is a lady with an umbrella to complete the picture.

To further the cause of the D.M.K. movement a secret station beams special Tamil 'music' towards the hostels at four A.M. from the general direction of Velachery. Six A.M. finds A.C.M. (Acoustic Counter Measures) employing high gain high distortion

amplifiers retaliating with Hindi 'music' from the Thasamani range. This acoustic cross-fire has a disastrous effect on a student's nerves and the distorted tunes ring in the back of the head all day long.

It is learnt that plans have been finalised for the eight-bed hospital, complete with cubicles, attached bathrooms and electric crematoriums.

V. S.

\* \* \*

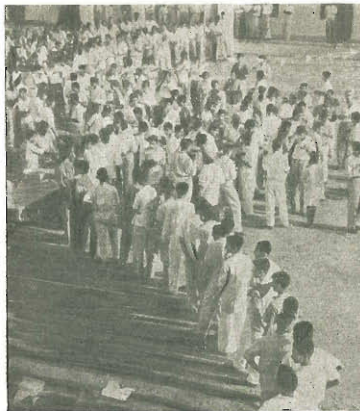
For a long time Krishna Hostel was the only hostel without a notice board. The notices freely adorned the wall outside the mess and were more often than not carrying a barrage of comments. 'It never rains but it pours'. We have now two notice boards, of which one is never used.

The vegetarian mess food has become so good now that there was a general exodus from the Non-vegetarian side and about fifteen boys came over including a Non-vegetarian Mess Committee member! The mess bill however has risen appreciably by about Rs. 10.

Some mysterious pits about four feet deep have been dug, one near each wing and one by the side of the staircase. Speculation was running high as to their use. Someone suggested it was to catch the overflow of the overhead tank. Paji said that it might be for planting Bougainvillea, to beautify the hostel in anticipation of the Director's Meeting. Ultimately the actual explanation came out. It was for earthing the fuse boxes in each wing (an effort I suppose, to curb the larger number of power failures). Last month only a few particular wings would experience the failure. Now, there is a further intriguing development: the lights in half the wing go off. The electrician scratches his head and says how can it be so?

M. V. R.

**Feeding the Poor**



or, poor feeding?

## GUESS WHAT ?

## THE FIRST OF A SERIES

(with your permission)

It hails from a land of milk and honey. May be God made it tall to distinguish it from the trees, bushes and coffee plantations. It ambles along like a baby giraffe with pimples on its face in place of spots. We dunno what it uses for brains. As for vocal cords and eyebrows, they are made of India Rubber.

It shuns water—says it's a waste  
Of soap, it has never had a taste.  
Two-wheeled vehicles it can handle with ease

Hey ! Lets 'ave your scooter please.  
A scarf is a must when it goes to town.  
At home, a turban it wears for a crown.  
(still can't guess ?)

It goes to 'pitchers' once a week come hell or high fire, periodical or no monocorder. It takes to cards like a fish to water (Anthropologists have not been able to figure out this one yet.)

We have reason to believe that it has an aversion to maths lectures. Maybe its the quiet in the room that affects its foliated 'pia-matter'. Maybe it is the proximity of the members of a foreign breed that affects its primitive instinct of survival. (It is found to sulk in the German class.) Maybe it is offended by the sight of a four eyed creature writing hieroglyphs on the black-board or maybe it is plumb homesick. For those who are slow on the uptake : It is a very versatile creature and on a tennis court changes rapidly—according to Darwins theory, from a giraffe to a pregnant hippo at least in gait if not in girth. It is learnt from reliable sources that it is trying very hard to get into the cricket eleven (P. J.)  
Historic talents ?

It personified Don Garcia in last years play. It also talks the 'Appachals' language fluently.

Other characteristics summarised :—

Pat it very dearly,  
At you it'll glare and frown ;  
Thinks it looks S O  
The poor old clown l. scarey,  
Seen it puff a cigarette?  
Even its ears give out smoke.  
It reminds me of my little pet  
Trying to gulp some coke.

It is very sane in mind and is competent enough to render valuable advice :—

To a cricketer,  
It pays to be tall so strive to this end  
While bowling, act a fiery fiend.  
'To bore the batsman' should be your aim  
With a ball or your face—its all the same.

