

# Campastimes

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IIT Madras, 15th March, 1963

10 nP.

## WORDS—WORTH!

### SAGA OF THREE EVENTFUL DAYS

Madras, March 4, 1963 (*Campastimes News Service*). February is the month in which the I.I.T. was born, and the same month saw the I.I.T. take pride of place in the Debating and Literary map. The story of how Ramesh Vaswani and T. S. Ananthu bagged two All India Debating Trophies at Calcutta and Kharagpur, reads like a thriller. I.I.T. Kharagpur had sent a memo to all the other I.I.T.s and to prominent Colleges all over India asking them for their views on the idea of cancelling the Annual Debate for the Sarojini Naidu Memorial Trophy. Our Institute was of the opinion that due to the National Emergency the Debate should be cancelled. Kharagpur took the majority vote and decided to hold the Debate. The Institute Gymkhana, however, decided not to send a team. Just about a week before Sarojini Naidu Day, an invitation from the Bengal Engineering College was received for their All India Debate. R. A. Vaswani and T. S. Ananthu persuaded the Gymkhana to send a team. And so it happened that the star Debating Pair of I.I.T. Madras left for Calcutta on February 21 to blast the microphones out of their sockets.

Just one week before this, T. S. Ananthu and R. Venkateswaran had bagged the Law College Trophy. The latter was declared the best speaker.

Competition at Kharagpur was stiff. At Sibpur B. E. College, T. S. Ananthu and R. A. Vaswani were declared second and third, respectively, each receiving a book prize.

3 p.m. on February 25 saw R. Venkateswaran and V. Siddhartha 'cutting' the last hour to touch up their speeches for the Gordon Mathew Cup. Representing the Institute as defending champions (R. A. Vaswani and V. Siddhartha won the cup last year, as will be remembered), the pair thought it was their duty to see that the trophy was out of the Institute for not more than five hours. And after spending an extremely suspenseful hour at Madras Christian College, the judges decided (very easily, as Prof. A. L. Krishnan, one of the judges, observed) to award the coveted trophy to the I.I.T. team. V. Siddhartha was declared the second best speaker of the evening.

On the same occasion, Miss Parvathi Menon of Ethiraj College was declared the best speaker, While the Pennathur Seshashai Cup for the best women's team went to Women's Christian College.

As if the above was not enough, Lionel Paul won the Tennis Singles title in the M. I. T. tournaments. Details appear elsewhere.

On the whole, it has been a very good year for our I.I.T. in the Literary, Debating and Sports fields. It is hoped that in the years to come the representatives of this Institute will keep it right on top.



Tabled Trophies  
and these aren't all we got.

### On Liberty

Do we ever dwell on words that have made history? Words that have stirred the hearts and minds of all mankind and set fire to the noble spirit lurking in them; words that have set men in pursuit of an unknown goal in the realms of that fascinating region known to us as mind; words that have wrought unforgettable deeds on the anvil of Time; words that have made men out of beasts? One such inspiring word is Liberty. We all think we know what liberty is. It seems so plain and simple. But when we think of the great mystery that shrouds this word, when we think of the innumerable deeds of valour performed for this stirring idea, we pause to think and wonder at the greatness of this word.

To be free to do as one likes, to be like a free bird soaring higher and higher into infinite regions of happiness is really thrilling. The bird in the cage does not know the sweetness of spring. It is only a free man who can appreciate the depth of meaning contained in this word.

Can a man call himself free? The white man, we say, is superior to the coloured one. The former has known what liberty is, but the slave has no opportunity to know what it means. If tomorrow the doctor were to ask the white man to give up drinking, will he be able to do it? Certainly not! Because he is a slave to alcohol just as the black man is a slave to him. How then can he call himself free? In some way or the other, man is a slave to nature's laws. The earth with the

innumerable things that inhabit it are slaves to the laws of nature. Man cannot change it. He can only adjust himself to these laws. Then how could the idea of liberty have grown in the mind of man who is forever bound by the shackles of the laws of nature? It is true that man as a creature can never be free. He cannot live long without food and rest. But there is in man a region which can withstand the vagaries of nature, which can weather the storms of sorrow and difficulties, and that region is his mind. 'In the world there is nothing great but man, and in man there is nothing great but mind'. It is in man's mind that we must search for the origin and growth of liberty. A person may be physically persecuted, he may be confined to iron gates of a prison, yet his immortal mind will scorn the massive bolts of his prison walls—no chains

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Next Issue : The Foreign Expert,  
by Tee Aar.

## CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

## BUSINESS OFFERS

A Bombay student of I B. Tech. at I.I.T., Powaai, Bombay, wishing to read *Campastimes* on the date of its publication, is willing to exchange for a similar seat at I.I.T. Madras. Please write to P. S. Malhotra, Roll No. 0.0017/62, Tolstoy Hostel I.I.T., Bombay-76.

## FREE! FREE!! FREE!!!

A Free Trip to Europe and back by air, with all expenses paid, is offered to any reader suggesting the best title to the forthcoming volume containing the collected Editorials of Mr. Bawa.

—Manager, *Campastimes*.

## SEE MADRAS!

ALL Newcomers to Madras may avail themselves of the Institute Omnibus service for school and college going children starting at 8-30 in the morning. Special tourist attractions: I.I.T. Amphitheatre, Gajendra Circle, Madras boundary at the Institute gate, Kalakshetra, Theosophical Society, Andhra Mahila Sabha Nursing Home, Kapali Talkies (the cheapest theatre in the world outside I.I.T.), Kapaliswara Temple, the famous Luz Corner, Santhome (one of the oldest churches in India), the Marina, All India Radio, Queen Mary's College (working hours 10 to 3, closed on Sundays), Lady Willingdon's Training College, Presidency College, Pycrofts Road (the most crowded road in the city), Church Park Convent, Gemini Studios, Stella Maris College (working hours 9 to 5-30), Holy Angel's Convent, Vani Mahal, Panagal Park, Mambalam Station, Saidapet Station, Saidapet petty cases court (for cycle offenders), Raj Bhavan, Engineering College, and back to the campus. The conducted tour will be accompanied by a running tourist talk by the conductor Sri Chooramani of Tatamani.

A Reliable lessee required to take on long lease or outright purchase of a number of 'F' type quarters, constructed within the I.I.T. Campus. All blocks brand new. Pucca construction. Not occupied by any so far. Apply in confidence, in sealed covers, superscribed 'F TYPE' to: Shri Sardar Jhan, Asst. Estate Officer, I.I.T., Madras-36 Inspection by appointment only.

AUTOMOTIVE FOR SALE: Scooter No. MSW 2610, tip-top condition. Can be inspected before the Administration Block of the IIT on any working day without appointment. The purchaser has to give an undertaking that he/she will take the seller every day on the pillion seat from his residence at Mylapore to the I.I.T. Campus in the mornings and drop him back at home in the evenings, without obligations. Address your offers to: Shri B. Nagaraja Rao, B.A., B.L., I.I.T. Madras. 36.

## MATRIMONIAL

BACHELOR (Box No. 4342, c/o *Campastimes*) has carefully considered the offers from a few Professors and Asst. Professors and regrets his inability to be sufficiently attracted by any offer.

BOOKS & PERIODICALS *Romance in Office*: An exquisite novel by Shri Subramaniam. Price Rs. 5. Rush in before stock gets exhausted. Contact: A2, Administration Section, I.I.T. Madras-36.

*Don't be a Superintendent*: An exhaustive book by an experienced officer, touching the troubles and difficulties a Supdt. of an office has to face. A book long aspired for by those who wanted to become a Supdt. It includes tips to answer interviews for the post of Supdt. Book under print. Comes out on 1st April 1963. Price Rs. 7.50. Pre-publication price Rs. 5.25. Ensure your copies by remitting advances by MO/IPO in favour of the Junior Superintendent, I.I.T. Madras-36.

## PERSONAL

DEAR Ananth, please return home. We are worried about you. Your wedding will be soon arranged according to your desires and all your demands for curves and contours will be met. Do come back to us.

—Grieving parents.

## Educational:

BEST POSTAL TUTORIAL IN ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY — SPECIAL SHORT TERM CONDENSED COURSE TO MEET THE GROWING DEMAND FOR TECHNOLOGISTS — DIPLOMA AWARDED — Apply immediately to the Registrar, I.I.T., Madras—36.

## PROFESSIO\AL

FOLLOWING an unprecedented pressure and representations from our customers, it has been decided to undertake the haircut of the Institute students in the order of their Roll Nos. The young sardarjis are informed that their places in the list are not transferable to others. Priorities and concessions shown to members of teaching staff are hereby withdrawn.

—Palace Hair Dressers, I.I.T. Campus

FOR quick sale! A Madras-built super Go-Kart 'Mak II' going cheap; capable of carrying two under any gate; excellent for honeymooning couple; sure attraction at children's fairs; I.I.T. road-tested. Owner going off the road for serious studies. Inspection arranged. Contact Mahesh, Kaveri Hostel, I.I.T. Madras-36.

## I. I. T. FILM CLUB

IN view of the National Emergency we have reduced the duration of English pictures from 3½ to 3 hours and Indian pictures from 4½ to 4 hours. Members may therefore dispense with pillows hereafter.

—Kapoor, Hon. Secretary.

LEARN Cricket during week-ends. Simple easy strokes to hit centuries taught. Limited seats. A boon to beginners. Meet in person, Shri R. Natarajan, I.A.S. Registrar, I.I.T. between 1 and 2 p.m. on any working day, with your bat and ball.

LEAVE your worries to my care. Don't bother about exams. Be happy, be cheerful, be sportive. Don't fall exam-sick. Have a copy of your question papers in advance from the Assistant Registrar (Academic), I.I.T. Madras-36.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

LECTURER thanks all male applicants for the position of baby-sitter. The only two lady applicants are being interviewed tomorrow.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

ONE Nikolaus Klein of 5 Delhi Avenue, is absconding from last month with our staff van C.C. 2094. He has been discharged from our service and persons dealing with him will do so at their own risk.

—Manager, *Campastimes*.

PAYING guest accommodation available. Malayalee bachelors with knowledge of cooking preferred. Age preferably below 28. Contact before 20th March Flat No. 14 'E' type quarter, I.I.T.

## PROPOSALS FOR AN ASSOCIATION

THE Advertiser, a member of the Institute staff, who for obvious reasons remains anonymous, desires to moot the idea of starting a Henpecked Husbands Association in the campus before the Ladies' Club is organized and put on firm footing. Suggestions on how this imminent peril may be overcome and how we may put up a united front, may be sent to Box No. 3412, c/o *Campastimes* in sealed envelopes marked 'Confidential'. The first meeting will be held in the underground cells of the Open Air Theatre after draining off all the green fluid. Our Association Motto: 'Untied we stand, untied we fall', Men-in-apron over the world, Unite!

