

Campastimes

Vol. IV, No. 4

IIT Madras, 15th February, 1966

20 P.

The Impact of Campastimes READERS INSIST CAMPASTIMES MUST LIVE

The many presumptuous technological-cum-astrological pundits of this Institute have for long forecasted the doom of *Campastimes*. Appeals through these columns and notice boards brought forth to the forefront hardly any new talents. The state of affairs precipitated the necessity of a study on the 'Impact of *Campastimes*.'

V. SIDDHARTHA

It most certainly is. A person's creative potential is not confined to the technical field. In trying to teach so much in such a short time, modern technical education tends to destroy the flexibility of the young mind and the consequent loss of agility can rebound and adversely effect the creative potential of a person in the very field he feels he is operationally most competent. It is essential that individual evolution and the development of the total man (or woman) be unfettered and unrestricted. One excellent way of providing a medium of expression devoid of heart-breaking competition is to have a paper like *Campastimes*.

One cannot lay down main aims and policies. These must be decided and acted upon on a 'real time' basis. On the whole, no policy should in any way catalyse disruptive, disintegrative forces in the community, especially, students and staff—perhaps one ought to refer to student-staff in much the same way as space-time; as a continuum rather than two separate entities. This does not in any way mean that controversy should be avoided—not in the least—but the 'threshold controversy limit' changes with the average level of maturity, intellectual honesty, and emotional detachment of the community. For example, it is fit and proper for a Cambridge undergraduate newspaper to publish conflicting views on the question of building a chapel in a college, but as yet, a discussion on whether or not the temple in the IIT ought to have been constructed, might generate more problems than it solves.

Any form of imposed restriction is contrary to what I have said in the first para above. *Campastimes* should, in general, concern itself with problems of education in India, technical education, in particular, with an accent on student welfare, campus activities. (by which I mean the activities of other campuses as well). Women are a not insignificant pre-occupation with students (and staff!): it is estimated that more than 15% of new graduates are either married or about to be so—unless ditched! It would be worthwhile considering the possibility of getting columnists from women's colleges to project their viewpoint on matters ranging from 'wolves' to women-in-engineering. This will increase both local and outside circulation apart from being of genuine service to those intending to take the plunge soon after graduation! Quite obviously off-campus circulation will be decided by how much off-campus news *Campastimes* contains.

1. Is *Campastimes* really necessary? If not, don't bother to answer the rest of the questions, unless you can tell us why.
2. What, in your opinion, should be the main aim and policy of *Campastimes*?
3. Should it restrict itself to Campus news, or should it be more general in outlook? How could *Campastimes* increase its circulation outside the Campus?
4. Should *Campastimes* carry—critical and provocative articles? Should it include serious and intellectual articles? Or, should it confine itself to being a semi-serious, hilarious rag?
5. Why is *Campastimes* not evoking much interest in the staff? What should be done to make the Staff and Students feel that it is their own paper?
6. Do you think commercial advertisements will detract from the image of *Campastimes*? Could the price per issue be raised?
7. Which sort of competitions should be held by *Campastimes*? Should prizes be given?

Ideally, *Campastimes* should not confine itself to anything. Subject restriction leads to literary claustrophobia and destroys the very purpose of *Campastimes*. Most certainly it should contain critical and provocative articles. The characteristic of constructive criticism is restraint while that of powerful art is abandon. Articles should be provocative without being vulgar. But this is something that comes only after one has done some writing and seen it in print. Then again, standards of vulgarity vary so widely it is very difficult to lay down any rules. Once again, judgement must be on a here-and-now basis.

Campastimes should, I would even say must, include serious and 'intellectual' articles. I have purposely used inverted commas because it seems that the word 'intellectual' is to the majority of the student body, synonymous with snobbery or 'talking big'. It is not the place for me to dissertate on what constitutes intellectualism but the IIT is meant to be the place for intellectuals; it is the place where intellectuals are meant to be fostered, nurtured and looked after.

(Contd on page 6)

The Fourth Annual Literary and Cultural Week

The Fourth Annual and Cultural Week conducted by the Institute is scheduled to be held from the 21st February 1966 to the 25th February 1966. Despite prior notice and repeated requests from the Fine Arts Secretary for projects and despite the fact a bribe to the tune of fifty rupees in the form of the first prize is being offered there are no takers. WHY? Has the fighting spirit gone out of you blokes, or aren't you Marwari enough to scrap it out for fifty chips? Do you want me to send back the princely amount to the honourable Chancellor of the Exchequer?

P.S. Don't you also forget that the Ch. of the Ex. is rubbing his hands gleefully waiting also for the amount of twenty-five bucks, sanctioned for the the second prize!

May I also take this opportunity, to request you, you book-worms to creep out of your diggings, and crawl all the way to the venue of the various functions, being arranged during the Literary Week, over the process of which your honourable secretaries have gone bonkers!

PROGRAMME

- 21st Feb. All India Inter-Collegiate Debate for the INSTITUTE TROPHY .. 5.00 p.m.
- 22nd Feb. Inter-Collegiate German Recitation for DR KLEIN'S TROPHY .. 5.00 p.m.
- 23rd Feb. Inter-Collegiate Group Discussion for PROF. M. V. C. SASTRY'S TROPHY .. 4.30 p.m.
- 24th Feb. Inter-Collegiate Quiz for RAO BAHADUR RAMACHANDRA IYER'S TROPHY .. 5.00 p.m.
- Inter-Collegiate Entertainment Competition for PROF. R. G. NARAYANAMURTHY'S TROPHY. 7.30 p.m.
- 25th Feb. Prize Distribution Day
- Judging of Inter-Collegiate Photographic exhibition (competition) for DR KOCH'S TROPHY .. 5.00 p.m.
- Inter-Collegiate Entertainment Competition for PROF. R. G. NARAYANAMURTHY'S TROPHY. 6.30 p.m.

The Motion for the All India Debate
"The Government and not the Party must rule a country"

ELSEWHERE

Mani Und Seine Freundin	2
On Shocks—Direct & Alternating	3
Triumphant Beat-X	5
P. J. Competition	7
Cool as A Cubercum	10

CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

Giant Sized Dusters

Available in the Electrical Engineering Department. Interested persons can go to the showroom, ESB 342. (ECONOMY SIZE are expected to be produced soon.)

Wanted

Quotations are invited from reputed Woodmen for supplying one extra notice-board to each hostel for NCC. Apply in uniform to Major Jaffery.

Desperately needed : A nose setter for my nose, who knows—
Venkatapathi.

Voice Training

For 'How to make speeches and keep the drum,' read the book by Major Jaffery.

Automotive

Attractive prices offered to IIT students wishing to sell their mo-bikes. Apply on motorbike to Director, IIT, Madras.

The Flying Club, I.I.T. Madras

Two vacancies are to be filled, for which those interested are to apply on or before 1st March 1966. For application forms, contact Kro Kamath, Manager, Flying Club.

German Classes

Professor Der Kamadar will hold regular German classes, two hours a week, in the Narmada Hostel Mess (after grub). For details, contact Hostel Office. Why go all the way to Max Muller Bhavan? Don't miss this chance! Rattle off such words as Winter-schlussverkauf, Kaffeeschmuggellangerzeit the envy of your friends!

For Sale

One lawn-mower in showroom condition. Owner driven. No brokers. Contact S. V. Pathi.

SATURDAY EVENING

Reader, (I mean, young, eligible bachelor reader), what is the effect of a beautiful young lady, walking along the beach road, on you? These are the reactions we observed one Saturday evening when a dainty young thing went her way along the Beach road, near The Triumph of Labour.

Modern and Forward IITian : I must somehow get an intro.

Doctor : Look at that Anatomical wonder! Observe the excellently formed tibid and fibula. Even that slight kyphosis adds to her bearing!

Stodious IITian (Who has, by some fluke, seen My Fair Lady) : God made beautiful women for temptation, to see if he could put me in a fix. But with a little bit of luck, with a little bit of luck, I would keep to Machine Design and Applied Mechanics.

Roadside Romeo : Tweet, Tweet, Twee....
Automobile Engineer : The chassis is good, the superstructure is excellent, upholstery and painting jobs are superb.

Sir K. Depill : Ah! I recognize that girl. I danced with her at the Ambassador Hotel in Bombay last summer!

One of our Hi-speed Motor Bike Heroes takes a sudden about turn, loses control and takes off. He lands almost at her feet.

A Husband : All that glitters is not gold. Often have you heard that told, If you see her in the — — —, Sir, You will wish you hadn't been baser.

Her Husband : Yow! Thank God she didn't spot me.