To an athlete,  
Long legs and a clumsy gait will catch the eye,  
Raman's Horlicks will make you fly  
Bamboo pickle, Marmite, and Coorgi gin—  
All put together will make you win.

(IT=the Coorgi tensile test-piece in its plastic state. It will be surprised to find itself in the Campastimes.)

(For the answer to the Quiz, refer to page 8)

## THE JOKE &amp; THE IDIOT

Oftentimes a widely appreciated joke has a tinge of vulgarity. This is nothing unnatural for human nature is essentially coarse and vulgar; sophistication comes out of its suppression; real refinement, out of its complete chimmition. Since most of us are not saints or sadhus we may enjoy this joke distinguishing the intelligent from the idiot.

An idiot is one who is foolish enough to attempt to cross a channel whose average depth is five feet; an intelligent man is one who dares to enroll himself in a sun-bathing club in spite of the announced average age of its women members as 45! The law of averages is a double-edged weapon !



Bharathi

## POET SUBRAMANYA

Among the foremost exemplars of Tamil literature, Bharathi's name will remain alive for all ages. Subramanya Bharathi was undoubtedly one of the greatest poets of all times. His compositions have become so popular; by direct of their simplicity, melody high and noble philosophies and ideas made simple and palatable even to the common uneducated mass; that they are being given to us in some form or other all the time. His poems were simple but sparkled with brilliance and exquisite grace. He chose to explain his ideas not by high-sounding words but with common events of life, which we are also able to see but not able to appreciate Bharathi's uniqueness lies in the fact that he was able to transform those common events by his magic wand 'genius', into a digestible, good and tasty admixture.

Bharathi's role in freedom struggle was nothing small. He instilled courage and that spirit of independence, in the people at the right time. His genius wrote such revolutionary poems with such vehement force, that it made people undaunted. Bharathi himself was undaunted and had indomitable courage, facing grim hardships of British Rule. What Rousseau was to France, Bharathi was to Tamilnad and India.

Bharathi died young. Simple and marvelous, marvelous but simple, noble and high, and high but simple, his poems are things of joy and peace for ever. He was an institution.

An interesting interlude was offered the other day in the form of Bharathi Day Celebration. The highlight of the occasion was a learned lecture by Sri. K. Chandrasekaran M.A., B.L., a renowned scholar with Prof. Krishnamurthy presiding and emphatically saying that he had the privilege to have seen Bharathi and known him, and to know him was to admire him. The function also brought forward some students with songs, the highlight being good karnatic songs by K. S. Krishnamurthy (III B. Tech.)

To conclude, 'Poet Bharathi has fulfilled the time mission of a poet. He has created beauty not only through the medium of glowing and lovely words but has kindled the souls of millions of men and women, to a more passionate love of freedom and a richer dedication to the service of the country. Poets like Bharathi cannot be considered as the treasure of any country. He is entitled by his genius and work, to rank among those who have transcended all limitations of race, language and continent and have become the universal possession of mankind' so says Smt. Sarojini Naidu, and what a great genius was this Bharathi, and long live his glory.

K. V. RANGASWAMI.

## TWO VIEWS

I

I see the Deeds living,  
And Heroes Dead,  
Float past  
In the raging storm.

The lightning flashes  
Under my eyes,  
The thunder bellows  
In my ears.

Yet, I see all,  
Extrinsically,  
And feel out of,  
What I am within.

To see

The whole seething mass  
of humanity  
drowned in the rain,  
And to watch everyone  
Progressing towards

The doom,  
The extinction,  
Inevitable,  
And yet be unmoved.

I see all,

Extrinsically,  
The Deeds living  
And the Heroes Dead,  
Float Past  
Like the ageless phantoms ;  
And I am raised above self,  
Which I know shall perish.

But I know also,  
'That I am the Master,  
of all I survey,  
And all that I don't,  
For no destiny binds me  
I acknowledge none,  
Above me,  
I am the Supreme,  
For I am a 'Man'.

II

I see,  
The lightning,  
I hear the thunder,  
and I see nothing else.  
It is dark,  
all around.  
The crashing thunder,  
makes me Tremble,  
And shiver.

Why O, Lord Indra  
Why this rage.  
Why, O, The Trinocular Deity  
Why this Tandava.  
For what crimes,  
and what deeds  
Is this Punishment ?