## Public Auction:

It is hereby notified that a public auction sale of firewood, broken chairs and desks will be held on 6th April 1963 at the Institute Campus. The approximate quantities of different items are given below.

- |                    |   |             |
|--------------------|---|-------------|
| 1. Firewood        | = | 500 stacks. |
| 2. Broken chairs   | = | 182 Nos.    |
| (I.I.T. make)      |   |             |
| 3. Broken Students |   |             |
| Desks              | = | 386 Nos.    |

For further particulars and prescribed form, please apply to 'The Security Officer I.I.T., Madras-36'

REMNANTS of ID-UL-FITR sweets available at cheap rates. Apply before late: Md. Jalaluddin at the Engg. Section or Shri Nisar Ahmed at the Genl. Section of I.I.T., Madras, with Re. 1 crossed postal order for sending detailed price-list.

SAVE FOR THE BRAVE: Ladies, don't waste your precious hours. If you have no work, learn knitting and help the jawans fighting at the front. Have free knitting lessons from Smt. Shoba Shekar Admn. Section, I.I.T., Madras-36.

## TENDERS

SOME plots under the Banyan trees are still available, suitable for certified astrologers and licensed beggars. Earnest money deposit Rs. 2. Last date for receiving tenders March 25th. Time of opening tenders: 4 p.m. on March 24th.

—Estate Officer.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

SOME professors are seen learning from their wives car-driving without L boards. This is an offence under the Madras Vehicles Act and they are requested to provide themselves with Learner's Licence before they use the campus roads.

Security Officer.

## WARNING NOTICE

SOME rival publications with names *Calm-pastimes*, *Campustimes*, *Campasstimes* etc. are reported to be circulating in the country. It is hereby notified that any infringement of our registered name or a colourable imitation thereof will be an offence and answerable at a court of law. Look for the registered name of *Campastimes* in brush-lettering before you buy.

—Editor, *Campastimes*.

TEN tips to become an Assistant. No lessons. Learn by practice only. You'll have to move with me for ten days and observe what I do. You'll get one tip a day. Incidental expenses like refreshments, tea, etc. for the entire period of ten days to be borne by the learner. If interested, see me: V. K. Vaidyanathan, Engineering Section, I.I.T., Madras-36.

## Tender:

SEALED TENDERS ARE INVITED FROM EXPERIENCED CYCLE STAND CONTRACTORS UPTO 12 Noon on 1st April 1963, for undertaking the custody, cleaning and oiling/replacing the cycles of the students and staff parked at various parts of the campus. For full particulars and prescribed form please contact Assistant Registrar (Academic), I.I.T., Madras-36.

## NOTICE

THE following books and periodicals have been proscribed from the Institute Library: *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, *Lolita*, *Nine Hours to Rama*, *The Ochre Robe*, *The Nugget*, *Campastimes*, and the *New China Review*.

—Librarian.

## CIRCULAR

THE Main Gates of the Institute on the Guindy Road are to be each used hereafter on alternative days of the month. This will give the two approach roads an equally worn-out appearance. The In-gate will be open on odd-numbered days of the month (1st, 3rd, 5th . . .) and the Out-gate on even-numbered days (2nd, 4th, 6th . . .). On special days like the Institute Day and Independence Day, both the gates will be kept open. This will, however, be compensated by keeping both the gates closed on the following day.

—Asst. Registrar (Adm.)

UNUSED Chapathis of the Kaveri, Krishna and Narmada Hostels. Very useful for leather dealers. Chappals made out of this leather last long and serve better. Price Rs. 10 for hundred. Concession for bulk orders. Correspond with 25 nP. stamped and self-addressed envelope for sending the specimen chapathi, to: The Warden, Kaveri Hostel, I.I.T. Madras-36.

## THEY ALL HAPPENED!

By S. SRIKANT

It is always presumed that the Courts that administer justice are rooms where everything and everybody are serious and where humour and wit have no place at all. A small yarn, a short anecdote, an apt jesting, a pithy rejoinder, a little joke, mild fun, a humorous sally, a witty remark or a brief repartee breaks the tension of tragedy and seriousness of the Court and relieves its dull and drab atmosphere. Here are some examples from the actual happenings at Courts:

A leading criminal lawyer who was extremely improvident and always shabbily dressed, on one occasion wore a brand new silk turban and a new alpaca gown besides the new coat and a collar and a shining shoe. A Judge, a meticulous observer as he was, who saw the glimmering lawyer, leaned forward and solemnly inquired of him: 'Have you won a lottery prize?'

Pat came the answer from the lawyer: 'No, Milud. It's Your Lordship who wins a lottery prize on the first of every month.'

A barrister was opening an appeal case before a Judge who seemed worried and exclaimed: 'Mr. . . . . You might give Judges credit for a little commonsense.'

'That, Milud, was the mistake I made in the Court below', was the barrister's curt reply.

A Public Prosecutor was examining a witness who was giving evidence regarding a village fight. The witness said that the men involved in the fight were drunk.

P. P. (obviously trying to elicit more information on this point): 'What did they drink?'

Witness (in a tone of arrogance and contempt): 'What do you think they drank—mother's milk?'

When a barrister rose up to address the Jury, the Judge observed: 'Mr. . . . . I have read the pleadings. I don't think much of your case.'

'Indeed, My Lord, I'm sorry to hear that', was the instant reply, 'but your Lordship will find that, the more you hear of it, the more it will grow on you!'

(The barrister won his case eventually).

Introducing a Bill of Lading as a piece of

**WANTED.**—A very smart and pretty young lady to assist the Academic Section. Knowledge of typewriting and Shorthand desirable but not essential. Good personality and pleasing manners absolutely necessary. Higher start depending on good personality. Married ladies not eligible. Apply in confidence with details, enclosing recent passport photographs in triplicate to 'Acad.', Box No. 4670, C/o *Campastimes*.

### YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE

WE have received complaints from some of our readers that copies of *Campastimes* (double-issue) were sold at 1 Re. each by the I.I.T. Co-operative Stores. Such practices, to say the least, are illegal and the management of *Campastimes* is proceeding to take suitable legal action against the Hon. Secretary. Readers are requested to register in advance their requirements and report to the Editor any more cases of profiteering. Keep down the price line and help the national effort!

—Editor, *Campastimes*.

### BENEFIT AUCTION

25 Walking sticks from the personal collection of Prof. R. Krishnamurthy will be auctioned by the professor himself on March 20th at Shanthi Kunj and the proceeds will be sent to the national fund.

URGENTLY wanted a highly qualified graphological expert to decipher contributions to *Campastimes*. Twenty years experience minimum qualification. Apply to Dr. N. Klein, Publisher, *Campastimes*, at any time of the day or night.

evidence, a lawyer said: 'Your Honour, I have a perfect right to describe generally the paper I am introducing, otherwise the Jury might think it is a barn door.'

The lawyer appearing for the opposite side immediately said: 'I beg to disagree with the learned Counsel, as I am sure, the Jury will consider the paper a darn bore.'

A lawyer was citing a number of cases without referring to his notes or printed books, but did not take the trouble to master the relevant principles of law, or bring forth a relevant point before the Court. At most of the times, he was off the tangent. At one time, shouted the Judge: 'Tell me what the point is. Don't keep on shouting at me QBD so and so, KBD so and so, or I shall be driven to say UBD (You be damned) so and so.'

At a trial between certain music publishing houses for copying a popular song, a musician was called in as an expert witness. Dwelling upon 'musical accent', the well-known advocate asked the expert witness what it meant.

Musician: 'My terms are nine guineas a quarter, Sir.'

Lawyer: 'Never mind your terms here. I ask you what is a musical accent. Can you see it?'

Musician: 'No, Sir.'

Lawyer: 'Can you feel it?'

Musician: 'A musician can, Sir.'

Lawyer: 'Now . . . don't beat about the bush . . . explain to His Lordship and the Jury who are expected to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent.'

Musician: 'Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon a given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' the accent rests on *ass*; but if I were to say 'You are an ass', it rests on *you*, Sir.'

A Judge was frequently interrupting the lawyers in their arguments, apparently to impress the Bar with his knowledge of law. A lawyer at one time, exasperated at such uncalled-for interruptions, cried out:

'Milud, you are paid to listen, I am paid to talk, let us perform our respective duties.'

An Irish Judge had trained his pet dog to sit by his side in the Court. An advocate who was arguing his case stopped his arguments when His Lordship bowed down to say something to his pet dog. 'Go on Mr. . . .', said the Judge, looking at the advocate who had stopped speaking.

'I beg your pardon, Milud,' retorted the advocate. 'I thought Your Lordship was in consultation.'

A Judge had the annoying habit of interrupting the cross-examination of a witness and putting questions himself. After such a cross-examination of a witness in one case, the Judge sat back, looking completely satisfied and beamed on the barrister: 'Mr. . . . , we all know what a skilful bridge player you are. It's your turn to play the hand now.'

The barrister in his inimitable slow voice began his arguments thus:

'Gentlemen of the Jury, after this somewhat long and unnecessary interruption from the dummy. . . . .'

A barrister appeared for a tramway company sued for damages for injuries caused to a boy who had been run over and had been blinded on account of the accident.

'Blind? Poor boy! . . . Stand him on a chair and let the Jury see him,' said the Judge.

'Perhaps, your Honour would like to pass him round the Jury box,' said the lawyer.

'That's a most improper observation,' remarked the Judge.

'It was provoked by a most improper suggestion,' answered the lawyer.

The Judge, furious, said: 'Mr. . . . , you remind me of a saying by Bacon, the great Bacon, that youth and discretion are ill-wedded companions.'

The lawyer would not concede either. 'You remind me of a saying by the same Bacon that a much-talking Judge is like an ill-tuned cymbal,' he said.

'You are offensive, Sir,' the Judge cried out.

'We both are,' the lawyer said coolly. 'The difference is that I'm trying to be and you can't help it. I who have been listened to with respect by the highest tribunal in the land, am not going to be browbeaten by a garrulous old county-court judge.'

A Counsel, much given to emotional rhetoric, was giving full vein to his oration and highly flowered declamation. In a particular case, he dramatically threw a dagger on the floor of the House of Commons to prove his point. A cynical opponent at once arose and said: 'The honourable member has given us a knife; will he not produce the fork as well?'

A barrister—aggressive and pugnacious—was cross-examining a Professor by putting unpleasant questions. The Judge interrupted the cross-examination and reminded the barrister: 'Mr. . . . , you know, he is a Harvard Professor.'

'I know it, Your Honour,' replied the barrister; 'We hanged one of them the other day.'

An Attorney-General entered the Supreme Court of the United States without a collar and tie. The Chief Justice who noted this, remarked to the Marshal of the Court: 'Tell the Attorney-General that I insist on a collar, but I am willing to waive the necktie.'