S. RAMAJAYAM.

MANI UND SEINE FREUNDIN

You all do know the hero of the exploits to be penned below, don't you? You know, the chap who looks a chimney and puffs away at his cigarette like a railway engine—the guy, who spreads stories faster than Neelamegham spreads rumours, and pills faster than you can swallow them. You can never outsmart him, or out-pill him—almost never, that is.

Well, it all started when a gracious German lady in the campus gave me the address of a German girl. Who should be after it but our dear friend Mani? Naturally; if you know him well enough. He pounced on the paper like a hawk; and when he failed, lunged at me and raised such a hue and cry that soon the whole hostel was after the address! Consequently Mani did not get the address!

But if you think he gave up, you are mistaken. For if he had, my account would end here. By hook or by crook (the latter more natural to him!) he wangled the address of another girl through this one. I ought to have known him better. Nothing seems impossible for him.

One fine day (almost midnight actually—that is when inspirations come running to him!) he got down to writing the letter. That part of it is no trouble, you might think, particularly after reading Mrs. Rouve's article in a previous issue of *Campastimes*. But, alas, she hadn't reckoned with Mani. Pretty soon he was banging away at my door—with his NCC Boots.

'What happened?' I inquired rubbing my eyes, and found myself staring into a face as dark as the night and a pair of boots.

'I say, her name is Gudrun!'

'So what?'

'Tell me, what's the short form for Gudrun—I mean the affectionate form?—Which wasn't a query or a request, but a command in the best military fashion.

You could have knocked me down with a feather. 'To hell with you and your Gudrun, with all the blessed affectionate forms in the world', I exploded, 'and get those striking boots of yours off my nose.' He left his boots in the room, and came back. 'Come on, tell me, please, and I won't disturb you for the rest of the night.' Well, one thing about Mani. He knows which side his bread is buttered, and can coat his tongue with honey (adulterated, of course!) when necessary. 'Get lost', I was about to say, when I struck inspiration for the first time in my life. 'You wouldn't believe it, Mani, but it's "Gugu"', I said trying to make it sound as sweet as I could. You should have seen the transformation of his visage, as he looked up towards the moon and exclaimed to himself, 'Gugu! Gu—gu! Gu—gu! Ah, it's so sweet!'. His face had brightened up, and I could even discern a faint smile at the corners of his lips. 'I shall write that down,' he announced with a Napoleonic sort of gesture and marched triumphantly back to his room.

It is about fifteen days later that we pick up the threads of this story again. He came jumping down the wing into my room. 'What do you know! I got a reply!'. I will not reveal all that 'Gugu' had confided to him (including the statistics!) but here is the passage we're interested in:

'But I must say, "Gugu" I never hear before. Thank you. It is sweet. But people call me "Gudrun"!'. Height of diplomacy! But Mani got the hint.

But that was not the end of the 'Gudrun-affair' as the Narmadites call it. Suddenly inspired, I suggested: 'I say, Mani, you've done quite a lot of German here. You know you were the best in class (!). Why don't you write something to her in German—at least a few words. She'll be impressed.'

After that there was no stopping Mani. As though possessed by the Devil he raced to the shopping centre and got hold of a phrase book and dictionary, and pored over the contents assiduously. No doubt, it sounded like a pig grunting which is but natural when one speaks German (Any comments, Dr. Klein?).

Any way he was soon ready to take off—with a Parker '61 pen on a crisp blue 'Air Mail' paper and in his most attractive handwriting. 'Lieber Gudrun', he began (forgive him, Dr. Klein, for he knew not what he did.) Soon came priceless gems: 'Ich liebe in IIT', 'Ich möchte mit Ihnen regelmässig uebereinstimmen—(Correspond) 'ich will Sie senden einen gift zu Weihnachten' (grammar!) and so on—ending with a neat 'Hochachtungsvoll'. It's a pity, Mani did not keep a copy of this letter; otherwise *Campastimes* readers would have laughed themselves to tears as poor liebes Gudrunchen did.

It took Gudrun twenty days to rally sufficient control to reply to Mani. It was a nice and long letter she wrote—but it was in German and so Mani didn't even know where it began or where it ended (why, he couldn't even say which side was up and which side wasn't!). But he was too proud to admit defeat (you know, he knows everything!). It was only when he couldn't locate the verbs (he expected) them all to end in '—en') that he gave up, and wrote an express delivery letter to me from his place in Munnar: 'I say, how about translating the enclosed letter? Actually I catch the gist of it all. In fact, I understand every word of it. I just want confirmation'.

I wonder if this 'tragi-comedy of errors' will have any end at all. Perhaps it will soon—the moment Mani sends her his photo.

BHARAT KAMDAR.

Know your Campus

THE 'GAJENDRA CIRCLE'

If one has to speak of a busy or even the busiest centre in our Campus, it is undoubtedly the Gajendra Circle. It is so popular outside the Campus, that it has even entered the Tourist Map. In one of the 'Know your City' guides, the two places suggested for a visit in Adyar are (a) The Banyan Tree in Theosophical Society and (b) the Gajendra Circle in Indian Institute of Technology, Madras.

The architectural beauty of the Gajendras, their colour changing with time and season; the four milky lamps above their heads who have come to an agreement with their respective Gajendras, that if any of them wants a little rest, the corresponding lamp should immediately be off (some two of the four Gajendras usually do so); the tamarind tree shade on one side and the bamboo shade on the other, for those waiting for the buses all this, it gives the impression of the 8th wonder of the world. A 'tea-stall' and a 'Beeda-shop' if provided under the tamarind tree, will add to the finishing touches of this wonder.

Somehow, the name is very misleading. A stranger would be surprised to find nothing 'circular' around the place. Neither the junction nor even the platform of the Gajendras look 'circular'. The latter, in fact, has the oddest shape—as odd as the other odd things in our Campus. More fitting would be to rename it as 'Gajendra Centre' similar to our Market Centre, or still better, 'Gajendra Junction' which again reminds me of Basin Bridge. True, this is the Junction for trains leaving for Bonn and Delhi!

Recently, on one of the evenings while I was coming to the hostel, I had a sudden look at the board carrying the name of this centre, and was wondering why it was suddenly changed to

I was trying to interpret what this exactly meant and from which language it was taken. Only on close observation could I make out there was nothing new about it, but because of the power cut imposed in the Campus, both the lights fitted behind the board, were put off, and what I saw from a distance was the board on which was written.

'GAJENDRA CIRCLE'

(Continued on page 3)

CARICATURES

M² MENON

'Wathana,' howled the apparition on the stage. 'Yahoo! Death to the periodical system! Whoop! Eeeyow!!' The ghastly sight was Shri B. Madhusudan Menon, B.Sc., and the occasion was the Fancy Dress Competition conducted during the Krishna Hostel Independence Day Celebrations. Madhu, dressed as a Red Indian Chief, or so he fondly believed, managed, with the aid of a few

strategically located chicken feathers and a considerable number of threatening yells to intimidate the lady judges into awarding him a prize.

To those who are acquainted with this mixed apology for a human being, it came as no surprise. Madhu's fantastic luck and unfounded self-confidence have hitherto kept him alive out of gaol. Though how long his escapades will escape the eye of the authorities is anybody's guess.

His broad spectrum of activities ranges from the pilfering of any object that is not set in concrete, through regular visits to various ladies' hostels, to frequent and inspired efforts at committing suicide by writing slanderous articles about prominent members of the student community in this very column. Perhaps the only reason why he continues to make his own immense contribution to India's over population crisis is that his size poses an insuperable problem in garbage disposal.

Madhu claims, unfortunately rightly so, to have an elegant & artistic (quote Madhu) finger in every pie that is cooking in the campus. The external relations and social service committee labours under the crippling handicap of having him for a Secretary. He also fancies himself as an actor of no mean calibre as his frequent appearances on the stage testify. The dubious distinction of Mr. J. Cracker, Krishna Hostel was recently conferred on him. All those who have dealings with him are however warned that he unflinchingly gets his associates into strained relation with the higher authorities while escaping scot-free himself.

In the final analysis however, his perennial cheerfulness, ready wit and helpful nature account for his wide popularity and make him one of the most interesting conversationalists in the campus—which however is not saying much. As somebody remarked, 'Quite a bit of the silver lining on the periodical & assignment-darkened cloud of life in I. I. T. is contributed to by this otherwise superfluous specimen of humanity.'

—C²

(contd. from page 2)

If one spends an evening at this Centre, he will easily get convinced of the statement that 'life begins at 40 m.p.h. in our campus'. Had there been no school nearby, it would have begun at 60 m.p.h. This is an ideal place for care-free drivers to test their skill and for whom slogans like 'Keep-left' and 'Drive-slow' are unknown.