But who am I,  
To question  
What you do ;  
I, a speck of dust  
in the universe,  
A drop of water  
in the ocean,  
Nay,  
even less.

Why this Day of Judgement,  
O Gods on Mount Kailas ?  
Have Pity,  
On your creation,  
Of which I am a part,  
I pray.

Forgive, O Lord,  
I am a sinner,  
punish me,  
but be lavish  
in thy forgiveness.  
Judge me,  
but not too harshly,  
For I am but,  
'An erring Man'.

T. S. GOVIND,

**THIS WORLD THIS MONTH**

*Bringing to you the principal events that have occurred in this wide world—beyond the dense forest in the midst of which you live—in the month ending September 30th, 1962—the nearest of the new series of regular features presented to you by 'Campastimes'.*

1. Chinese forces intruded further into Indian territory and opened fire, September 20, on Indian personnel. Exchange of fire took place for the next three days. Indian forces repelled another Chinese attempt to overwhelm the auxiliary Chinese post near Chejo bridge but the attack was repulsed after a heavy exchange of fire. Prime Minister Nehru said in Lagos (Nigeria) that India would meet with force any attempt by China to acquire part of north-eastern India.

2. The controversial Chief Minister of Kerala, Mr. Pattom Thanu Pillai was appointed Governor of the Punjab, September 25, following the decision of Mr. K. C. Reddi to continue in his membership of the Lok Sabha. Mr. B. Sankar was sworn in as Chief Minister of Kerala, September 26. Leaders of the Praja Socialist Party criticized Mr. Pillai for not even having consulted them before having accepted the Governorship. It may be recalled that the Congress-PSP coalition in Kerala had been in doldrums for a long time. This move on the part of the Central Government is expected to give some life to it.

3. Mr. Ahmed Ben Bella was named Prime Minister of the first Government of the Algerian Republic after the people of Algeria had given a thumping majority to his supporters in the general elections. He secured 141 votes. He was the only candidate. Thirty-one blank or invalid votes were cast. Mr. Ferhat Abbas was elected President of the Algerian Constituent Assembly by securing 155 votes out of 191.

4. The Commonwealth Prime Ministers managed to issue a communique at the end of their Conference, avoiding any controversy over Britain's entry into the E.C.M. Prime Minister Nehru proceeded to Niger after cancelling his visit to Ghana. There he had talks with the Nigerian Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa.

5. The Yemenite army, equipped with Soviet tanks and military equipment, revolted against the new Imam of Yemen, September 27.

The new Imam had succeeded his anti-Nasser father who died a week prior to the revolt. It may be recalled that the Yemen broke away from the United Arab States due to differences with President Nasser. As we go to Press, reports suggest that the revolutionaries are well in control of this little Arabian em.

6. Sonny Liston scored a sensational first-round knock-out victory over Floyd Patterson to become the new heavy weight champion of the world. The fight was over in two minutes and six seconds. But I am sure none would mind being in Patterson's place, because he was paid at the fantastic rate of \$15,880 per second for the fight that he lost.

7. The Government of India have decided to set up a new Institute for Higher Technological studies in Hyderabad. The Institute shall be set up with foreign aid. There are already four such Institutes—in Kharagpur, Bombay, Madras and Kanpur.

T. S. A.

**LATE NEWS**

We regret to announce the death of DR. PARAMESWARAN SUBBAROYAN, the Governor of Maharashtra. He passed away at 9.30 a.m. on 6th Oct. in the General Hospital, Madras after a brief and sudden illness. He was 73. It may be recalled that he was the Chief Guest of our last Institute Day.