A Counsel was blundering along in a haphazard fashion. There was no order in his arguments and no coherence in putting forth his case. The learned Judge who could not tolerate this remarked:

'Mr. . . . I'm sorry, I can't follow you . . . It may be my fault . . . My brain is getting old and dilapidated; but I should like to stipulate for some sort of order. There are plenty of them. There is the chronological, the botanical, the metaphysical, the geographical, even the alphabetical order would be better than no order at all.'

An inquisitive apprentice-at-law was taking notes in a Court—he had to submit his diaries to the Bar Council and therefore he was doing his dull duty. His senior pulled him up, saying: 'My dear fellow, what's the earthly use of your writing down? Watch the Judge, the game is on the table.'

In a murder case in which a lady doctor was murdered, a barrister appearing for the accused was arguing on the finding of an *arival* on the sewing machine of the doctor. He said: 'I can understand had it been a stethoscope or a thermometer, but definitely not an *arival* on the sewing machine, unless the lady doctor was using it (*arival*) for purposes of surgery.'

A distinguished lawyer of the United States would never answer irrelevant and improper questions from the Bench. On one occasion before a Bench of the Supreme Court, he remarked to a Judge who put a question which the lawyer considered as impertinent: 'Your Honour, were I attempt to answer Your Honour's question, it would stand for all time as a classic example of the blind leading the blind.'

An overbearing Counsel asked in the course of his chief examination of a timid witness: 'Have you ever been married?' 'Yes, Sir, once.' 'Whom did you marry?' 'A . . . er . . . a woman, Sir.' 'Of course, of course; did you ever hear anyone marrying a man?' 'Yes, sir—my sister did.'

A well-known barrister was explaining the interpretation of a Statute to His Lordship.

'Mr. . . . , if that were the law, I may burn my law books,' said the Judge.

'Oh no, Milud . . . better read them,' replied the learned lawyer.

*Liberty—(Continued from page 1)*

can bind it, and his mind will soar into unknown realms of happiness, because he has the liberty of the mind.

Having conceived in his mind the noble spirit of liberty, man marched through the ages towards his ultimate goal, the fulfilment of all his desires in just one hopeful thought: To be free forever. But he can never be completely free. He is bound by nature, and as the thinker says, 'Let him beat his drum as loudly as he will, let him shout his battle-cry as fiercely as he may, let him defy the laws which are round him on every side till he achés in every limb; still he must seem to the Universe as a child who imagines his nursery to be the Arabian Desert and conceives of himself as Alexander'.

Charles and James Stuart thought it was their inherited right to force their will upon the people. Tyranny and persecution brought out the best in people. When such ruthless kings forced their subjects to believe in the religion they followed, there was a great turbulence—and all because man's mind was being attacked. His liberty of the mind was being encroached upon. It was a tyranny aimed at making all men think alike. It was murder of the soul, not of the body.

Milton was right when he said, 'Give me the liberty to know to utter and argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties'. It is the greatest liberty of all. We may be free to live where we like, we may be free to eat what we like, we may be free to work what we like, but if we are not allowed to speak what we think, what freedom is there?

In our present time, no ruler or leader can make us think in the same way. But Society as a whole dislikes the man with original thinking. The freedom of our mind is slowly but steadily being eaten away by newspapers. We seem to think that the newspaper is correct, and mould our thinking according to it. Our minds are becoming less and less original in their ways. We are slaves without our own knowledge. It is our duty to guard the freedom of the mind. No state, however strong it may be, no man, however powerful he may be, must be allowed to mould our ways of thinking. Liberty exists in the mind, and to protect, to nurture, to cherish it, is our duty.

The bloody revolution of France and the struggle for independence in the United States were all external manifestations of a mind surging towards freedom. In its seething rage it struck down mighty emperors and showed to the world that freedom of mind can exist only if there is freedom of the body. Let us remember that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. We should be prepared to guard that freedom of the mind and body with our lives, nay, with our last drop of blood.

SHANKAR.

*And Round and Round and Round*

E. S. BHAGIRADHA RAO

Once upon a lovely time,  
I saw a smart and smiling girl.  
I found her smiling  
As she smiled at me.  
She smiled at me  
As I cried at her.  
I cried at her  
As I found her smart.  
I found her smart  
As she bit me hard.  
She bit me hard  
As I winked at her.  
I winked at her  
As she blinked at me.  
She blinked at me  
As I dashed at her.  
I dashed at her  
As I sped her past.  
I sped her past  
As I saw her yonder  
I saw her yonder  
As I found her smiling  
And round and round and round....

*A Pick from Three*

BY S. BUKHT

It was at the Asteric Movie Studio in London that I first met the producer David Leeming. We were then working on the film which was based on my recently published novel 'Tragic Comedy'. He was a lean and handsome man of about thirty-two. The first impression that I got of him was that he was a cold-hearted man, but as time passed by and I was better acquainted with him during the course of our work I began to see that he really was a warm-hearted and generous person.

But for reasons unknown to me but which I came to find out later he was trying to hide all these qualities under the veil of the strict discipline that he enforced upon all the people working under him, including the actors. It was for this reason that I once had trouble with him over the interpretation of a particular scene, which he tried to direct in a totally different way to what I had written. I was afraid the quarrel would have got serious had it not been for the timely intervention of one of the actors.

However by the time we were almost done with the making of the film we had become intimate friends and often I used to visit his home, a beautiful little bungalow near the beach. He had a charming wife and a very cute little daughter. The three of them made you feel so much at home that you felt as though you were a member of their family. I think those were the happiest days I had ever spent.

Although he looked a quiet person yet it was wonderful how once got talking he could go on for hours. I remember that some of our Saturdays and other holidays were spent talking. It was on one of these holidays that he told me his story. I had upto now imagined that such things could only happen in the movies or in novels. No, but there was an incident that had actually taken place in real life. Here is the story as he told it to me in the first person but personally between you and me I think it would make better reading if told in the third person. It may sound rather romantic in the beginning and I questioned him on it but he assured me that it was nothing but the truth.

David Leeming and his parents lived in Cowley, a modest little town in North England. In spite of the fact that he was doing fairly well in his studies, all his childhood and for that matter all his school and college years were spent under the painful sense of not belonging to the world. No, it was not exactly that, but he felt the town and perhaps even the whole country was somehow unable to contain him. He wanted to get out and see the world. Financial conditions however did not permit this little luxury.

It was then that he felt the tremendous urge to write, to create in the realm of literature a world which he thought would be able to contain him. He wrote but when the story was finished he would put it away in a separate file.

After passing out of the High School he decided to join for Dramatics and had himself enrolled in the College of Fine Arts. At this time of his life he began to write plays but still he did not send them to any magazine. The life at this college was very free and for the first few months he was intoxicated with the sense of freedom that he was now able to enjoy. During the spare time he took up a part time job in a lace making firm.

At first his lodging and boarding was a head-ache to him. He realised that if he had to continue his studies for the next three years the hotels where he was staying would prove too expensive. There was no other cheaper hotel or boarding house in the vicinity. Soon, however, the problem was solved for he came into contact with a family that were ready to take him in as a paying guest.

In the neighbouring house two blocks away there was a girl whom he only knew by sight because since they only met in the morning when he used to be on his way to the college. From being vaguely interested he grew

curious about the girl and wanted to know more about her.

At the college among his more intimate friends were a French boy called John Gourc and boy from Sweden by the name of Don Perrson. One day David was unusually at the library looking up some point of interest the teacher had mentioned in his lecture, was returning home thinking about what he has just read.

'Hey, Dave ole boy,' called out a voice from the park that he was just passing.

David looked around only to find John sitting on a bench. Beside him was the girl that David used to meet when he used to go to College.

'Got any time?' asked John.

'Sure,' replied his friend from across the barrier.

'Come on in,' he called.

For want of other idleness John decided to join.

'Here,' said John coming to meet him at the entrance, 'allow me to introduce Miss Jennie Gilbert; Jen, this is David Leeming.'

'Oh,' she said as she smiled and extended her hands to her new friend, 'we see each other quite often.'

'Funny,' said John surprised, 'you never mentioned it to me.'

David came to her rescue, 'I see her in the mornings when I go to college; her house is just two blocks away.'

'Gosh, that's news to me,' replied John.

They talked for an hour or so before David thought that it was time for him to go. He took their leave and strolled out of the garden.

'Well what do you think of him?' asked John as soon as his friend was out of sight.

'O.K. I suppose, amusing though, I mean the way he looks at you. He is all attention when you speak. Clever?'

'Well, not exactly.'

'Mediocre?'

'No, not that. A little more than the average. Our tutor always praises his plays and stories.'

'Really?'

'Once I read one of his stories, pretty interesting, you know. Ask him to lend you some of the stories he writes.'

That's how it all began. Whenever John had nothing in particular to do he went to Jennie's house. It was she who encouraged him to write more and sometimes would give him a plot to work on.

'John says you write good stories,' said Jennie, 'why don't you bring them to the house, I would very much like to read them.'

'Well I didn't think that you would be interested in them.'

'I am,' she added softly.

'O.K. I will bring them along the next time I come.'

And so he took all the stories and the plays that he had recently written and Jennie was surprised to see the vast amount of work that he had done. Sometimes she too would come to his house, but, it was very rarely because, she knew that the people in the house where David lived did not approve of her coming.

'Jen, give me your sincere criticism,' David had replied.

'I am.' She answered looking at him, 'Only some parts are too sentimental, at least that's how I see it.' She looked at him eager for a reproof. But she was mistaken. 'Can't help it Jen. I guess that's the way I am.' There was a short silence in the room. Jennie looked out of the window pretending to be absorbed in the gardner working below. But she not. It had not taken her long to see that David was a very sentimental and a sensitive boy. She wanted to tell him out she didn't know how, his sensitiveness made her scared to take such a harsh step. But she realized now how much mistaken she was. He was man enough to recognize his fault both in his writing and in his personality.

David had been watching her intently all this while and then gently held both her hands. The action was not quite familiar and did not disturb Jennie. But what he asked her surprised her more.

(Continued on page 8)

IITanian carICATures (6)



N. SUNDARAM

It is meet that in the wake of the versatile Sehgal and the massive Bawa should follow that diminutive bombshell Natarajan Sundaram. His friends felt, and rightly, too, that 'Natarajan Sundaram' was quite a mouthful, and hence shortened it to Nutty, which again was quite consistent with his behaviour.

Nutty is a one-dimensional figure, in the side view, since in the best traditions of Machine Design, we can treat that small breadth as negligible: And so it is a perpetual-source of wonder to me, as to where he gets that indefatigable energy from for which he is famous. For sheer high spirits and in general 'volatility' there is no one to beat him. If, when passing down the Kaveri Hostel corridor, you hear a sound which is a cross between a soprano and the squeaking of a rusty door hinge, you can be sure that it is Nutty singing.