Before I conclude this, I have a suggestion to make. Because of its importance, this centre should be provided with automatic signals and the instructions clearly written on them. For example, with the glow of a red lamp, the signal should simultaneously read, 'Do not proceed, but stop', and when the green comes on, 'Po! Man, Po!'

C. S. SASTRI.

'ON SHOCKS—DIRECT AND, ALTERNATING'

Don't ask me when and don't ask me why—I won't tell you. But if you are among the lucky ones(?) who have witnessed teachers frantically oscillating between the HSB and the ESB at a frequency that defies imagination, take it that you have met one of the Staff members of the Electrical Engineering Department. If on the other hand you take a sadistic delight in watching other unfortunate 'soles' at sixes and sevens with their books, take a visit to your nearest Electrical Engineer-to-be. You will find to your immense pleasure the poor chap frustratingly knocking at his grey (storage) cells for a discharge of ideas. But be careful for the process is reversible and you might find yourself at the receiving end of a battering of work and heat transfer that might give you the dubious honour of being one up on Leonov (first comrade in Space).

These are then those luminous personalities who go up to make the fascinating Electrical Engineering Department. For two years we watched in awe the grand majesty of the ESB eagerly awaiting the day when some amongst us would step in. But when the moment came I was told they wished it had taken a bit longer.

There is a peculiar inductive effect of the Dept—a magnetic power that sends their message down your spine faster and more effectively than any RC (radio communication) system you can think of. Their message is short sweet and simple—'Don't act tough for we can be tougher'. Their message was generously sprinkled in what they called, 'Rules of the Electrical Laboratory' (Dept would have been more general and appropriate). They wantonly defied all rulings of the Senate, regarding a minimum of 85% attendance—there is nothing called minimum according to them.

A bit bold one day, the Students forgot their record notebook. That was enough excitement from this end for all of them to start off in phase a firing—a firing that only stopped when they had realised there was only half an hour left with the remark, 'Its 3.30 now, and you haven't started yet! I wonder when you will finish!' Yet another day found a palefaced chap who came in chappals being sweetly told that these types of 'shoes' were not allowed in the 'laboratory'.

Members of the Electrical Dept. are not satisfied with merely defying the fundamental Laws of Electrical Engineering like 'Max. Power transfer'. One peep in the class room is enough to convince you. What they are teaching is beyond your mental capacity and so I suggest that you forget it, and relax. Let your mind wander to the finer things in life. If you do have a taste for dancing you will be amazed at the skill with which the teacher convulses and goes into raptures. If you notice carefully, you cannot but escape admiring the swift changes from 'Manipuri' to 'Kathakali' with a dexterity that will put Uday Shanker to shame! If however your mind takes leave of these pleasant diversions and comes back to Mech. Engg (definitely not Elec!) their movements are bound to make you doubt the 2nd Law of Thermo—the non-existence of a perpetual motion!

Do not however direct your attention on the Students for it might bring you closer to despair and existentialism than Jean Paul Satre ever desired. No matter whatever might be their potential(ties) (always a drop, never a rise: that's the golden rule.) They just don't have the capacity to condense the emotionally charged lectures of their mentors!!!

There is a simple rule about the ESB lift. It goes 'No admission without permission and no permission without admission'. As confirmed social workers we wish somebody would place it outside the department as a warning to all those optimists who might venture into the ESB.

SPYGLASS.

MAX MUELLER BHAVAN

Programme

FEBRUARY 1966

- 19th Concert on the Glass Harp by Bruno Hoffmann,
Master of the Glass Harp and the Glass Harmonica
- 26th Film Show "Bel Ami" in German

MARCH 1966

- 5th - Ritha Devi—Indian Dances
- 19th Film Show
- 26th Mannheimer Trio
- 31st "Romulus der Große" by Friedrich
Dürrenmatt—staged by the Max Mueller
Bhavan Theatre Group at the Max Mueller
Bhavan, Bangalore.



EDITORIAL

The Literary and Cultural Week

No stones have been left unturned by the Organising Secretaries to make the Week an unprecedented success. This function is our most important one. It is at functions such as these that the true image of IIT is projected. To do this the programme and the organisation is not enough. The audience plays a major role in the ultimate success of the function. It is therefore highly necessary that the IITians turn up in large numbers for all the events. Studies, though entirely necessary, must be supplemented by such activities. Therefore, even if you have to leave your books behind, do not forget that the organisers have spent a lot of time planning this week, and have lost quite a bit of sleep and study.

The Mess in the Mess

In this issue, we are featuring the mess. This is because we feel that, for a healthy and agile mind, a healthy body is an absolute prerequisite. The mess bills are high and are bound to go higher still, if something is not done to stop the upward spiral. At the same time, the food is indifferent, to say the least. A careful study is required taking into account the dietary, and calorific requirements of an average IIT Student. Variety is the spice of life, and thus a balanced and varying menu is essential. A study of the menus and kitchens of the NDA, or the IMA would indeed be helpful.

At the same time we should not forget the unhygienic conditions prevailing in the Messes. One would not recommend a visit to the kitchen if one wishes to eat without disgust. We have known instances of students retching after seeing flies being removed from the curry before service.

The servers, poor souls, lead a much more miserable life. Most of them are of the Students' age-group. It is only a quirk of fate that some sit at the tables while others serve. The servers have no living quarters, and are forced to sleep in the corridors. Not a moment of privacy is afforded to them... and the wages they get are a bare minimum.

Letters to the Editor

ENTERTAINING

Sir,

It is heartening to note that *Campastimes* has made its first feeble steps this year in the realm of constructive criticism. But what should be deplored is the rather blatant personal prejudices that have been allowed to creep in.

One such glaring instance is the remarks regarding the Entertainment Committee. Perhaps a word of explanation would not be out of place.

In the first place, the invitation to participate in the dramatic competition conducted by Engineering College was not received through the Institute, but by my personally contacting the Arts Secretary of Engineering College.

Unfortunately this was the time when our terminal examinations commenced. To make announcements, select plays and dramatic personnel, to rehearse and polish the performance was clearly out of the question. The only possible way out was to stage a play that had already been acted by our students.

The participants deserve whole-hearted congratulations for having put on the play at such extremely short notice. The lack of audibility was no fault of the actors, who are all highly experienced, but that of the sound

From Here and There

It has been a long time since we saw a decent flick at the OAT. Since there are over a thousand members in the Film Club now, who, look forward to seeing a good film after a hard and monotonous week, we feel that it is high time the 35 mm. Projector was bought to enable us to see better stuff. If the choice in English films is limited we could at least get some good 'desi fillums' in Hindi and Tamil. As the typist is hammering out this column, news has arrived that the Film Club programme for February, reveals a number of interesting flicks. We only hope the programme will be followed. Cheers to the Committee!

Those who believe that sudden hard work after a long holiday is a danger to the nervous system, have their sympathizers in a certain department of the Institute. The scheduled four-week holiday was extended by two weeks for some of us. The latter weeks were spent neither in work nor in pleasure. Going to class late in the morning, keeping themselves occupied in walking around the building and returning back became a routine for these people. All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy, they say. One wonders then how after such a hectic routine one can get back to work.

That IIT contains the cream of student society is apparent. While most colleges prefer to get down to brass tacks in this final term, we here at the IIT think it quite unnecessary. Literary activities, Arts and Photographic exhibition, Sports Meets... all seem to come only in the second term, leaving the first term one big bore. More uniform and sustained effort on the part of the various committees, is what is called for.

From the age of buckets which were used as drums and squeaky mouth-organs, we, here at the IIT have finally managed to hitch up some sort of band. Hats off to the Beat-x who added a feather to the IIT cap by winning the Judges Prize at the inter-collegiate Musical Knockout.

Group Discussion which for the first time was somewhat like a Group Discussion did not lack the element of unruly behaviour. Gopal's antics (reading out Defn. of Hist. from Dr. V. P.'s book, which he surprisingly produced from the fold of his well worn shirt failed to impress the Judges. One wonders what the big idea is in selecting 8 men for a 5 man team.

Defying the D. I. rules, the Godavari chaps made bold to hold their Hostel Day on a Monday night. All in all the function, considering how quickly and at short notice it had been organized, was quite a success, but what stole the show was the chief guest's (Dr Ramaseshan) speech and exposition of his liberal views.

The Institute Quiz team, consisting of V. Venkatesan and R. Neelamegam, won the Saturday Evening Club Shield for the third successive year. The former also won the 2nd individual prize. R. Shanker won the 2nd individual prize in the debate. In the Inter-Collegiate Quiz conducted by the Engg. College, Guindy, V. Venkatesan won the 2nd prize. Incidentally, the Institute team, which has remained unbeaten this year, is also leading in the A.I.R. Quizz.

system itself, which went on strike during the first scene.