**BOOKS OF THE MONTH**

LATEST ADDITIONS TO THE I.I.T. LIBRARY

| No. | AUTHOR                         | Title  | Edition | Sub-title | Place         | Year | No. of pages |
|-----|--------------------------------|--|---------|-----------|---------------|------|--------------|
| 1   | PRICE (W.)                     | Incredible Africa                                  | —       | —         | London        | 1961 | 213          |
| 2   | BAKER (H.D.)                   | Temperature measurement in engineering (2 vols.)   | —       | —         | New York      | 1961 | 510(V2)      |
|     |                                |  |         |           |               | 1953 | 179(V1)      |
| 3   | BATES (H.E.)                   | The purple plain                                   | —       | —         | London        | 1954 | 192          |
| 4   | BATES (H.E.)                   | The day of the tortoise                            | —       | —         | London        | 1961 | 96           |
| 5   | BEATY (D.)                     | The wind off the sea                               | —       | —         | London        | 1952 | 320          |
| 6   | WAUGH (E.)                     | Put out more flags                                 | —       | —         | London        | 1959 | 233          |
| 7   | BUERGER (M.J.)                 | Crystal structure analysis                         | —       | —         | New York      | 1960 | 668          |
| 8   | WEDHOUSE                       | French leave                                       | —       | —         | London        | 1955 | 207          |
| 9   | CRARY (S.B.)                   | Power system stability (2 vols.)                   | —       | —         | New York      | 1955 | 291(V1)      |
|     |                                |  |         |           |               | 1955 | 329(V2)      |
| 10  | DRYDEN (H.L.)                  | Hydrodynamics                                      | —       | —         | New York      | 1950 | 634          |
| 11  | EPSTEIN (B.)                   | Partial differential equations                     | —       | —         | New York      | 1962 | 273          |
| 12  | FAIR (A.A.)                    | Bachelors get Lonely                               | —       | —         | London        | 1962 | 224          |
| 13  | FLORY (P.J.)                   | Principles of polymer chemistry                    | —       | —         | New York      | 1962 | 273          |
| 14  | FOERST (W.) Ed.                | Ullmanns Encyklopädie der Technischen Chemie.Bd.13 | —       | —         | Berlin        | 1962 | 823          |
| 15  | FOERST (W.) Ed.                | Ullmanns Encyklopädie der Sachregister Bd. 3 to 13 | —       | —         | Berlin        | 1962 | 200          |
| 16  | MURDOCH (I.)                   | Doctor in the swim                                 | —       | —         | London        | 1962 | 348          |
| 17  | UPDIKE (J.)                    | Same door  | —       | —         | London        | 1962 | 242          |
| 18  | HALL (A.M.)                    | Nickel in iron and steel                           | —       | —         | New York      | 1954 | 595          |
| 19  | HAMERMESH (M.)                 | Group theory                                       | —       | —         | London        | 1962 | 509          |
| 20  | HARMAN (W.W.)                  | Fundamentals of electronic motion                  | —       | —         | New York      | 1953 | 319          |
| 21  | MILLMAN (J.) & TAUB (H.)       | Pulse and digital circuits                         | —       | —         | New York      | 1956 | 687          |
| 22  | POORMAN (A.P.)                 | Applied mechanics                                  | 5       | —         | New York      | 1949 | 388          |
| 23  | POWELL (J.L.) & CROSEMANN (B.) | Quantum mechanics                                  | —       | —         | London        | 1962 | 495          |
| 24  | RÖSTOKER (W.)                  | The metallurgy of Vanadium                         | —       | —         | New York      | 1957 | 185          |
| 25  | SMITH (D.H.)                   | The modern diesel                                  | —       | —         | London        | 1959 | 288          |
| 26  | SRINIVASAN(S.)                 | Standard English for Ceylon Schools                | —       | —         | Madras        | 1950 | 434          |
| 27  | STRATTON(I.A.)                 | Electromagnetic theory                             | —       | —         | New York      | 1941 | 615          |
| 28  | TIMBIE (A.B.) & WILSON (F.G.)  | Industrial electricity V. 2 A. C. Practice         | —       | —         | New York      | 1949 | 781          |
| 29  | WHIPPLE (O.K.)                 | Chemical properties and identification of ions     | —       | —         | San Francisco | 1961 | 310          |
| 30  | WILLIAMS (T.)                  | Three players of a summer-game                     | —       | —         | London        | 1960 | 223          |

**THE SQUARE DANCE**

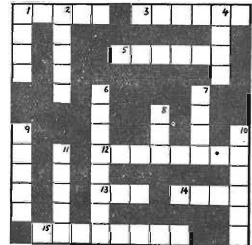
CLUES (All the personalities involved are residents of the Cauvery Hostel).