He has a passion for singing and does so with great gusto at all odd hours; and with studied indifference as to others' reactions to it. As all hostel boys know very well, the timings of water coming in the bathroom are very erratic. But now with a piercing sound (which goes by the name of a song) to herald its arrival (for Nutty, a song has to accompany his bath) the position has been slightly improved.

Another favourite haunt for his singing sessions, besides the bathroom, is the mess-hall. To simultaneously digest a meal and endure that nerve-shattering voice, is a great test of human endurance. So it is with great trepidation and with fingers tightly crossed that one enters the mess-hall.

Nutty is definitely one of the best harmonica players in I.I.T., and won recognition for it by being placed in charge of the Institute Orchestra for the Annual Day last year.

His main extra-curricular interests are fast driving (as that little sojourn with Mahesh's scooter will bear witness) and a passion for novels by Wodehouse, Nevil Shute and other contemporary writers. His literary efforts have so far yielded only a fairy tale of sorts. Reliable sources inform us that this particular story was proceeding endlessly, before it was forcibly stopped by Talukdar.

Recently I attended a debate on the subject 'Be Thyself'. Nutty, in my opinion, bears living testimony to this adage for he is so wholly individualistic or in a word 'himself' in all that he says and does.

M.V.R.

EVER SEEN the Indian National Flag flying upside down?

Well, it did on the 14th February 1963 at the I.I.T.

\* \* \* \*

EVER HEARD of anybody being stupid enough to lock up the duplicate key of a steel almirah inside the same almirah?

Well, it was done at the I.I.T. Auditor's Office, and when the original key was lost, they had to cut open the back of the almirah to take out the duplicate key.

2

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we record today, March 1, 1963, the successful suicide of Ramakrishnan, Genius the Second.

Genius II had read the Editorial in the last issue of *Campastimes* and it is suspected that certain references provoked his finer sentiments, and this induced him to take his life. He was discovered hanging from the ceiling light of his room.

In appreciation of his lasting contributions to this Institute and the many schools and colleges with which he has associated during his short life before his untimely death, not to forget his tremendous services to the National Cadet Corps, the Institute remained closed today.

We offer our condolences to the many who were fortunate enough to have shared the benefit of his company.

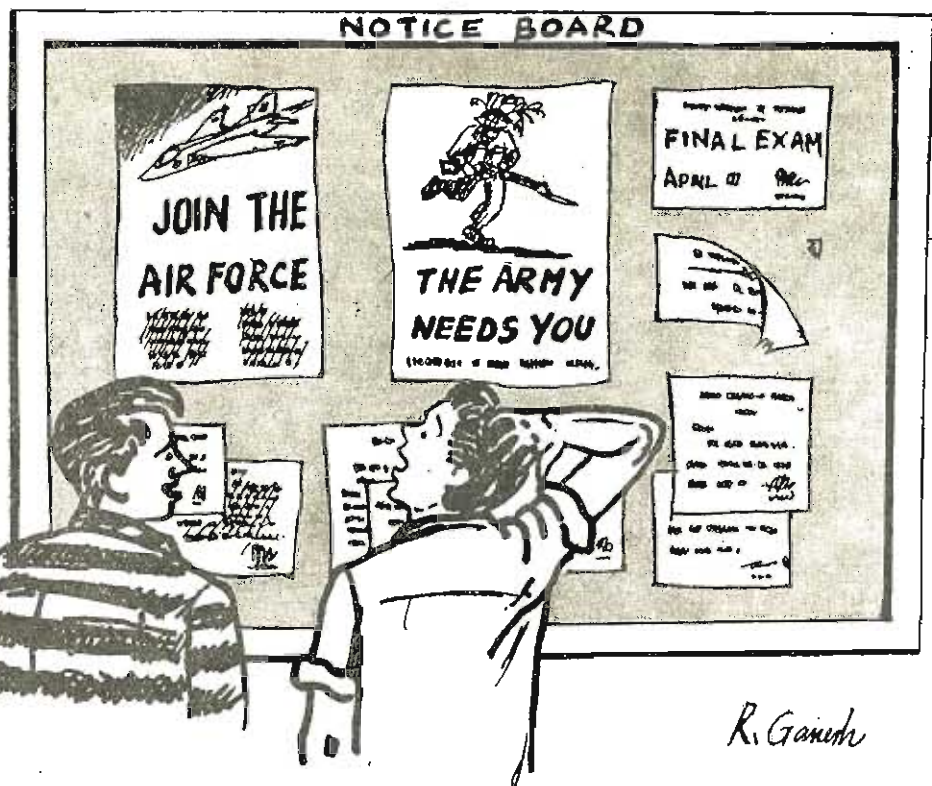
GRIEVING KAVERIANS.

I CARE NOT

I care not,  
If on a lonely night's  
Vigil of vain,  
Balmy night  
Eases not your pain.  
I care not,  
If you prefer me  
As king or slave,  
as Lord or all.  
I care not,  
If you call not  
For what I care.  
I do not wish  
To share my love  
For you, with  
Him or Her or You,

N. RAMESH.

HELP OUR STAFF  
WRITE LEGIBLY



R. Ganesh

I don't know which one to take—the Air Force, the Army or the Final Exams.

U & ME

Irrespective of the findings of the 'Martian Statistical Organisations' report on earthly statistics, the following facts seem to be the one!!!! really concerning U and me.

|   |             |
|---|-------------|
| Population of the Indian Union  | 448,000,000 |
| People of 60 years and above ..   | 90,000,000  |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 358,000,000 |
| People of 18 years or younger   | 140,000,000 |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 218,000,000 |
| People in the administrative and allied services ..   | 58,000,000  |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 160,000,000 |
| People in trade unions and out of it .. ..  | 40,000,000  |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 120,000,000 |
| People in corporations, municipalities, panchayats and public bodies ..                                     | 20,000,000  |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 100,000,000 |
| People as Hon'ble Ministers, M.P's, M.L.A's, M.L.C's Directors of state-owned concerns & their relatives .. | 20,000,000  |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 80,000,000  |
| People of the armed services, inclusive of ex-Generals ex-Marshalls, and ex-servicemen .. ..                | 10,000,000  |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 70,000,000  |
| Students, teachers & people in lunatic asylums ..   | 50,000,000  |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 20,000,000  |
| Spivs and others who don't work .. ..   | 15,000,000  |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 5,000,000   |
| People in jails .. ..   | 4,999,998   |
| Balance left over to WORK ..  | 2           |

Balance left over is only Two—it is U and ME ! ! ! !

It is about time that you pull your socks up, for I'm getting mighty fed up running this country on my own.

S.R.M.



## EDITORIAL

The Kaveri Hostel suddenly seems to be going practical-minded—technically speaking. The incentives are certainly self-incited.

A telescope observatory is going to be built on the roof; cosmic rays are to be studied by means of balloons to be sent up from the west wing, and a replica of the Rocket Base at Hanuman Road will be set up by Prof. Siddhartha. In short, we are emerging from the theoretical shell.

All this is exhilarating and a hopeful sign of the times. Electronics, that fast growing branch of Physics, the prime factor in technological growth, is being mastered by graduates working under Dr. Chandy (who, incidentally, is also working on practical problems concerning the Theory of Probability). Recent advances in Switching made by Sarosh, have been most promising. In the meanwhile, Prof. Siddhartha has taken up Cryogenics and Cybernetics. The tremendous strides taken by Japan in the field of miniaturised apparatus, are likely to suffer a heavy competition once Dr. Pai perfects his Rs. 5. (5 cms × 5 cms) size transistorised Radio. Radio amateurs who form the backbone of electronic research, seem to be popping up from every nook in the Kaveri.

Messrs. Pai and Sahasranaman have already begun their plans for production of that new engine which, at present, has been sent up to the patenting office at Delhi. Fitter Basu is considering new designs and shapes for five-horsepower motor cycles. Veeraraghavan is converting an old, rodeo broken, buckling machine into an amphibian with four wheels.

All these advancements have been made in spite of no help from the Institute. It is, therefore, most encouraging, especially, as procurement of articles under any price is quite prohibitory. The circuit designer deserves special credit, as the ordinary radio amateur today cannot obtain a receiving set diagram unless he goes through tortuous processes.

Surely, the Institute could 'lend' its laboratories and 'help' these 'hams'.

*Dear Reader,*

It is certainly encouraging to see contributions pouring down on us in such numbers that, sometimes, we simply can't publish them all in the issue which they were meant for. We definitely appreciate the patience you show when your name appears after months only. Provided you are using your name or pen-name at all. Far too many manuscripts are dropped on our desk which seem to have ghosts as their authors. We fully understand that it is extremely unwise to scribble one's name below an article or letter designed to start a revolution with the aim of overthrowing the government, or, to give a more concrete example, declaring one of your teachers a seasoned louse. But why, for instance, a letter suggesting that the street lights should be switched on only when needed and not in broad daylight, should be signed by One Interested (who wouldn't be!), is fairly beyond us.

We, at any rate, would be interested in those who help us to make *Campastimes* what it is. We don't like to deal with ghosts.

*Your Publisher.*

## FROM HERE AND THERE

By SURJIT RANDHAVA

Last month, the IV Year Mechanical Engineering students arranged a tour to Neyveli, Pondicherry and Sathunar Dam. It was good fun and particularly amusing were the efforts of some of the Staff members to try and eat their food sitting down cross-legged. We had to do that at the Ashram in Pondy where we stayed. Actually, it's not so tough as it may seem. Let's assume a person is lucky and upon parking himself, finds that the distance from his centroid to the six inch high table on which the plate is placed, is not greater than four feet. Then all that is required is to lean well forward (taking care not to land on one's face), dig out a spoonful of stew and at the end of a rapid return stroke, insert it into the mouth. This motion which strongly resembles that of a shaping machine, is continued until everything disappears. Hats off to the inmates of the Ashram, especially the noble six-footers!

On our way back to Madras, some thick-headed buffalo decided to cross the road at the wrong moment. The driver who had no desire to see the stupid beast spattered across the windscreen, braked hard. Newton's Second Law took hold of me by the shoulder and sent me merrily down the aisle, followed by Mr. Parmeswaran's black bag and the owner himself a few seconds later. Fortunately, our rapid progress was retarded by the diesel engine in our way. Incidentally, in case some people don't know it by now, I may inform them that Mr. Majumdar is a pretty versatile singer. His repertoire includes songs in Bengali, English, German, and Tamil.

Will the gentlemen who think out the Square Dances, kindly not try to compete with the London Times? It's hardly any use, if nobody can solve them. I don't know how Miss Geeta Gopal managed to find a correct solution, but the fact that Venkobra knows her, has not been overlooked.