One consolation however is that the Publication Committee despite its rather tardy publications got more than its full share of praise. Perhaps the fact that the Editor of *Campastimes* is a member of this committee has nothing to do with this.

Yours etc.,
S. M. KRISHNAN,
Secretary,
Entertainment Committee.

(Continued in col. 3)

Congratulatory

Sir,

Many thanks for the copy of *Campastimes*. You and the members of your staff are to be complimented for a very fine paper. Not only is its quality as a production first rate but its readability and sophistication of attitude impress me equally much.

The article from 'Higginsindia' by Tee Square was so good that we forwarded a copy to our Delhi office as evidence of the calibre and ingenuity of the South Indian student.

It is publications and intelligent wit of this kind that make South Indian students the equal of any student group and rewarding to know.

Yours etc.
For the Director,
FRANCIS P. COWARD,
University Programs Officer,
USIS, Madras.

Sir,

Viva! Viva! Much flag waving, back thumping, hand shaking congratulations.

I have just been through—indeed digested—the Oct. 15th issue of *Campastimes* (did it come out on time?). It is one of the best issues I have ever seen—and I've seen them all. The standard of humour is absolutely terrific—pride forbids me to bracket it with the standard in them old days (how I wish I was there now!) but in fact it is better. The British are known for their sense of humour but the IIT makes this place look like a prolonged sitting of Cardinals in the Vatican.

I was particularly pleased to note that we retain the rowing shield (in fact, I don't recall it having been returned at all). My personal congratulations for whatever it's worth to the crew and to 'Ebbie' in particular. Judging from the photograph, the river looks choppy and it looks as though the crew has been shooting their slides resulting in bent backs! Tch! Tch! but a hurrah, anyhow!

Nostalgia, thy name is Aye Aye Tea and those limericks were a delight. Sudarsan's cartoons are in the very best 'Saha' tradition, the Calf Path notwithstanding. With so much talent bursting at the seams, I was surprised to hear that December '65 issue might be the last on account of a lack of funds. If there is one thing that deserves to be supported, it is *Campastimes*. Go in for advertisements, raise the price a bit, but for all our sakes, let there be *Campastimes*. Instead of three prizes for every Sports Event, why not have only two and use the money thus saved for a paper that is undoubtedly the finest among campus newspapers in India and better than most of those I have seen in Britain.

Yours etc.
V. SIDDHARTHA.

The College of Aeronautics,
Cranfield/England.

Loco-Less

Sir,

No one can deny that the last session has been full of rude surprises. No sooner had the 'Saturday Scare' faded away than a new monster raised its ugly head. And, as Doolittle would say, this 'is' the unkindest cut of all—aimed at cutting away the means of locomotion of some of the IITians.

To add to the anxious wait for the results of the Terminals and the possible reprimands for obtaining a C where an A was indicated, came an epistle, dreadful and foreboding. Scooterists, motor-cyclists are rash, the letter said; and so, as the Queen said, 'Do away with them'. With due regards to the mature wisdom of our betters, it must be pointed out that this is hardly a fit way of solving such a problem. Trust the boys, after all in a few years time, a year or two for some, they will be expected to handle more important things than mere two-wheelers.

The main problems which, according to the letter, arise out of allowing students to use vehicles in the campus are:

1. Rash driving.
2. Driving without lights.
3. Towing of bicycles.

(Continued on p. 5)



Rumours find a fertile breeding ground in IIT. Remember tales of a man supposedly accosted at the open air theatre, during the height of the Pak War? On being questioned by the watchman he is reported to have revealed himself daringly as a Pakistani spy!—after which everyone lost interest. The latest is about a *cheetah* roaming in the IIT woods. Conclusions are being drawn. Suspicious glances are being exchanged across the fence. But still no one can say for certain who this mysterious figure is, who roams the night as a *cheetah* and walks the day as a *homo sapien*.

When no one was looking, as *Time* would have piously said, a Sangeeth Sabha suddenly came into existence in IIT. Whether this is to counter the yeah, yeah atmosphere in IIT or to nourish the soul of the music-starved, is anybody's guess. The inauguration was smooth and decorous, although during the musical performance there seemed to be too much talking and discussing in the rows from precisely those people whom we would have least expected to indulge in this.

'Educational Trips' to local industry sites and factories seems to be becoming an integral part of student life in the senior years. This is as it should be. But whether much 'education' is gleaned from these trips is open to question. In most of the factories one or two men are deputed to explain the various points of interest, surrounded by 15 to 20 students. The guide is hard put to it in 'selling' any information that is worthwhile—even then only those in his immediate vicinity catch anything. Perhaps smaller batches with the accompanying lecturer armed with advance information on points of interest would help. So much for the 'foreign' flavour in the Cup, I was about to say but then...

'The latest craze,' smugly remarked a friend from a sister IIT, 'is to go abroad.' Don't we here in IITM know it just! Ask the final year blokes. As one staff member is reported to have asked pertinently, 'If all of you go abroad, then who will remain here in India?' The rest of the 399, 999 million, I guess! There is feverish activity, in the senior hostels, the air thick with GRE'S, TOEFL's and what-have-you. If I were Uncle Sam, I would cough nervously and mutter a wayward, 'Whoa, Whoa' at the

approach of the huge sea of hopeful nephews. But the roles being reversed, one pushes on gleefully.

And in ending, to let the optimistic *motif* creep in, do you know who an optimist is? Well, it is an IITian who feels, in the first place, that it is sufficient to wait at the Kaveri Hostel stop, to get a back seat in the Saturday afternoon bus and, in the second place, managing to get the seat, not have to get up for ladies merely because there is no place to stand.

—Cm.

TU BERLIN AND IIT

As already briefly reported in our previous issue, two distinguished visitors from Germany came to our Institute in December last: Prof. Dr. P. Hilbig, Vice-Rector of Technical University, Berlin and an expert in Mine Surveying and Applied Geophysics, and Mr. H. Westphal, Director, Academic Foreign Relations Office, Technical University, Berlin. During their four-day stay from 8th to 12th December they visited all departments and had detailed discussions with the Director and the Indian and German professors, acquainting themselves with the working of this Institute, with the curricula of the different courses offered as also with the various problems that quite naturally arise in a novel institution like ours.

Prof. Hilbig and Mr. Westphal were, however, mainly interested in finding out in what way the Technical University, Berlin, could directly assist the Institute under the Second Indo-German Agreement by lending the services of professors, helping to establish additional laboratories etc. They pointed out that not only the Technical University, Berlin, but any German Technical University would find it very difficult to spare senior staff to be deputed to IIT for a longer period, i.e. two or more years. However there was great scope for professors to be sent on short-term basis, i.e. for two or three months to deliver lectures and to conduct seminars and group discussions. Such collaboration already existed with France and the U.S.A.

'Knowing the availabilities there and the needs here, we now know what can be done', Mr. Westphal summarized the results of their stay at IIT. They only regretted that the meticulously planned programme had left them hardly any time to visit places of interest in and around Madras City.

Campastimes hopes that the Technical University, Berlin, will not remain the only German Technical University to establish direct relations with our Institute, but that others will follow suit, eventually perhaps, leading to the establishment of a German 'University Consortium' which would not only assist our Institute until it is able to stand on its own legs, but would also promote a permanent exchange of professors on a reciprocal basis.

DJN.

BEAT-X TRIUMPH

It was no ordinary Republic Day. The Beat-x took part in a general Musical Knock-Out that was organised by Student Times at the Music Academy.

Stanley Medicos opened the programme which was 40 minutes behind schedule and one saw a formidable number on the stage. Their music did not live up to their size though they tried to satisfy every linguistic taste by playing tunes in Hindi, English and Tamil. The Stanleys were followed by the Flamingoes, armed with three electric guitars, a pianist and a drummer. Their concept of music was only fast moving numbers and to prove their point they played 'Besamemoucho' at twice the normal speed. Their flame soon withered away and the audience's opinion was conveyed by paper planes. The Mustangs mustered themselves and stunned the audience with their stage showmanship and the skilful control of their instruments; flashing guitars and a saxophonist produced excellent music and their numbers could be recognised. The audience remained silent, while the Mustangs rocked away and beat at their instruments with dexterity and fine co-ordination. Having laid a high standard, the Mustangs gave way to the unassuming Beat-x. Their slow moving numbers were a welcome change to the fast tunes so far heard. Their music showed a touch of superior taste and up-to-date rhythm. 'I could have danced all night' and 'Baby Beetle Walk' were striking. This programme was for the selection of the Most Popular group by the audience. As there was a far larger MCC crowd, the Mustangs were chosen 1st while the Beat-x—2nd.