**Across**

- Speed King Milk ... (5)
- Geiger Counter. (6)
- She and another lass; strange isn't it? (6)
- 'Delhi has the most beautiful girls in the world.' (8)
- You may associate him with Jerry, whether he likes it or not. (3)
- Second only to 8 Down. (4)
- Demoted king is quite him. (8)

**Down**

- Slide Rule. (4)
- Exists in one dimension. (5)
- 'Use Pure Silivkrin to avoid baldness.' (4)
- He thinks Mukesh imitates him. (8)
- Accumulated mass of higher carboxylic acids. (4)
- Very curious, may come out of side. (3)
- 'Take me to a big doctor!' (5)
- Villager in a bath robe. (6)
- A snake brooding over crosswords. (5)



All entries should be submitted to 5 Across on or before the 20th of October. A handsome prize awaits the winner. The Judge's decision will be final and binding. Innates of the Hostel are requested to accept any entries that may be handed over to them !!

## SECOND INTER-IIT MEET, 1962

It has been decided to organize the second Inter I.I.T. meet at I.I.T., Kharagpur from 25th December to 29th December 1962, both days inclusive.

The objective of the meet is to promote sports and athletics and cultural pursuits among the students of the four I.I.T.'s and to foster a closer association among them. The list of events for the meet are the following :

| Team                      | Gymnastics  |
|---------------------------|---|
| 16. 4 x 100 m Relay Race. | 1. Parallel bars.<br>2. Horizontal bars.<br>3. Free hand & agility exercises. |

### INDIVIDUAL :

| Track             | Field                 |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. 100 m Sprint.  | 8. Broad jump.        |
| 2. 200 m Sprint.  | 9. Hop step and jump. |
| 3. 410 m "        | 10. High jump.        |
| 4. 100 m hurdles. | 11. Pole Vault.       |
| 5. 800 m run.     | 12. Shot put.         |
| 6. 1500 m run.    | 13. Discus throw.     |
| 7. 5000 m run.    | 14. Javelin throw.    |
|                   | 15. Hammer throw.     |

### Games

1. Foot ball.
2. Hockey.
3. Volleyball.
4. Basket ball.
5. Table Tennis.
6. Tennis.

Individual championship shall be decided on the basis of maximum points scored by an athlete in individual events chosen at least one from each of the four following groups, but in no case, a competitor shall be allowed to participate in more than five events.

- Group A : Nos. 1 to 4.  
Group B : Nos. 5, 6 and 7.  
Group C : Nos. 8, 9, 10 and 11.  
Group D : Nos. 12, 13, 14 and 15.

The numbers are according to the system adopted for Track and field events.

The point-scoring system will be as below :

| Item                          | I     | II    | III   |
|-------------------------------|-------|-------|-------|
|                               | place | place | place |
| 1. Individual athletic events | 5     | 3     | 1     |
| 2. Athletic team event        | 8     | 5     | 2     |
| 3. Gymnastics                 | 5     | 3     | 1     |
| 4. Games                      | 10    | 6     | 2     |

It has been decided that each I.I.T. shall be allotted one evening of about 1½ to 2 hours duration, to put up a cultural programme consisting of one or more of the following items :

- (a) Music. (classical, light, instrumental, vocal etc.)
- (b) Drama: (English) (c) Music (Hindi).
- (d) Dance.
- (e) Shadow play. (f) Mimicry. (g) Any other suitable item.

There will be no competition for the above.

It has been decided to organize an Inter I.I.T. quiz competition.

Another interesting item of the Meet is an Exhibition of Photographs and Fine and Applied Arts. Items for competition are:

### Photography :

- a. Portraiture ;
- b. Landscape ;
- c. Night, still and action ;
- d. General ;
- e. Experimental ;
- f. Architecture & Pattern ; and
- g. Colour.

### Fine and Applied Arts :

- a. Still Life ;
- b. Life study and portraiture ;
- c. Landscape ;
- d. Sketch ;
- e. Modern Technique ;
- f. Miscellaneous ; and
- g. Sculpture.

All the participants for the meet must have their own blazers, crests and ties. No financial advancement in this respect may be expected from the Gymkhana.

S. GOPALAKRISHNAN,  
(Sec., Institute Gymkhana).

## City Students' Conference & Presidency College Seminar

A three-day conference on 'Students and National Integration, was held at St. Thomas Hall, Madras Christian College, Tambaram, under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. Dr. Klein, Jochen Haug, S. Gopalakrishnan, B. R. Pai, S. A. Alcott and the author represented the Institute at the Conference.