Gardening seems to be catching on fast. The Director's residence has an attractive collection of potted plants. Other ardent horticulturists include Dr. Haug and Dr. Scheer. The former can be seen in shorts (and apparently nothing else) on almost any evening advising his gardener on the care and health of cacti, whereas the latter is specialising in some red blooms of an obscure breed. Prof. Narayanamurthi is currently trying to persuade a bougainvillea creeper to take up positions on his front gate. It wouldn't be a bad idea to have an annual flower show in our Institute.

Shegal who made it a habit to feature in this column almost religiously every month, suggests that in view of the frantic effort to expand our national exchequer, the Postal Authorities should knock off ten percent from every incoming Money Order.

The 'marriage season' in Velacheri and the I.I.T. final examinations always seem to coincide. A combination of these two, hardly compatible in nature, invariably succeed in turning half my hair grey. Ever tried to solve a problem in complex calculus with about a dozen loudspeakers blaring different tunes at the same time? It's a worthwhile experience, I can assure you.

The I.I.T. omnibus is a great help to everybody. The tickets are really colourful, and one gets the feeling that they are worth the fare paid. But, considering that ours is a technical institute, couldn't the conductor be given instructions to provide a positive tolerance of about five minutes on the starting time? At Adyar, I somehow always manage to reach the bus-stop to find the tail-lights disappearing into the darkness. A long tramp back, and anyone who has a fair idea of my weight, is never reluctant to refuse a lift on his bicycle.

With regard to my last month's suggestion about a car race, I'm afraid a speed trial is out of the question. We could, however, arrange something like the Automobile Association does. A particular speed, say 30 mph,

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POOR SHOW!

Sir,

The general standard of our I.I.T. sportsmen seems to be rather poor. A surprising fact noted was that our staff members seem to be swifter than many of our students. And our 'March Past' could have been more aptly termed a 'Walk Past'. It would have been well nigh impossible to have seen a more listless, apathetic and uninspiring group of people anywhere else. This is all the more surprising considering the fact that the N.C.C. training is compulsory for the first two years. One rather feels that even a group of wounded superannuated soldiers would have put up a more spirited and lively show. And the 'music' provided for the 'March Past'—the less said the better. Perhaps, it was intended more as a sort of background music and a poor one at that.

It is hoped that our people would profit by this experience and put up at least a smarter show next year.

Yet another interesting feature at our Sports Meet was that all our 'Kumaris' were promoted (or demoted?) to the rank of 'Srimathis' by our announcers. The reason for this is not clear; perhaps, it was intended as yet another example of our announcers' innumerable (and not so witty) jokes (?).

Yours etc.  
J.C.S.V.

## UNDESERVING CLASS?

Sir,

Will the authorities in charge of allotment of quarters kindly furnish the reasons for refusing to allot 'E' type quarters to U.D.Cs even in cases where the applicants are willing to pay the minimum rent now paid by the Assistants? It is understood that a number of 'E' type quarters are still vacant. If the only reason is that under existing rules, a sum of Rs. 20 only may be deducted towards rent from U.D.Cs, the difference of Rs. 15 or so, can be deducted under some other head such as special surcharge etc. or even as a fixed 'voluntary' monthly donation.

As matters stand at present and in view of the national emergency, the proposed 'E-1' type quarters for U.D.Cs etc. are not likely to be ready in the near future. Moreover it is said that the 'F' type quarters now offered temporarily, have a floor area of hardly 200 sq. ft. and comprise of only one living-room-cum-kitchen which would hardly accommodate even a small family.

In this connection it may be of interest to note that in the Reserve Bank staff residential colony, they have three types of quarters and a minimum rent is fixed for each type. Staff members have the option of occupying any one of the types according to their requirements, paying of course, the prescribed minimum rent.

It is hoped that a more or less similar procedure may be adopted even in I.I.T. and the staff given the option to occupy the next higher type of quarters (subject to availability of quarters), provided they are willing to pay the minimum rent now paid by those eligible for such higher type of quarters.

Yours etc.  
'AN APPLICANT.'

is fixed. Contestants must drive a distance of six laps. A stop-watch and slide-rule computation of their average speed can be made. For every unit off the mark, one point can be subtracted from a total of ten. In addition, a surprise speed-check can be made over a certain stretch. Again points may be deducted as before. Finally, the person with the maximum score wins. Speedometers may be used, but I may add that they are hardly ever accurate. Participants belonging to the Heat Engines Section will be awarded a disadvantage of half a point and those from the Civil Engineering Department a bonus of one point. That should make it fair. All those interested may hand in their names to me.

*Idea of the month: How about somebody doing something about our Outdoor Club (Tech-Out). I want my money back!*

Letters—(Continued)

GIVE US WATER PLEASE!

Sir,  
I had to come to office on that day unusually early to attend to some pending work—it was about 7.45 morning. I got into one of the bathrooms to have a face-wash and what I saw was shocking and annoying.\* The orifice to facilitate flow of water from the wash basin into the pipe below was closed with the cork and the water from the tap was allowed to accumulate. After the basin was full, the Peon or Sweeper standing by was pouring the collected water into a jug. This was how it was done every day, I was informed. This is the water with which everyone here quenches his thirst! No filtration, no sterilisation, no boiling—nothing indeed. How harmful it is, how unhygienic it is, everybody knows. The basin in which we spit, in which we wash, in which we blow our stuffy noses, in which utensils are cleaned, in which pens are cleaned (we sometimes see the ink stains on the basins—of different colours—green, blue, red etc.) is used for purposes of storage and collection of water—a pitiful act and a ridiculous deed. Sure our men employed for the purpose cannot waste their energy and time in filling every cup of water from the tap and then pour it into so many jugs to be placed at different Departments! When the water fills of its own, the water collects of its own, the Peons attend to some, other work meantime! If this had been seen by the members of the staff, I wonder how many will drink water from the water-coolers here!

I hope the IIT authorities will immediately arrange for the installation of a tap *outside the lavatories* and see that the water is boiled, cooled down and filtered before it is passed on to the users.

Yours etc.  
'THIRSTY'

\*The mirror is being removed!

A SOUND THRASHING

Sir,  
In spite of the I.I.T. being a fully residential institution, the number of students absenting themselves from classes without permission is rather large. In view of the fact that our students are only youngsters who have hardly outgrown their schoolboyishness, why not we introduce caning as a punishment for unauthorised absence? Certainly such a measure will act as an effective deterrent to any student tempted to take unauthorised leave.

Yours etc.  
'An Iitianian'

[You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick my boy!!—Ed.]

GOBBLEDEGOOK

Sir,  
It is GOBBLEDEGOOK and not GOBBLEDEGOOK as published in your Double Issue. This was a titular error as it was in the title itself. Was the Diocesan Press magnanimous enough to add an extra L to the magniloquent expression? Or, was it just a printer's devil?

Yours etc.  
S. SRIKANT.

[It was a double issue wasn't it?—Ed.]

CLUES OF SQUARE  
DANCE NO. 5

- |                    |                     |                     |  |
|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------|--|
| <i>Across</i>      |                     | <i>Down</i>         |  |
| 1. House of Usher  | 1. Hop step         | 1. Hop step         |  |
| 7. Impends         | 2. Unnatural        | 2. Unnatural        |  |
| 8. Started         | 3. Enslaved         | 3. Enslaved         |  |
| 10. Late Train     | 4. Stand            | 4. Stand            |  |
| 11. Dirks          | 5. Enthral          | 5. Enthral          |  |
| 12. Parted         | 6. Will-o'-the-wisp | 6. Will-o'-the-wisp |  |
| 14. Stolen         | 8. Song             | 8. Song             |  |
| 16. Dot            | 9. Disenchanted     | 9. Disenchanted     |  |
| 18. Edible         | 13. Doc             | 13. Doc             |  |
| 20. Chaser         | 15. Toscanini       | 15. Toscanini       |  |
| 23. Inset.         | 17. Thompson        | 17. Thompson        |  |
| 25. Come Again     | 19. Insight.        | 19. Insight.        |  |
| 26. Pigeons        | 21. Realize         | 21. Realize         |  |
| 27. Suicide        | 22. Aces            | 22. Aces            |  |
| 28. Stitch in time | 24. Trout           | 24. Trout           |  |

The first correct solution was sent by R. Rajasekar and Thomas Victor of I.I.T. SQUARE DANCE NO. 5 will be published in *Campastimes* No. 7, April 15, 1963.



In an effort to develop a Dairy in the Campus, a pilot poultry farm has been started near the hostels. For the present, it is being used as a play-pen-cum-gymnasium by the Velacheri kids and E. A. Olia's group.

Evidently, the Institute has no confidence in the Applied Mechanics Department. The truss-like structure with glass panels designed to prevent students from pilfering their respective hostel blocks from the model of the I.I.T. Campus, was not designed by them. As result of which half the number of glass plates had to be replaced. And I suppose we haven't seen the last plate being replaced. Problem of 'buckling under stares (stairs?) of people'.

The Hanging Gardens of Semiramis are supposed to be one of the Seven Wonders of the World. So is the one on the portico of the Building Sciences (otherwise C.E.) Block. We remind the public that the soil is not suited for tobacco cultivation. It is, therefore, a waste of time to sow cigarette and bidi butts on the flower-bed. Nothing thrives there which is rather surprising, because, being a portico, it ought to bloom with potrilocas!

Someone ought to explain the names and functions of the various Department to visitors to the Campus. One of the V.I.Ps. is reported to have asked, 'If the Metrology Laboratory is going to be air-conditioned, how will the students ever know that their predictions about the weather were correct?'

The lorry drivers frequenting the Campus, seem to suffer from speedomania, or, perhaps, from the illusion that they own Bonn and Delhi Avenue, because their contractors have constructed them (if constructed is the proper term). Anyway, they race up and down the Campus roads whirling up veritable walls of dust and smoke and giving hardly anybody else a chance to exist besides them. Wouldn't it be time to tell these popular editions of Stirling Moss that our roads are not meant for trying how many m.p.h. they can possibly get out of their junk on wheels?

And what business has a lorry tearing down Delhi Avenue at 2 a.m. carrying steel out of the Campus?

And then: Would certain contractors kindly desist from parking their cars right plump in the centre of the road.

A lot could be said about the road-sense of bullock-cart drivers and push cartwallahs. But that would be a sheer waste of time, ink and paper. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

D. J. NIRMAL.

THE FIRST ANNUAL  
SURVEY CAMP

This year's Republic Day Celebrations by our Institute was celebrated at two places. One as usual at the premises of the I.I.T. and the other at Tiruneeermalai, a village 13 miles away from the I.I.T., by a select band of Iitians. The background for this celebration was the first Annual Survey Camp conducted by the Civil Engineering Department for its IVth year students.