Now came the performance for the Judges' Prize and this time the Beateks preceded the Mustangs. It was a grim fight between them. The Beat-x started in their own modest way but soon started 'boasting' when they commenced with 'Summer time'. The music was slow and cool, swaying the audience. Solomon on the clarinet displayed his talent. Ebenezer on the guitar towered head and shoulders above his predecessor and Jayaraman drummed with gusto. 'Summer time' was followed by 'Blue Moon'—though we were not feeling blue and this was surmounted by 'On the street where you live.' The Beateks certainly knew where the hearts of the Judges and the audience were and with their soft music they knocked them open. Alfred enthralled them with the magic of his fingers on the piano and thus the Beat-x left everyone speechless and full of admiration.

The Mustangs came on and gave an impressive performance. They swayed with their guitars and saxophone but the Beat-x had a slight edge over them. It was a close fight in which the Beateks were supreme, the Mustangs—2nd.

BLL.

Editor's Note: Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, You did it. You did it. You did.....

Letters—(Contd. from page 4)

And, in conclusion, these factors are added up to indicate that our campus life is disrupted by these mal-practices. A consensus of the parents' opinion indicates that they are in favour of corrective measures such as the imposition of traffic rules. But, to ban the vehicles completely, indicates a defeatist attitude. In addition to this, there is another point of view. The procurement of these vehicles was no easy task. And now, that the money has been spent, it is indeed difficult to expect the owners to put their vehicles in 'cold storage'. Further, many students have procured their vehicles with a special purpose, such as the desire to pursue further study of German at Max Mueller Bhavan &c. This rule would disturb the otherwise carefully drawn up plans. Nothing should be allowed to come in the way of intellectual development!

I suggest that the Director should call the students concerned and discuss possible ways and means of solving this problem. I am sure all responsible students would like to make our Campus safer.

Yours etc.,
IMMOBILISED.



The future being discussed
Left to Right: Prof. Sethunathan, Prof. Sengupto, Prof. Dr. P. Hilbig and Mr. Westphal

Impact of Campastimes (Contd. from page 1)

A campus newspaper devoid of humour goes against the grain of student life. P.J.'s are as much a part of us (need I stress it?) as grub and a good laugh, even at the silliness of the joke, is worthwhile. A man without a sense of humour will, in the present world, tend to become a neurotic. It is good medicine and for those who don't like it, it may be forced a bit, but it will not do them any harm.

This problem has many facets. Firstly, there is the feeling among the staff that it is infra dig to associate themselves with student activities. Then there is the general difference in areas of interest particularly so in respect of humour. What evokes a guffaw among students e.g. Milkha Singh jokes, only irritates those of an older generation. Very little can be done about this, and then again so many staff members as so absorbed in their own fields that they tend to become tube-lights in other areas and things just don't click.

I submit a three-pronged attack:—

(a) Staff should respect the intelligence and ideas of students and never forget that they too were once students—and in a philosophical sense continue to be students. They should make an effort to contribute to *Campastimes* and regularly inform the Editorial Board of social events, Staff Club and Faculty Association proceedings. They should criticise the views of the students and take part in the general debate and stop having that patronising—only kids—attitude towards students.

(b) The Editorial Board must include more active staff members and initially, it must go out of its way to report staff activities. I know that this is easier said than done, but so far as I know, no genuine effort has been made in this direction.

(c) A special column devoted to activities of wives of staff members, their problems (how dirty these school uniforms get?—or household hints to conserve water etc. etc.), gardening notes and the such like.

As for students, there ought to be a law fining those who don't buy a copy! Many students are shy or just plumb lazy. With the difficulty of anyday periodical now removed 'I've got to mug' is no longer an excuse. If the students want this excellent paper to live, it is their business to feed it and feed it well. It will never look after itself. I have always been puzzled by the non-involvement of students and could never understand the *chalta hai* attitude. If *Campastimes* should falter, the blame will rest almost entirely with the couldn't-care-less attitude of the students. It will indicate a lack of responsibility, and lack of regard for an understanding of the democratic process. It will be an index of the extent to which students are committed to their own future and their submissiveness to drift and *chalta hai*.

I do not see the connection of commercial advertisements and the image of *Campastimes*. Unlike countries with large consumer markets, advertising in India is largely an information service. Most firms/organisations advertise, not because they face competition, but simply to inform the public of their existence. So, in case the question has, as its background, doubts about the advisability of letting firms peddle their goods, it would be well to remember the above.

If the subsidy to (on?) *Campastimes* is to be brought down, selling space is the only way out. In fact if firms dealing in scientific equipment, stationery, textiles and the like advertise in *Campastime* it will do the campus just as much good as it does to the advertiser.

No, I don't think the market can stand a further increase in price. Until it caters to a wider readership and creates a feeling that the readers are missing something if they don't get it, a further increase in price is likely to lower its circulation.

Campastimes ought not to hold any competitions. Referring to my views on question 1, I reiterate that *Campastimes* is an outlet for creative talent unfettered by competition. We have enough prizes of all sorts, including some ridiculous ones, and I feel that *Campastimes* should be prize free. Besides judging the literary merit of *Campastimes'* articles

calls for more experience and knowledge of the English language and its subtleties than can be claimed by any judge so far appointed for the job. It satisfies the contributor more if he receives the personal approbation of a few than the mechanical applause of many. What is more, in the early stages the non-recipient is apt to interpret the failure to receive prizes from judges of questionable competence as a rejection of his efforts and this is the best method of quenching the spark.

Cranfield, England

T. S. Ananthu & Vikram Rao

Joint answer to questionnaire:

1. Definitely.
2. Two aims: (a) to provide campus news, (b) to provide relaxed reading for staff and students.
3. It should be more general.
4. Yes, but the exact degree of criticism (or provocation) should be under the strict vigilance of the Editorial Board.
5. It should have a limited number of serious articles—say 4 columns per six-page issue.
6. Censored.
7. The price per issue should NOT be raised—in fact, copies should be free if possible. In any case, you do not get much from the sales. If it is for circulation, in and out of campus can be more and this will attract ads.—which should realise much of the cost. Ads do not detract from the image of *Campastimes*; all campus newspapers I know of, in U.S.A., including the *Stanford Daily*, get a large proportion—about 75%—of their funds from ads.

Prizes should be given to the five best contributors every year, and not according to categories like short story, essay, etc.

Stanford, USA

Pradeep Mullick

It is indeed hard to say what is really necessary, and what is not. No, *Campastimes* is not really necessary for, say, existence. On the other hand, it is an excellent means for expression of thoughts, and is a healthy medium, whereby both staff and students can ventilate their views on topics of their choice. It would indeed be sad to do away with something started with such zeal, and which, for a period of months, proved to be quite a success.

Its aim should be to provide interesting reading and to encourage expression of thought.

It would be a grave error to restrict *Campastimes* to campus news only, for such a scheme would, in time, tend to become routine. Interest will wear off, circulation will drop. There must be something new that will keep interest alive, something that will invoke people to buy it because they want to, not because they 'might as well', for want of something better.

Circulation outside the campus is possible only if *Campastimes* covers more than mere Campus news. News, stories, yarns, cynical or subtle innuendoes pertaining to the campus will fall flat on 'outsiders', as did the ex-Registrar's speeches, so popular at home.

Having circulated *Campastimes* outside, to increase circulation, students of other colleges and especially the women's colleges, must be encouraged to write articles regularly. This will not only increase circulation 'abroad' but will also keep interest at home alive.

Since *Campastimes* is read by a motley group of students and teachers, it would be best to strike a compromise. To appeal to the 'masses' it must be light, and rich in humour. To keep interest from flagging and humour running dry, it would be good to have some 'serious' articles too.

The symposium on Student-Teacher relationship did bring forward some response from the staff. The staff must be approached—and probably, not just once!—and asked to write. A suggestion of a particular topic might help.

To make staff and students feel it is their own paper, some sort of interest must be created. How about trying some cross-words—

one was tried some time back—some riddles or quiz-types!

Commercial advertisements will not detract from the 'image of *Campastimes*', but unless these advertisements are of a fairly good standard, such a step would tend to make *Campastimes* a cheap paper.

The price per issue, should just cover the cost. If it is decided to give prizes, the cost might be raised just a little, if absolutely necessary. Nothing should be done, at this stage, to discourage people from buying *Campastimes*.