It was, indeed, a most rewarding and thought stimulating experience. Among the highlights of the Conference was the key-note address by Dr. S. Chandrasekar, Director, Indian Institute of population studies. He held us spell-bound for over an hour with his sharp wit, scintillating humour and revolutionary ideas. Earlier Mr. S. Chellapandian, speaker, Madras Legislative Assembly, delivered the inaugural address. We were also addressed by Dr. Chandran Devanesan, Principal, M.C.C., and Rev. F. Sequita, Principal, Loyola College. All the speakers combined to give us ample food for thought and open out new vistas for our group Discussions.

We were sixty delegates, including ten girls. Five groups were formed under the leadership of a Resource Person who was a member of staff. Each group selected its Chairman and Recording Secretary.

During the course of Saturday the 29th we had three group Discussions lasting an hour and a half each. Each group discussed the same questionnaire. Among the many interesting questions discussed were those on Hindi as the national language and the extent to which Inter-caste Inter-State and Inter-religious marriages could help in National Integration. Our group, for instance, decided that Inter-caste and Inter-state marriages should be encouraged and a bill passed to protect the inheritance rights of the Children even if they married outside their caste or State against the wishes of their parents.

Among the ways suggested to achieve National Integration were: the formation of National Institutes on the IIT pattern for all courses of study; the forgetting of caste; translation of literature of one language into another; promotion of internal tourism; celebration of important State festivals on an All-India basis; and many more.

After the day-long mental exertion a fine entertainment programme was put up by a professional troupe and the delegates themselves.

On Sunday, two Marathon plenary sessions were held in which the chairman of the groups read out their reports and a combing discussion ensued. At the end of the conference, a 'Students National Integration Brigade' was formed with ourselves as the founder members. A pledge was taken by all present to promote National Integration.

Under the chairmanship of Dr. M. A. Thangaraj (M.C.C.) and the untrained efforts of the Y.M.C.A. the Conference was a grand success. It certainly led to integration amongst ourselves.

A detailed report will be ready in about a month's time. It will be sent to the Central Government also.

R. A. WASWANI

A seminar on 'Youth Participation in National Reconstruction' was held in Presidency College on the 29th and 30th of

September and on the 1st of October. The aims of the seminar were :-

(a) To develop the faculty of speech and expression.  
(b) To enable the delegates to dispassionately discuss various subjects.

(c) To enable students from various Colleges to get together and to learn various things that are useful and fruitful in developing their personalities.

(d) To develop self-reliance and self-confidence with courage and vigour.

Students from different colleges were invited. R. Venkateswaran, S. Nageshwar and T. S. Ananthu represented the I.I.T., Madras.

After a speech by the Principal of Presidency College, Dr. T. R. Govindachari, the seminar was inaugurated by Dr. P.V. Cherian. He gave an interesting speech which was followed by another one from Miss Burns of the U. S. Embassy. The delegates were then divided into four groups. These groups retired into different rooms, and then discussed at length the different aspects of the speeches delivered. This procedure was followed in the evening as well as on the subsequent days. Notable among those who delivered lectures were Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar (Chairman of the National Integration Committee), Mr. Appadurai, Miss Iravathi (Principal of Queen Mary's College) and Dr. (Mrs.) Ramaswamy. An excellent concluding address was delivered by Mr. Chengalvarayan on the evening of the 1st October. The Chairmen of the different groups then read out the resolutions passed in each group. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the entertainment programme held every day at the end of the day's session.

The delegates from I.I.T., Madras created a tremendous impression in the seminar. All three of them took a very active part in the proceedings. Two of them, T. S. Ananthu and R. Venkateswaran, were Chairmen of their respective groups. T. S. Ananthu won the prize for leading the best group. His group, which was adjudged the best, consisted of people of various shades of opinion, and therefore the discussion was of a very interesting nature. R. Venkateswaran entertained the delegates with his songs, and was highly appreciated. In his concluding speech, Dr. T. R. Govindachari said that he was very much impressed by the performance of the students from I.I.T.

The seminar was organised under the auspices of the Presidency College Union, and the efficiency and organizing capacity of the Secretaries, Mr. M. Thiagarajan and Miss Ruby Pramila Solomon was really commendable.

T. S. A.