Tiruneeermalai where the Survey Camp was conducted, is a tourist centre of religious importance where a beautiful temple dedicated to Lord Ranganatha is situated on a hillock. It is about 13 miles away from Madras and 3 miles off Pallavaram from the Madras—Trichi highway. It is surrounded by small hills and green fields as far as the eyes can scan, dotted here and there by casurina groves, small lakes and villages.

The camp site was overlooking the temple and consisted of several tents pitched up for the students and the members of the staff. The Adyar river, very much different from what we see nearby here, provided water for our daily bath. It was the general opinion that the students developed the bad habit of bathing daily. Messing facilities were arranged with a contractor as none of our three hostels could help us to set up our own mess.

The camp work of the students consisted of series of different surveys eventually from which a topographical map of the area surveyed was produced. This endeavour took them over hills and valleys, through terraced fields and among villages for a fortnight. It must be acknowledged that the IVth year Civil Engineering students spared no pains during their work to contribute much to the general success of the Survey Camp.

The highlights of the camp which closed on the 31st January, were, the celebration of the Republic Day on the 26th and a dinner party on the night of the 29th January. All the members of the camp would have been very happy if our Director had found time to visit us at the camp site.

Y. R. NAGARAJA.



Professors of our three sister institutes in Bombay, Kanpur and Kharagpur and of the Delhi College of Engineering and Technology came to Madras on a short visit in connection with this year's Entrance Examination. Our students had arranged an entertainment programme for the evening.

**A Pick** —(Continued from page 4)

'Jen,' he said softly as he drew himself near her.

'Yes,' said Jennie but suddenly felt herself stiffen.

'Do you love me?'

There was another silence, this, time it lasted longer and was deeper than the last. Jennie's mind was suddenly thrown into confusion, in the darkness of which, she tried to grope around for the answer to as to how exactly she felt towards him. But the darkness remained and the more she thought the more excited and confused she became. The question had truly never confronted her before and now that it was placed before her for the first time, she was totally unprepared to analyse her own feelings.

'Well?' said David almost whispering.

Jennie turned her eyes away from the window and directed her gaze on the large clear eyes on his expectant face. David grew misty before her, and soon tears slowly began to flow down her pale cheeks.

'Please,' she said 'don't ask me such a question John.'

'Why?' asked David 'is it because you don't love me?'

'Oh please David,' she replied the tears flowing more freely.

'No you wont tell, I know, you prefer John, don't you?'

It was for just an instant that her sobbing stopped. The pause was almost imperceptible. Her heart was too full of emotions and she knew that on her answer depended perhaps the future of the man that confronted her. If it had been anyone else she would have told him that she thought that he was out of his mind but David was very different.

There was a pause again in which Jennie was weeping with the hands to her face. Perhaps this pause was just what he needed for realizing how foolish he had been with her. And he stood there staring at the figure that lay before him. A sudden warmth and sympathy filled his heart and going towards her he put his arms around her shoulders and said: 'I am sorry Jennie, I have been so foolish. Forget the whole affair. Just forget that I ever said any such thing. Just let's be friends. No more than.'

Her weeping subsided a little until finally she was no longer crying. The crisis passed she felt a great sense of relief.

'You forgive me then?' said David, looking at her keenly.

She did not answer out, merely smiled and gave him a kiss on the cheek, the kind of kiss that we see one brother giving her sister while parting or arriving from some journey. But it had its effect on David. The candle of hope which had been extinguished just a few moments ago once again burst into flames.

'Honestly I don't know who I love, that's if I love' at all. But I do like both of you so very much,' she said.

'Perhaps someday you will know better,' he said mildly.

'May be,' she replied.

A year passed and so intimate had their relationship become that David at last ventured to show her some of his old stories that he had never shown to anybody.

'Say David,' she remarked one day, 'why don't you start sending some of these stories to some magazines that publish this sort of work?'

'Come off it, Jen it's not that good yet,' he replied.

'No, David, I really mean it. If you don't have the time I could type it for you.'

'Well I will think it over,' he replied.

A fortnight later he came rushing into the house bursting with excitement and waving a cheque.

'Jen,' he said excitedly as soon as he was alone with her 'The LATEST has accepted my article. Here it is in print, and they have sent me a two pound cheque!'

'How wonderful' said Jennie enthusiastically taking the magazine from him.

'Jen I am so happy to-day, you know I had never expected a high concern like this to accept by story.'

'Well it's something to be happy, isn't it?'

'Jen, why don't we go out to celebrate, just this once. I won't ask you again.'

Jennie hesitated definitely. David seeing this said, 'You don't have to if you don't want to.'

Jennie smiled across the table and said, 'It's okay just this once.'

It was at this time that the third person stepped in. Don Persson was a Swedish student who had also come to the college to study drama. It was not until the annual summer camp that David and John had come to know him intimately. He proved to be quite a friendly character but John found him too impulsive and rather proud. Anyway the three of them formed the core of the large group of friends that they had, and when they came back from the vacation John introduced him to Jennie. The two got along admirably well.

It was also at this time that David learnt exactly how John felt about Jennie. He was all for having fun and he was willing to go along with any girl that would allow him the privileges he sought.

'But you know Jennie is not that type,' John had remarked rather angrily.

'I know,' his friend had replied all too coolly, 'she is in my reserve force. When I can't find some new dame I can always go back to her!'

'Does she know of it?' John asked.

'Probably not,' he replied amused, 'otherwise she wouldn't be in love with me!'

'You know then she is in love with you?' John asked.

'Sure. I don't have to be told that, I can feel it.'

Silence reigned between the two friends while John watched his depressed companion with his silent and laughing eyes.

'Come off it,' he finally told David, 'It seems you are in love with her.'

David gave an angry glance at his speaker. 'If you are that hard up you can take her. She is after all yours, young man.'

'Oh shut up John. I don't know what she would do if she knew what you felt towards her. Haven't you tried to explain to her.'

'Explain to a woman specially when she is in love with you,' he said giving one of his mock laughs, 'you are off the rocker.'

David looked at his friend and said, 'I had better be going?' and while he was at the door he turned around and after looking at him said, 'I just pity her.'

The two of them were walking in the park, Don and Jennie. There was something strange in the presence of Don, that could somehow never rest Jennie's heart. But if she would only pass and analyse her own feelings she would certainly discover that it was his passion that scared her most of all. He was impetuous in his actions and when excited she would hear his voice shaking with deep emotion. 'Jen,' he said after some reflection, 'let's go back to your home. I have something special that cannot be said in this place.'

Jennie sensed what it would be and then suddenly felt herself grow tense and hot. 'All right,' she said relieved at the thought that he had at least given her sufficient warning.

'Jennie,' said Don, as soon as he had settled down in the drawing room, 'Jennie this has been on my mind for several months now and I thought today would be the best day to tell you about it.' He looked at her for some little sign of encouragement but received none. She was staring at the floor.

'Jennie, I will not be able to finish this course. My father is not well, and so I have to leave for Sweden.' An expression and sympathy overshadowed her face as she looked at him. A sudden chill from the future danger made her, however, look at the floor once again.

'I was wondering whether you could wait for me till things got settled a bit at home!'

There was a silence, a very long one.

'Jennie, I want to marry you.'

Jennie looked at him like some animal lost in the wilderness of its own emotions.

'You don't mean that, do you Don?' she said almost in an inaudible voice.

'Sure I do mean it Jen,' he said his voice a little higher, 'Jen, don't you love me?'

She remained silent. 'I didn't think that you would ever love me,' she said as the tears gathered faster and faster in her eyes.

'How can it ever be that way, Jen. Do you mean that a man can be with a dame and not have the desire to possess her.'

'It's true, but.'

'No buts,' replied Don a little angry, 'the truth is you don't love me enough.'

At this she began to weep but Don took her into his arms and looked down into her frightened face.

'It's not that,' she said between sobs.

'Then if you love me, Jen,' he said bending down towards her face, what is there to stand between us. What more can separate us?'

She was struggling now both physically and mentally. She was trying to get out of his arms. But they held her.

'Please, Don,' she said, 'let me go.'

'No, Jen, tell me that you do love me, tell me that you are willing to be my wife, tell me Jen that you will wait for me till.'

'Don, Don,' she cried in desperation.

'Oh yes, you do,' he said and bent down to kiss the quivering lips.

A sudden wave of anger rose in her and freeing her right arm she pulled him away and slapped him across the face. The clasp that had held her so tight before suddenly loosened and she felt herself free. Don sat staring at her as though he had just seen a ghost. Repentance had come now and sobbing she fell on his neck. 'Please Don,' she said as she lifted her face upto his, 'forgive me.' Don did not say anything but looked about vaguely. 'Even my parents hadn't slapped me upto now!'

'Don, I am very sorry, I really am sorry,' she said trying to look into his eyes.

'That's okay Jen,' he said trying to soothe her by stroking her hair. 'I wont force you if you don't want to say it.'

'Don I like you, but I can't marry you.'

'That's all right,' he said patting her, and added after a while, 'Well Jen I had better be going now. Good-bye Jen, may be we shall never meet again'. 'Good bye Don,' she said extending her hands. 'I do hope we will meet again.' She went to see him off at the door. They walked in silence. Just before Persson was going out she held him and looked pleadingly into his eyes.

'Forget it?' said Persson and walked out.

But even then Jennie thought she detected a tone of bitterness, the tone that comes only to those whose pride has been hurt. She felt sorry for him, no, for herself, no, no for . . . . . it was all so confusing.

That night she did not sleep well and the final scene with Don lived within her for a long time.

Another year passed and by this time David's stories had begun to attract public attention. Some magazines had even asked him to write for them regularly. His literary talents did not only attract attention in this field but also in the world of movies. He was now busy writing a script for one of the companies. Jennie was of course helping him with the typing.

One day he came back excitedly from college with a letter in his hand. Jennie was not there and so he had to wait some time before she finally came.

'Hello David,' she said, 'what's the news?'

David proudly held out the letter that he had been reading and re-reading to convince himself that it was true. 'Why that's wonderful,' said Jennie. 'When are you going?' 'When the term ends,' he said; 'You know Jennie,' he said as soon as they had entered the house. 'I had never imagined that a company would be so willing to film the story I wrote. It all looked so artificial that I am almost afraid of it all. I mean you always read of writers who have to go through a lot of trouble. I had been fully prepared for that type of life. I had never expected such an easy way out.'

'Well I guess that it does happen to a few only. I think you will have to be very careful.'

'Yea,' he said reflectingly, 'but Gosh! I am really excited. A life in the studios even



**Sportfolio**



**I.I.T.'s Tennis Idol Wins at M.I.T.**

Lionel Paul, I.I.T.'s ace tennis player, distinguished himself at the M.I.T. Tennis Tournament by claiming the singles title. Together with Kalappa, he was runner-up in the doubles event.