Campastimes should hold competitions like the Essay Writing Competition. Prizes should be given for 'best contributions' but not as many as the Institute Gymkhana was wont to in past years. The prizes should be something coveted, not cheap.

England

Owing to lack of space, we are not in a position to print all the letters we received. However, we are printing a summary of the views received.

All those who took the trouble of answering the questionnaire agreed that *Campastimes* was necessary and that it also be a balance between humour, Campus news and serious articles. Though one reader asserted positively that '*Campastimes* should be the first and only one of its kind in India (?)' most agreed that to increase circulation outside the Campus it should be as one of them put it 'a general, balanced and entertaining periodical'. One of the readers suggested that interest in *Campastimes* outside the Institute could be evoked if every issue contained a page of articles from colleges outside.

Opinions, however come into conflict on the question whether the paper should carry serious, critical and provocative articles. While some insisted that the paper restrict itself to being a 'semi-hilarious rag', two readers suggested that the paper should carry serious and provocative articles but that these must be under the strict vigilance of the Editor. Another suggested it was a waste of paper if the authorities took no notice of these critical articles. Yet another reader maintained that a 'hilarious rag' might help us to pass the time but in no way would it increase the chances of *Campastimes* becoming a popular monthly with the Staff and the general public.

In an answer to why *Campastimes* does not evoke interest among the Staff, one reader went on to explain that the articles were too immature for them, and assured us that if we did include serious articles the circulation would widen. We would like to mention at this juncture that among those who replied to the questionnaire there was not a single Staff member, which went, to some extent, to prove one of our reader's points that the Staff are not at all interested in *Campastimes* or extra-curricular activities. Some of the readers felt that the enthusiasm for the paper might increase if serious articles were restricted to four or six columns per six page issue.

Views were unanimous regarding the inclusion of advertisements which they said would not detract from the Paper's image. Opinions were once again unanimous on the inclusion of competitions in *Campastimes*, but there were varying suggestions on the exact nature of these competitions, ranging from limericks, essay writing, poems and general knowledge tests. There were once again divided opinions on the question of prizes. While some felt that they should be given, others were satisfied with the mere mention of the winners. Two of our readers felt that instead of dividing prizes into various categories, prizes should be given at the end of the year to the five best contributions. The price per issue should not be increased was the universal view.

Though a number of our readers came out to express themselves, we feel that the response to the questionnaire was not as enthusiastic as the criticism over dining tables and the Hostel common rooms. Surely if you feel so strongly about *Campastimes*, the least you could do was to have sent in your answers and so help the Editorial Board in making the venture successful.

DEAR AUNT EMMA*

My problem is a rather embarrassing beauty problem. It's driving me crazy. I just have to get rid of my talking pimple. Trying to exterminate it, I was startled to hear it exclaim—'Stop it, you beast!'

My pimple is embarrassingly garrulous. It is an awful bore of late. Besides, when people hear my pimple's strange voice, they shake their heads and mutter, 'Poor, crazy fool'. If I try to explain about my talking pimple, they give me a funny look and take to their heels. This pimple is driving me mad. Please Oh! please, help me to get rid of it.

—ANON

Dear Anon,

—Your problem is an interesting one—an extreme case of sciaphrenia. Your subconscious has always been thinking of ways to stamp out the pimple menace to which you are susceptible. Then realizing that by harming your pimples, you were harming yourself, self-pity took over. Being disgusted with your masochistic streak, you began to view your pimples with sympathy and finally became a spokesman for your pimples—hence the talking pimple.

Your
AUNT EMMA

[P.S. To grow immune to pimples, write for our trusted and dependable medication 'Pimple-externi cream'—the only cream for that distinguished yet casual, no pimple look. You get a free new shiny spoon with it.]

* * * *

Dear Aunt Emma,

I am 21 years old and terribly in love with a young girl of 18. It was love at first sight and that was the basic mistake. You see, the first time I met her she was sitting and I had no idea of her height. Now I am in a fix because she is two inches taller than I am. I want to marry her, but she won't marry me because I am so short. I fell into love, dear aunty, but I can't fall out and so please help me.

Yours,
SHORT LEGS.

Dear Short Legs,

Your problem is a tricky one, encompassing within it a region of situations that deals with the heights of human emotions. I am sorry for you and can only suggest that you try and forget her as best and as fast as you can.

AUNT EMMA.

* * * *

Dear Aunt Emma,

I am a young girl (18), 36-22-36, and with classic Grecian features and am 5'4" tall. My problem is that I have got small moustaches on my upper lip which don't respond to any treatment. No boy will speak to me; or even give a third glance. Boo-hoo, please help me.

Yours,
MOUSTACHIO.

P.S. I live at home.

Dear Moustachio,

I am much interested by this problem of yours and can assure you all is not lost yet. Faith and prayer will certainly yield results, because I think even God will get tired of receiving pleas from a moustached young lady.

Have faith.

AUNT EMMA.

* Aunt Emma is in no way related to Uncle Horace who answered questions in a previous issue—Ed.

(Continued on p. 8)

P. J. COMPETITION

The following entry received the 1st Prize:—

Member, Publications Committee: The Editor has hanged himself.

Publisher (in consternation): Have you cut him down?

Member, P.C.: No, he isn't dead!

Yeah, the Ed. isn't dead yet. Since the above was copied like all the others, no prize is being awarded. Sorry!

A psychiatrist received a rather chic looking darling little thing for treatment. After preliminaries he proceeded:

Psych.: What will happen if I cut off one of your ears?

Patient: It will pain.

Psych.: Well now, I cut off both ears?

Patient: I can't see well.

Psych.: (Flabbergasted) come, come dear, think well and answer. Why is it so?

Patient: Cause I can't wear my specs.

Baldev Singh of IIT was appointed High Commissioner to Loonabadistan.

On getting the information he queried: 'How much is the high commission, yar? 15%?'

Smarty of IIT, Hey, like to answer a single tough question or ten easy ones?

Supersmarty: (of Central School) One tough will do it.

Smarty: Which came first on this earth, the chick or the egg?

Supersmarty (confidently): Chick of course.

Smarty (chuckling): Where did that chick come from?

Supersmarty (wickedly): Sorry Pat, I thought you wanted to ask only one question.

An English woman was travelling in an omnibus—one of the 1st of its kind in Madras. When she thought she had reached her destination, she signed to the driver, who jammed the brakes immediately. The halt was so unexpected that the man standing collapsed on her and she yelled 'My-Lap-Oh!' Thus the place where she got out of the bus came to be known as Mylapore! Ha! Ha! Ha!

P. J. CHANDER K. RAM.

Today people do all sorts of things, e.g. I can take up sand from Narmada Hostel which is just silicon dioxide, convert it to sodium chloride and then to gold, etc.

JAFFREY THE ALCHEMIST.

Of course, you have heard P/O Sankaran's ready wit. Well, here's another thrown for your benefit. An innocent cadet asked, 'Sir, it will be difficult for us to manage with just one pair of trousers.'

P/O Sankaran smiled and remarked, 'Why, do you wear two pairs at a time?'

During the violent turn of demonstration in Nigeria one bus conductor was cut into two pieces by the mob. One sympathetic electronic engineer paid tributes like this 'Here lies a semi conductor'.

Two senior electrical engineers met each other. One asked the other, 'What are you doing now?' The other, slightly brighter than the first wanted to ask a bigger question. He asked 'Mega what' are you doing now?'

Once a constipated Mech. Engg. went to a physician and he had a report from the physician that there were worms in his stomach. The engineer asked him seriously whether they were of single start or double start.

J. PATTABIRAMAN.

'John,' said the layman to the industrialist, 'your company manufactures pistons and keys. Could you kindly explain what they are exactly?' 'Very simple,' said John, 'a piston is something which can fit into something else of the very same shape—only larger. We produce two types of keys and two types of pistons—the straight key and the tapered key; the big piston and the small piston.' A straight key is one which is not tapered and a tapered key is not straight. A small piston is not big and a big piston is not a small one. Got it?

V. J. R. ASIRVATHAM.

What is your birthday?

'I don't have birthday.'

'What do you mean?'

'I was born in the night dammit.'

One undergrad to another, 'Can you explain this?'

'Sorry, buddy! I can only Y-plane it!'

Pass your vibration Notes, Yar!

'No, you won't understand head or tail of it.'

'Don't worry, you! I will understand the body of it.'

A: Hullo B! This is a standard PJ. But I'm sure of getting the prize.

B: But why should it be a standard? Why not a Fiat?

JAWAHAR.

Venky: I say, do you have any idea about what Ferro-electric twins are?

Kake: (Sleepily)—May be those produced by a thermocouple yar.

KALYANARAMAN.