Paul ran through his opponents to reach the finals—which itself was a tame affair. It lasted 17 minutes and the score was 6-3; 6-2; 6-3 in Paul's favour. Both Paul and Srinivasan (his opponent) played a base-line game, but whenever Srinivasan came to the net, he was either passed by a well placed shot or driven back with a neat lob. Playing thus with both intelligence and precision, Paul made short work of his opponent.

The doubles final was between the I.I.T. pair Kalappa and Paul and Srinivasan and Gajapathy of A.C. Tech. This match was fought out point for point, as the sides were evenly matched. Kalappa and Paul took the first two sets at 6-4 and 6-4. The A.C. Tech. team then took time out for rest and this slowed us down completely. It was, in fact, the turning point. We lost the next three sets at 3, 2 and 1 games, respectively. Paul played his usual game, and Kalappa brought off some good cross-court shots, but his back-hand failed him.

The match lasted for a little over two hours.

**2nd Year Makes A Clean Sweep In This Year's Intra-Murals.**

February and the Intra-Murals were here again. Soccer matches started first. The Fourth Year proved too good for the rest. Bhaskaran and Gowrinathan were easily the best combination. Bhaskaran displayed excellent ball control and good anticipation. His kicks were well placed, and the opposition invariably found him a tough customer.

**Hockey:** As in any other game of this sort, team-work played the most important part. The Second year seemed to have the best and hence won the first place. Shivaram proved to be an able captain and a dogged defender, and Vasudevan Srinivasan and Lionel Paul shone in the forward line.

**Cricket:** Once again, it was the Second Year team which emerged victorious. The most interesting match was between the Second

and Third Years. In the first match, the Third Year won by one run and the match had to be played again, because of a tie between the two teams. This time it was the Second Year which won.

M. R. P. Shetty and C. S. Mahadevan scored the most for the Third Year team. Muthukrishnan bowled extremely well. They hit



**Jumping Jack Srikant**

up a total of 129 for the loss of 9 wickets. Second Year declared at 133 for 7 wickets.

**Basketball:** The Second Year could not but win the tournament, as it happened to have six of the Institute players on its side. The matches were purely one sided, and it is hardly worth describing them.

**Table-Tennis:** These were, by far, the most interesting of all the matches conducted, as they were the most keenly contested. First Year beat the Second and Fourth but lost to the Third Year. The Third Year won the Fourth Year but lost to the Second. The result—a tie between the First, Second and Third Years. Credit goes to Jaideep Singh and K. K. Batra for regaining lost ground by winning the matches that were replayed.

The open event found S. Kumar of the Third Year in top form. In the finals, he gave Subba Rao a tough fight. He led 20-18 in the first game, served out, hit into the net and lost quite foolishly. He took the second game at 21-16, but Subba Rao proved too good for him in the next two games.

Kumar's powerful fore-hand attack paid dividends, but he failed in his service quite often. With a steady service, a more consistent attack and a lot more practice, he is bound to reach great heights.

In this connection, I would like to point out that the Common Room is not sufficiently large to play in. Matches were conducted with great difficulty—some in the

Kaveri and some in the Krishna mess halls. The organisers are obliged to K. K. Batra for his valuable services.

**Tennis:** The Second Year won—mainly due to Lionel Paul. The second place went to First Year. Arun Swamy of the First Year played marvellously. Basically a base-liner, Swamy has an elegant service and neat strokes. His well placed drives often baffle his opponents. A. S. Bawa of Third Year, despite all his bulk, covered the court extremely well, gave Arun Swamy a hard time and beat Kalappa.

The doubles match between the Third and Second Years was most exciting. Third Year lost after having led 9-5 and 40-15 in the 15th game.

Kalappa of Second Year found it difficult to run about because of his sprained toe, and his opponents Shetty and Aleem persisted in dropping the ball on his half. Combining well, Shetty and Aleem took the score on to 9-5 and 40-15 and then the calamity happened. Kalappa sent Aleem a 'ladder' which he smashed into the net. The score went to deuce and the Second Year took the game. Paul held his service game and brought the score to 9-7. The Second Year pair then broke through Aleem's service. The score: 9-8. Paul served extremely well and brought off a few classic shots to equalise.

9 games all and Shetty's service was next. Shetty was serving very well that day, and I cannot understand how he lost that vital 19th game. It may be because of that nerve racking tension, maybe he had incurred the wrath of Dame Luck, or it may be that the Second Year team was just too good.

\* \* \*

**Subba Rao Scores Century**

The match between the I.I.T. and Nungambakkam cricket teams ended in a draw. The match was played at the Nungambakkam grounds on a dead wicket. Subba Rao made the most of it and scored a magnificent 101—and that in under 120 minutes. Shetty hit up a valuable 93. He declared the innings at 279 for 9. The Nungambakkam XI were 207 for 7 at close of play. It was Muthukrishnan again who bowled well for us. He claimed 3 wickets.

\* \* \*

**Athletics**

**Jacob Dominic Individual Champion for Third Time**

The Fourth Annual Institute Sports Meet was held on the 2nd of March. A large number of the Staff attended. The function went off smoothly and everything was well arranged for, but somehow enthusiasm on the students' side was lacking. To start with, the march-past was the sloppiest, one could have seen. How much more im-

(Continued on page 11)



**JACOB DOMINIC**  
a hop, a step and I.I.T. colours

**A Pick—(Continued on page 8)**

if it's for a few months is just what I had always been hoping for.' Jennie smiled at him and said 'Well, it has come true.'

The academic year had ended and David had already left on his job but John was still in Cowley and had planned to leave a day or two later. 'Jen,' he said when he met her on one of the nights out, 'I had always wanted to tell you something but somehow I could never bring myself to do so.' He looked at her face and was a little bit dismayed to trace a sign of excitement. 'I want to thank you for the happy hours that I have enjoyed in your company. You know I am leaving to-morrow.'

Jennie was looking at him with her frank gaze and then finally said, 'John I love you.'

'Thanks Jen,' said John in a light and gay tone, 'I will always be grateful for that.'

'Why, don't you love me?' she asked.

'Sure I do,' he replied smiling at her.

'Well then,' she asked.

'Oh come on Jen. I didn't think it would lead to all this.'

Jennie looked at him in her silent way and gradually the heart that had been so eager to give love began to fill with bitterness.

'What David and Don said was true then,' she said slowly and emphatically;

'Look, Jen,' John said, 'I only meant to have a little bit of fun. I didn't intend it to go any further.'

'Yes,' said Jen, her voice full with bitterness, 'I am sure you have enjoyed yourself. Three years of fun?'

'Come on Jen,' said John laughing, 'lets enjoy this last night and forget about everything else.'

'You enjoy it,' she said and quickly walked out of the restaurant.

He sat there looking a bit foolish and finally shrugging his shoulders said 'Women.'

He signalled the waiter to bring him a full mug of beer and when it had arrived he leant back on the chair to enjoy it.

'Driver,' said David, 'get me to 7th Street. Please try and hurry.'

'Okay Sir,' said the driver and pressed the accelerator forcefully and the car started forward with a jerk. David screwed up the window because he was beginning to feel chilly again in the morning air. He seemed to be watching the empty streets idly but in reality his heart was pounding with excitement. What would she say, he thought if she learnt that he had just obtained another contract with the same firm.

The car screeched to a stop before the familiar door and he got out and handed the driver a note and without waiting for the change went quickly towards the door.

It was locked and even though he knocked there was no reply. He waited for some time, but still no reply came. He went around to the back and tried the back door but that too was locked. This didn't surprise him. He opened the window near the door in the way that Jennie had taught him to and reached out for the hook on which the door keys usually hung. But the key was not there. But he had hardly opened the window when a strange smell attacked his attention. 'What was that,' he thought. 'Gosh,' he said a moment later, 'it's the gas,' he said. For a moment he stood there and then all of a sudden a fear gripped him.

'Jennie' he shouted and leaped in through the half open window and was running madly inside the house.

'Jennie' he shouted but there was no response. Then he realised what all this meant but he rushed to the kitchen. There on the floor lay Jennie! He shook her, but her body was limp and cold.

He rushed to the telephone.

'Operator get me the ambulance. 7th Street Gas poisoning case. For goodness sake hurry.'

It seemed hours before the ambulance arrived. Meanwhile he had hurriedly opened the windows and was silently staring at Jennie's face. Perhaps she was still alive; he was too excited to know exactly, and even if she had been dead his imagination would have forced him to say otherwise.

The ambulance men were knocking at the

door. He went to open the door. How foolish to have forgotten that it had been locked. He rushed back to the kitchen to search for the key and finally found it in Jennie's hand bag. He rushed back to the door and opened it. The ambulance men marched in silently with the stretcher and in a moment they were all racing towards the nearest hospital.

It took Jennie almost two days to come to her senses but it was only on the third day that the doctors allowed David to talk to her. She was weeping when he came in and her head was turned to the wall. She was apparently unaware of David's presence.

'Jennie,' he said softly. Her sobbing ceased all of a sudden and she turned to face him.

'Jen' he said and rushed to her bedside and before he knew what he was doing he had her in his arms and was kissing her 'Why did you do it, Jen?'

She didn't reply but once again burst into tears.

'Jennie, how could you think of such a thing?' David was obviously eager to ask her something and his hesitancy was obvious in the manner in which he talked. He decided to let it go till she was better.

Finally when he learnt from the doctors that she would be discharged, the day after to-morrow he went to meet her.

'Hello David', he said rather surprised to see him at that hour.

'Surprised to see me?' he asked smiling as he sat himself down on the bed.

'Jen have you decided,' he asked her.

'About what' she asked smiling.

'About whom you like better John or me.'

She did not reply but simply stretched out her arms and imprinted a passionate kiss.

'You' she said at the end of it.

When Jennie had fully recovered and taken the necessary rest they got married. Jennie proved to be a perfect wife and the two of them were extremely happy together.

\* \* \*

**EPILOGUE**

I know it all sounds a bit odd. But as the weeks passed into months and I got intimately acquainted with David and his wife I realised there was not merely a surface sort of love that was holding them together. It was something much deeper than that that it may seem queer to you and as it did to me but which readily exists between two people who have undergone the same experience; it exists between people who have shared the same joys and sorrows.

**MADRAS BOAT CLUB REGATTA****I.I.T. to The Fore!**

Madras, March 2, 1963 (*Campastimes News Service*). The finals of the Annual Cold Weather Regatta of the Madras Boat Club were held under ideal rowing conditions on the Adayar river.

The I.I.T. boys again excelled in four out of the eight possible men's events. In the Maiden Sculls, P. L. Kapur was pitched against V. Siddhartha after both had eliminated opposition in the heats very easily. The former won by one length in the very good timing of 2 m. 40 s. for 660 yards.

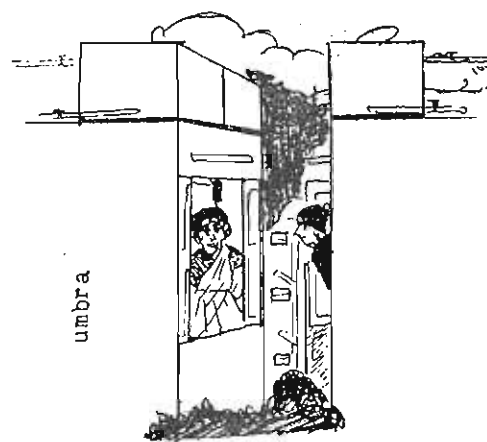
In the Maiden Pairs, S. Talukdar and S. S. Randhawa beat Grant and Aschom in a closely contested race. The same pairs were again matched against each other in the Junior Pairs, and our boys won the event easily to annex the Sandeman Cup instituted in 1921. It is refreshing to note that the Steam Ship is also a good oarsman!

P. L. Kapur as stroke in the Challenge fours led his team to victory to annex the coveted M. B. C. Cup for the event.

Basu (Puss) John was runner-up in the Junior Sculls while the I.I.T. four consisting of Talukdar, Randhawa, Bajaj and Sihota were runners-up in the Junior Fours.

**DESIRE**

It is fascinating to observe the various phases and nuances that our concept of happiness undergoes as we grow older. When as



'Didn't you hear that someone has stolen our Security Officer's cow in broad daylight?'

'I won't believe anything until I see it in Campastimes.'

babies our only desire is to drink milk upto the point of satiety, merely eating seems to be the only desire evinced when young. As children there is a noticeable change in our desires and we no longer seek to find pleasure in eating alone—Our horizon of thought has, so to speak, been widened due to greater contact with the external world, not merely confined to the home. The spontaneity and avidity with which most of us desire when children to become a driver of a locomotive is well known... the noise, smoke and the whistle seem to herald the very heyday of utmost happiness. During the period of adolescence our desires shift even more outwards—we have to strive against many conflicting desires which are self-explanatory. With the advance of mental maturity our resources are channelled towards higher and nobler aims—the missionary zeal with which many doctors and scientists pursue their avocation exemplifies this point.

How far our desires are satisfied and what happens if they are not fulfilled form yet another enthralling study. Depriving a child of its due share of candy or toys causes so much of unhappiness to the child which is manifest visibly by crying. The same disappointment and undue frustration is always a natural concomitant to desires unfulfilled perhaps even on a magnified scale. Our emotions remain as raw as they were when we were children as when old—the mode of expression only changes. The frustration occasioned by a failure to accomplish something, say the passing of some examination, has led even to suicides. What is intended to be conveyed is that unsatisfied desires always form a potential stronghold for frustration and emotional instability.

The growth of society and present day conventions are to a certain extent lop-sided as they do not facilitate the fulfilment of our desires. Poverty, caste, language and various other causes often hamper an individual towards the conquest of his goal. Such suppression of desires have a tell-tale effect on our emotions and consequently set up unwanted inhibitions. The ideal or perhaps even Utopian set-up of a Society where everyone can have the means of fulfilling his desires is yet to be seen. The much talked about 'repressed emotions' and that they are the causes for crime and abnormalities in behaviour are being revealed through psychoanalysis.

A proper and judicious choice of a desire amidst a bewildering maelstrom of desires is what is to be expected. The proper training of our emotions is really a much wanted quality in our everyday life. History is replete of people who had many desires and their means of attaining them. Perhaps it is the very existence of desires that has led humanity in its onward march in every sphere of activity—material and spiritual. The very existence of desire has often been a source of delight as has been delightfully portrayed by Hardy: 'the impetuosity of passion ambiguity is bearable, even if it stings and anathematizes—there is a triumph in the humiliation and a tenderness in the strife.'

V. RANGANATHAN.



SUBBA RAO

T. T. Trophies & Centuries

pressive would it have been, if the four athletic teams, dressed in white, had marched in separate groups led by their captains! This, I am sure, could have easily been arranged for. It would not only have been impressive, but would have lent a certain gravity to the Sports Meet and made it more of a success.

I sincerely hope that from next year onwards more people will participate in sports, provide far keener competition and thereby increase the standard of Sports in the Institute. May I also add (with due apologies to the announcers in charge who took a lot of trouble that day) that the mere announcing of events is not enough? An interesting commentary would have made the occasion more lively.

\* \* \*

Coming to the Meet, the 100 metres was won by Aleem for the third time in succession. He has proved himself the fastest man in the I.I.T. and, with a little more practice, can become faster. Jacob Dominic won the hop step and jump, the long jump, the high jump, the 400 metres and came second in the 1500 metres. He thus claimed 23 points and the individual championship. He was presented with a handsome timepiece-cum-calendar by Consul G. Fischer of the German Consulate later in the evening. R. M. Nair was the second best athlete with 15 points to his credit. He won the shotput, the discus and javelin throws.

Three Colleges took part in the 4 x 100 m. relay open to all Colleges in the city. The Y.M.C.A. came first and had a lead of about 30 yds. over the I.I.T. team. The College of Engineering, Guindy found a place in-between. A comparatively bad start and ibominable baton changing were the main causes for our lagging behind in the race. I need not remind the members of the I.I.T. team that 'practice makes perfect'.



Hold it, Man!

The Second Year proved, beyond doubt, that they were the best athletes. Their morale, I must say, is as high as that of the Jawans guarding our frontiers, and their fighting spirit is invincible. D. B. Shrest their athletic captain, Srikanth, Paul and Nair did well.

This review will not be complete if I fail to mention Bhaskaran's pole-vault. Though he is just recovering from an attack of chicken-pox, he cleared 9' 9".

Finally, I have only this left to say: Please aim as high in sports as you aim in your studies. You may not be very good, but that hardly matters, for 'who shoots at the midday sun though he be sure he shall never hit the mark, yet as sure he is, he shall shoot higher than he who aims at a lush.'

So, Adios Amigos, and best of luck in your exams.

TABLE OF POINTS

| Team Events          | 1st       | 2nd        | 3rd       | 4th       |
|----------------------|-----------|------------|-----------|-----------|
| Cricket              | 2         | 10         | 6         | 0         |
| Hockey               | 0         | 10         | 6         | 2         |
| Basketball           | 0         | 10         | 2         | 6         |
| Table-Tennis         | 10        | 6          | 2         | 0         |
| Football             | 0         | 2          | 6         | 10        |
| Volleyball           | 0         | 10         | 6         | 2         |
| 4 x 100 Metres Relay | 0         | 8          | 5         | 2         |
| <b>Athletics</b>     | <b>7</b>  | <b>72</b>  | <b>29</b> | <b>28</b> |
| <b>Total</b>         | <b>19</b> | <b>128</b> | <b>62</b> | <b>50</b> |

Other Tournaments (Results)

Chess: Deshpande

Carrom:

Singles: M. Sundarraju

Doubles: M. V. Ramanan and K. Balasubramaniam

Shuttle:

Singles: Jacob Dominic

Doubles: J. M. Anand and Pukraj Jain

Ball-Badminton:

Singles: Jacob Dominic

Doubles: Jacob Dominic and Harinarayan.

Fives: 3rd Year

Kabaddi: 3rd Year

C. KRISHNA.

Read through your manuscripts!

Our proof readers are no

Clairvoyants,

They can correct only

What you have written,

Not what you meant to write

## The Sannyasi and the Loin Cloth

Once upon a time, there was a Sannyasi who lived deep in the Himalayas (where our Jawans are fighting now) performing deep penance. A King who happened to hunt there, saw the great man, bowed before him and asked him if he could do anything for him. No, the Sannyasi said, there was nothing he required. But the King insisted he should take at least something from him and gave him a loin cloth, as he had only one.

The Sannyasi carried this extra loin cloth to his ashram and left it there. But during the night he discovered that rats were coming into his ashram apparently after the loin cloth. In order to protect it, the Sannyasi got a cat. But how was the cat to live? So he got a cow. But if he looked after the cow and gave it the care it needed, what would happen to his penance? So he had to call in a servant maid from a nearby village to look after the cow and then? Well, then he renounced penance and became a Grihastha.

This little story may be very old, but that doesn't mean that something similar could not possibly happen today as well:

There is a model of the Institute Project from which, it must be confessed, two buildings had mysteriously vanished one day. In order to protect it from further losses, a strange gabled glass roofing affair is under prolonged construction in the C.E. Block. (It could have easily been dispensed with a rectangular prison-like enclosure like any other project. Anyhow :) In order to protect the roofing, a round-the-clock watch has to be established. In order words, three extra watchmen on guard for eight hours each. In order to make sure that all watchmen come in time, the Security Officer will have to ask for an extra clerk (and so will the Accounts Officer to cope with the additional work). As the clerk cannot possibly be left dangling in midair with no department responsible for him, an assistant will have to be employed. And the assistant will require a Junior Superintendent, the Junior Superintendent a Superintendent. Superintendent of what? Of 'Project Models, Model Roofings & Museums' (Spdt. Prodel, for short). For, in order to justify the existence of their department, they will have to see that further models are being planned and executed. And where to keep all these models? In a museum, of course.

CHLOROPHYLL

### Suggested Accelerated Course for the production of 10,000,000 Bachelors of Technology by 1970.

By Tee Aar

In view of the great need for an increased out put of 'qualified' engineers and technologists, the following scheme for the production of 10 million B. Tech. graduates is suggested for consideration and approval by the appropriate bodies. The scheme is based on the well-known fact that a school year normally consists of only about 120 working days. If all holidays and vacations are abolished, a child entering school at the age of five can complete the normal eleven-year course in about three years and eight months. This leaves an inconvenient period of four months to be filled in, but this may be utilized for workshop practice before the B.Tech. Course. The five-year course can again be finished in less than two years, the left-over of four months being again utilized usefully, say for General Machines Laboratory Practice. At eleven years of age, then, you'll have a B. Tech. who, in contrast to the existing ones, has the additional advantage of eight months of practical experience! If further acceleration is required, we can lower the age of school entry to three thereby saving two more years and turning out another 3 million or so graduates. And all this without making the slightest use of Huxley's methods of embryonic suggestion!



## ANNUAL SPORTS DAY



- top left :* Record Bagging Bhasker.
- top right :* Gymnolia-bottled in Bombay
- centre :* Mad marathon of musical misses.
- bottom left :* Shot-put Nair.
- bottom right :* Paul and Kalappa potentialities displayed.

*Photographs by K. Mahesh and C. Krishna*