Jaygopal to Lecturer: Sir, the subject you are teaching is extremely dry.

Witty Maths Lecturer: For that matter even Fluid Flow is dry!

SAMPATH.

A: I say, I desperately want a hot book.

B: Sure! I have 'Heat' by Sears, will that do?

RAJARAM.

Mathematical method of making DDT: All you need is a kuppa tea (hot or cold). Take a small part of it (dt, mathematically speaking). Now of this dt take an infinitesimal part—d(dt) and there you have ddt.

VEER RAGHAVAN R.

Wanna catch a crocodile? All you need is a boring book (a text book, for instance), a pair of binoculars, a match-box and pincers (a bit smaller than those you swipe from Physics Lab.) Take all this equipment to the riverside and read the boring book reclined. Before long you are snoring. Out comes Mr. Crocodile opens the boring book curiously—reads it and, as expected (you started snoring earlier!) Look at the crocodile through the wrong side of your binoculars. It appears very small. Holding the binoculars in one hand catch it with the pincers and quickly put it in your match-box and go home whistling!

VIJAYASAGAR.

(Naughty, naughty! Is this your own unaided work?—Ed.)

A four-year old girl back from the school, told her mother, 'Mamma, my teacher kissed me today'.

'I see,' exclaimed the mother, 'Did you kiss her back?'

'No,' came the repentant answer, 'I kissed her face only.'

C asked little B, 'I say, what's that cotton in your ears for?'

'Louder please,' replied B, 'I have cotton in my ears.'

Focus on the mess

The Case of the Pestered Palate and Tortured Tummy

Returning from the winter hols with a pampered palate and tucked in tummy, Sambo (III B. Tech., Mech., admired as hero WITHIN the precincts of the Institute) groaned. Viewing with dismay a half-baked potato, garnished with sickly cabbage; the familiar, much insulted Tapti chappathi and the unmentionably lousy tamarind rice, our hero ejaculated an unprintable curse. We, his comrades in distress at the table, nodded our heads in silent assent. But wait, our hero has grit in his backbone. With much courage and restraint, he decided to make the best of a bad mess; (perhaps a wolf was gnawing at his belly.) He finished his hearty if not wholesome meal and deserted us. Therein lies a moral: Better a pestered palate than no palate; better a tortured tummy than a dead one.

The stuff I am made of is less stern. In my mournful mood I composed the dirge that follows; a requiem to a Taptian tummy.

* * *

Indigestion harried my slumber deep,
So I lay abed and counted sheep.
The mists of sleep descended
With the forty-second beast;
My cavernous mouth surrounded
The hapless lamb that was my feast.
Snakes alive! The lamb turned out to be
a Ram,
Which galloped thro' my guts, bim! bam!
I bemoaned my interrupted glee
And resumed the thread at forty-three.
At a zillion and twenty-four
The mists fell down once more,
But visions of dinner yesternight
Scurried the nimbus left and right.
I wiped my brow of yellow sweat,
'membring the ordeals I underwent...
With dribbling lips I fork a slice of pork
But munch and crunch a Rhino's yoke.
With fortitude I chew a *roti*
Reminiscent of cow-hide in a tannery.
In panic I swallow the spaghetti—
A festomac confusion in a haberdashery.
The potatoes had the blight...
Ramajayam's map turned white.
The sambar was a horrid sight:
I left the mess in deadly fright.
My vitals and my vittles
Fought grim and gory battles:
Pork and gullet locked in strife
Lamb became a ram with life.
Sinews and spaghetti with vigour fought
And tied themselves into many a knot.
Of that nightmare feast I recollect:
In my bowels potatoes bump and ricochet...
Tummy's sore, But prices soar!
And the bill jumps over the moon!

* * *

Something more than poetry is needed to cleanse this mess. What applies to Tapti applies to a lesser or greater degree to the other hostels. What are the ills that haunt our mess? Lousy grub and a preposterous mess bill. There are other ills, not so apparent. Inefficient mess staff... some hostels have too many for comfort, unhygienic cooking conditions, poor service, and so on, ad infinitum.

A careful scrutiny reveals that there is a root cause behind all these evils. . . . there is too much decentralisation in messing. An independent supply system for each hostel entails transport for provisions separately by each hostel; separate management for the mess in each hostel with too many powers for the manager; separate purchase of stores which if done in bulk for all the hostels, will cut the costs considerably, and lack of co-ordination among the various messes in various ways have led to this invidious situation. One encouraging development is the centralisation of milk supply for the

hostels. This has ensured a fairly satisfactory supply of milk nowadays. But even this can be improved if the responsibility for centralisation is not put on one particular hostel, Tapti in this case. Tapti inmates are made to feel the pinch because the milk supply staff who deal with all the hostels, are paid by Tapti hostel alone.

Let not my poem, wrung out of melancholy, hungry depths, drive you to despair. Much can be done to correct the faults in our messes. To identify the evils is an important step towards their remedy.

What we require most is a CENTRAL STORES to purchase and supply provisions to all the hostels. Advantages, to mention a few: bulk purchases will reduce cost; transport charges will be halved; accounting and other clerical work in each mess will be reduced and quite possibly, the paraphernalia of managers, asst. managers, clerks, asst. clerks, supervisors, asst. supervisors can be reduced (too many crooks ruin the mess); a more uniform mess bill for every hostel.

Many useful suggestions like the above have poured in:—A poultry farm and vegetable gardens, if implemented under a long-term plan, will slash prices. Our campus is vast enough to accommodate these and a dairy farm too!

Hygiene in the kitchen and the mess hall must be improved. All the mess staff must be provided with clean aprons and as far as possible, gas must be used in cooking.

Dogs and other assorted hangers-on near the mess must be eliminated. *Campastimes* has already brought this to the notice of the authorities in strong terms. Here goes, again: Our beautiful campus is being overrun by canines. Many of them are infested with ticks and sores. The danger from rabies is being grossly underestimated. One day a gay young chap will shy a nasty stone at a rabid mongrel; an altercation will follow and our gay musketeer will either find himself relieved of human bondage or end up with a dozen of Pasteur's deadliest injections in his solar plexus. Then somebody will sit up and start thinkin' and the city dog pound staff, hastily summoned. The sitting up can be done now before one of our esteemed readers gets hydrophobia.

To run our messes well, strong mess committees are vital. They must be free to make reasonable decisions and see that they are implemented. The students should have the satisfaction of running their own messes with the minimum of official interference, direction and benevolent patronage. After all, who foots the bill?

'Dear Aunt Emma'

(Contd. from page 7)

P.S. Why don't you stop eating at home and try to join *Narmada Vegetarian Mess*? The grub is such that not only your moustaches will disappear, even the hair on your head will fall off. Then your only problem will be to buy a WIG. Heh Heh!

* * *

Dear Aunt Emma,

Both my girl friend and I wear spectacles. Each time we kiss, the spectacles crash with each other. In fact we have broken six pairs between us to-date. Please help.

Yours

Spekbreaker.

Dear Spekbreaker,

Thank you for your taxing problem. Have you heard of contact lenses?

Yours,

AUNT EMMA.

P.S. Did you know that each time you kiss some 25 X 10⁶ colonies of germs pass over. . . . so why don't you give it up, you numbskull!

Embarrassment

During the Second World War, the draft board caught up with a young man, and of course, wanted to pressgang him into a G.I. uniform and send him out to fight. Well this one happened to be a particularly reluctant specimen of valour. He cajoled, he pleaded and he begged to be excused from serving the nation on the war front.

The President of the draft board was at first puzzled, then angry and finally furious. Giving the young man a withering glance, he bawled out, 'Well man, if you will at least give me a decent excuse, I might be able to let you off.'

'Well sir, replied the reluctant youth, I feel I will be EMBARRASSED if I join the army.' 'Of all the flaming excuses I have heard, this one positively needs crutches to get by! Explain yourself young man.'

Harry (for let us bestow this name on this, so far nameless, cockroach) launched into his excuse, 'It is like this sir; that sitting here as I am on this chair before you, there are two possibilities. They are, that either you will select me or you will reject me. Well sir, if you reject me nothing could be better; but if you select me there are two possibilities.'

'Now if I am selected, either the medical board will pass me or they will plug me. If they plug me sir, I will throw a party, but if they pass me there are two possibilities.'

He continued, 'they are sir, that either I will be put into the Marines or I will be put in the catering and supplies. Well sir, if they put me in Catering and Supplies, it will be great because I can make millions in the black market; but, if they put me in the Marines, there are two possibilities.'

'Either the war will finish before I finish my service (and I get a medal of victory for nothing), or I will be shipped overseas to fight. Well sir, if the war finishes, I will draw my G. I. privileges and join an American University for free, but if it does not, then there are a further two possibilities.'

Taking a drink of water, and ignoring the tough looks of the draft board, he continued, 'The two possibilities now are sir, that either I will stand up bravely in battle and fight for all my worth, or I will cower in some shell hole. Well sir, if I do the latter, it is all right, but if despite the prevalence of the human instinct of self-preservation, I choose to fight, there will be two possibilities.'

'Either an enemy bullet will get me or it won't; and if it does not, I might even get a medal of honour, but in case it does there are two possibilities.'

'Well sir, either I will survive the wound and live to dangle my grandchildren on my knee and tell them my memories of the war or I will die. Well sir, in the event of my death I think there are still two more possibilities.'

'Will you cut out the 'well sirs' and the 'possibilities' and tell me what you want to say?' bawled the exasperated board President.

Unperturbed, the kid continued, 'the two possibilities are that either they will cremate me or they will bury me. Well in case they cremate me sir, it is perfectly all right but if they bury me there are two possibilities.'

Either a tree will grow on my grave or it won't; and if it does grow at all there will be two possibilities.

'Either they will cut the tree down for timber which is all right but they, instead, might decide to send it to the paper manufacturers. In that case sir, there are two possibilities.'

'Sir, either they will make me into ordinary writing paper and then I have no complaints. . . . but. . . . just imagine Sir if they made YOU INTO TOILET PAPER WOULDN'T YOU BE EMBARRASSED!'

He was excused.

—C. Singh

(P. J. Competition—Continued from page 7)

A bus traveller boarded the bus with his son. He got two tickets. After a serious perusal, he called the conductor and asked for another ticket to be given to his son. When the conductor demanded 'Why' he replied, 'This ticket is not transferable.'

* * *

Bala: Have you seen the latest filmfare, my friend?

Mohan: Why? Yes.

Bala: Did you notice that Nanda had a moustache?

Mohan: Why, even Saira Banu had traces of one on her upper lip.

Bala: Come on now, I meant the Home Minister.

V. BALACHANDER.

* * *

A professor was informed that his daughter gave birth to a child. Curious to know about the sex of the child, he asked, 'Have I become a grandfather or grandmother?'

—M. HARIHARAN.

* * *

The headmaster wanting to break the monotony of the English lesson promised to give a prize to the student who answered the following questions:

1. What happens when you put a tomato in water?
2. Why does the King of England wear a blue and white belt?
3. Which was the highest mountain before Everest was discovered?
4. There were twelve ears of corn in a room. A rat went in through a small hole each

night and came out with three ears. How long did it take to empty the room?

No one got the prize for the answers were.

1. It gets wet.
2. To keep his pants up.
3. Mt. Everest itself.
4. 12 nights. Every night it brought out its own ears and one ear of corn.

—V.J.A.

* * *

A man from village side was drinking coffee in a city hotel. It was damn hot, but nevertheless, he was gulping it off fast. Asked why, his reply is, 'Hot coffee 40 P. but cold coffee 80 P.'

—V. RANGANATHAN.

'You told me you have only two sisters. Now you're saying you have three?'

'I bought a transistor recently.'



My mummy's a wonderful person

Well you know, she fusses over me so much... daddy says she almost spoils me. I don't know how to say it, but she's so particular. For instance, our food's so good because...

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COOL AS A CUBERCUM

By K. KALYANARAMAN

I remember telling you, when I met you last time, that I have always wanted to be calm and cool. But so long as Periodicals exist this is impossible. And this is just to remind you, so that if any of you don't see me as cool as a cubercum—I mean a cubercum—er, well, I forget what that fruit is called—anyway, so that you may remind me to cool down. I shall find out what that fruit is as soon as I have looked up a dictionary.

That reminds me—I had to return a dictionary which I had borrowed from a friend of mine, a senior, and which was due for a long time. So I stepped out with it and headed towards Godavari, and as I was walking along I began to have a funny feeling. I knew that I had to do something. Oh yes. It was just that I should keep calm. Well, as I walked along I put my head in at a window and someone was sitting there, facing the other way. Wait a minute, he looked familiar to me. Hadn't I seen him somewhere? Yes, of course, he was the senior—the senior to whom the dictionary had been due for a long time. So I decided to enter the room. I slowly lifted one of my legs and placed it on the sill, and was half way, pulling myself up, when that funny feeling seized me again. I decided to find out why I felt so and I stopped, clinging to the window in that position. (If the I.I.T. watch and ward had seen me then, he would have fainted). Then I knew it. Why! A hostel had to be entered through a door, not a barred window. I got down and went toward the entrance with the dictionary.

'Keep calm', I scolded myself, 'Hasn't the doctor asked you to get rid of any load on the mind?' He had. He had also, I remember, given me two Codopyrins.

So I dropped the load that I was carrying and, without troubling myself about finding out what load I had dropped, went in at the door. All that I knew was that I had gotten rid of a load—and that was to keep me calm.

As I went in I saw a gang coming towards me.

'Here's that fresher I was telling you about', one of them said to the others. 'Quite a character, yar'. He then came nearer and the others were now standing all around me.

'uh.....er.....that is, I've brought your dictionary', I said, and at once added, 'Sir.'

'Eh?—but I don't see it in your hand?'

I looked stupid. I started bluntly into nothingness.

'Aw, hang it, yar,' said one of them and, while a tall one stayed back to make me do the I.I.T. salute three times, the others walked away towards the road. Before I turned to follow them to the road, I heard an exclamation from my friend. I ran out to see what it was and at once wished I had not borrowed that dictionary at all, for he now held it in his hand.

'You think you're helluva chap, throwing my dictionary about wherever you wish, eh?'

'Let's take him to my room, yar. Come on.'

When I heard this, I quickly took out one of the Codopyrins that our Doc. had given me and swallowed it, hoping desperately that the doctor's idea about Codopyrin being a panacea would be really true. It almost choked me, but it worked. I was getting ready to say that I was glad that the dictionary was found when one among them asked me, 'I say, what did you swallow now?'

'The.....I mean.....I'm glad you.... that is, the dictionary.....I er.....', I stuttered, and the way they looked at each other made me feel sure that they'd had enough of me, but just before they left, the tall one added, 'Meet me in the open-air theatre tonight, O.K?'

Open-air theatre was in my mind, and though it was a great load, I knew that I couldn't drop it. I do not know why I went straight to the theatre, and sat down.

'Picture.....come..... 8 o'clock, sar,' said a person who was working there.

I looked, surprised, at him before I realised

there were two more hours to go. For a change I decided to spend my time in Knick Knack. I ordered a plate of hot coffee and a cup of *pulav* before I took my seat. Nothing of the sort arrived so I thought of keeping my mind occupied with something till it came. That something turned out to be the figure 8. Suddenly I had a whole row of them before me (888888). So I began to work out what the number was:

'Eight lakhs—no, no, eighty-eight crores—no, no, eight hundred and eighty-eight trillions.....' I kept mumbling to myself, until everything vanished and only one 8 remained. That rang a bell in my mind. I had to go somewhere at 8 o'clock. Yes, it was the theatre. I got up and paid a five rupee note at the counter which he returned most politely.

I got into the theatre and took my place very near the screen. In this way, I thought, I could concentrate better on the picture (For if one chooses to sit somewhere at the back, he can't help seeing a few 'peace pipes' going full blast, blurring the screen.) The lights went out almost immediately and I could see something on the screen now. I was in two minds, whether to call an electrician and have these lights attended to or just be contented with seeing the picture in the darkness. But I wasn't going to worry about anything; just keep calm. Suddenly I could see, on the screen, a house on fire.

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What? Certainly I wasn't going to allow that. I ran towards the screen and shouted madly at the cloud that floated above.

Suddenly I saw three or four volunteers rushing towards me. They quietly dragged me out of the theatre and left me. One of them, I found, was the 'tall' one. I took to my heels at once, though it made me a bit too calmless.

When I was sure that the senior wasn't following me, I slowed down. Ah. Now I felt very nice. The cool night breeze was what I wanted. It was very calm now, very cool. Very, very cool. In fact—cold; (I did not know that I had fallen into our swimming pool on my way to Ganga). You can very well imagine how I must have felt. As cool as a cubercum, I mean a cubercum, no, I mean a CUCUMBER.

(The resemblance of the characters in this piece to any person, living or not dead, is purely.....well, I don't feel like lying now.)

N.C.C. DAY



Photographs taken during the opening of the N.C.C. Building.

Above : Maj.-Gen. Virendra Singh inspects the Parade.

Right: Demonstration of Tank Attack with air support.

