

Campastimes

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IIT Madras, December 1966

25 P.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY

The most appropriate way to start off this letter would probably be to apologise for having kept quiet so long. I had been meaning to write for a long time but life, somehow is so hectic here, especially in the production lines that personal affairs always get relegated to the last place.

After a spell in the Test Department, testing Audio and Video instruments, I was rather fortunate to have been given charge of one of the Production departments. Before I launch upon a description of duties etc., I must give you a quick run-through of the production set-up here.

Right now Hewlett-Packard GmbH manufactures a lot of basic Electronic Instruments and we have five groups in production, viz., X-Y recorders, Oscilloscopes, Counters and Digital Voltmeters, Meters (voltage, current and power) and finally my group manufacturing Pulse and Function generators, Test Oscillators and DC power supplies.

I have been in my present job for upwards of a year now and it has been a very interesting and rewarding experience. In a capacity like this, one comes into contact with the complete organisational machinery in the factory and this certainly helps to broaden one's horizon tremendously. This has helped, more than anything else, to understand the inner workings of a complicated mechanism, which must certainly be useful in a country like ours.

A normal working day brings up countless problems, most of which have to be solved on the spur of the moment so that the production does not grind to a halt.

Most of our components come from America, so that the Viet Nam war has affected our supplies too. Most stuff got channelled into defence so that our lead times grew increasingly longer. This created quite a few problems because at some critical point, one part would be missing and one had to think of building the instruments so that we put it in right at the end. This used to happen very often, and I grew to be so adept at this kind of thing, that someone suggested

I could probably build the instruments without any parts!

Personnel problems occupy quite a bit of my time and this more than anything else has opened my eyes to how well employees are treated here. There is rather close contact between everyone, with the result that one works because of the love of work and not because one has to spend eight hours and somehow earn a salary. Even a chap on the lowest rung of the ladder can walk into the GM's room and talk his problems over, something that must be viewed with consternation back home. One also looks after the comfort of all the employees, even to the extent of controlling room temperatures etc., so that people can work comfortably.

One must not however get the impression that everything is always rosy here. These people have ever so much to be thankful for, but they take so much for granted that there are still some people who complain about the silliest of things. Some of these things are however apparent only to people like me, who literally know both sides of the coin.

After very close contact with German labour, I have occasion to appreciate their work. However, it is my honest opinion that nothing intellectual, separates people in India and here. Actually, as far as intellect goes, I would probably give the edge to our people. What, however, does separate them is the activity of people here. At most places, they literally work like dogs. If you want something done, it will be done without any waste of time and that is the major difference.

I do not want to take a Holier-than-thou attitude because I was probably the same too back home, but here it is entirely different. I can feel it, in my own attitude to work. The plant has been my life here and I have literally taken everything that has come my way.

Just a couple of weeks back, there was a Service Manager's and later a Service Engineers' Seminar. Such seminars take place once in a while when there are a lot of new instruments, so that the people in Service

know about them. At Hewlett-Packard, we place a very big emphasis on Service as the best Sales tool. Time has proved this and so HP goes for it in a big way.

I was asked if I would speak on our new 3300A Function generator and its Trigger/Phase lock plug-in. I took the plunge and this included 5 hour discussions with 3 groups. One of the groups asked if I would speak in German and I ended up giving a 5 hour technical lecture in German! I could not believe it myself. The attached photograph was taken with one of the groups comprising people from Geneva, Milan, Rome, Brussels and England. I believe mine was among the best and the company want to make more use of me in this way.

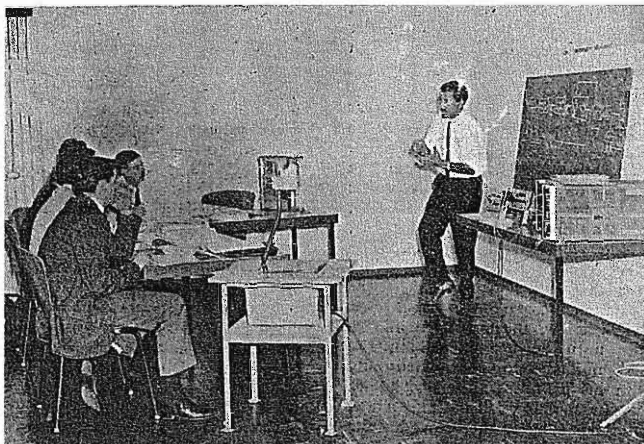
Actually, the main point of highlighting all this, is to point out to present IITians that all this is within anyone's scope. There is very much to be said for the training at the IIT. I am very grateful for its having made me an all-round man and I am reaping the benefits now.

As an LC, I remember, we used to wonder why on earth we should have so much to do with subjects other than Electronics, but it is only after my sojourn here, that the full worth of all this has been brought out.

It has not just been all work and no play here. Our production has been touching record highs this year and every couple of months we have 'Beer-Busts' at the company. Beer flows like water at Company expense and there are eats too. There is a lot of merry-making and dancing that goes on. I am now approaching my third Christmas here. Every Christmas, we have a party at the company. This is one of the gala events of the year and looked forward to by everyone. Last year HP gave every employee a goose for Christmas for their traditional lunch. The saying was everyone cooked his goose at Christmas!

And I guess on that note, we will end this note, wishing everyone at IIT a very happy New Year!

—SRINIVAS NAGESHWAR.



From Germany—Sriniwas Nageshwar delivering a lecture.

DESIGNING DESIGNER

The designer bent across his board,
Wonderful things in his head were stored
And he said as he rubbed his throbbing bean,
'How can I make this thing tough to machine?

If this part were only straight,
I'm sure the part would work first rate.
But 't would be so easy to turn and bore
It never would make the machinists sore.
I better put in a right angle there
Then watch those babies tear their hair.
Now I'll put the holes that hold the cap,
Way down in there, where they're hard to tap.
Now this piece won't work, I'll bet a buck,
For it can't be held in a fixture or chuck.
It can't be drilled; it can't be ground,
In fact the design is exceedingly sound.
He looked again and cried—'At last—
Success is mine, it can't even be cast!'

VREJEEPT.

CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

Wanted

A tutor to teach Profitable adjustments of Mess accounts.

SHAMAN MALLICK,
GANGA HOSTEL.

A large and well-built individual, preferably a football player, to start my mo'bike. Free pillion rides offered. Remuneration according to qualifications.

I. G. SUBRAHMANYAM, KRISHNA.

Wanted

Unbreakable Table Tennis Balls. Contact 119, Jamuna.

For the NCC—Major, one number of—with the following qualities.

Hair cut—done at shopping centre.

Tough guy—Idealistic Expression.

Concave Back—for full pack.

Plastic Hair—on chest.

Retractable Roller Skates—for travelling on stomach.

Solid steel shoes—to do away with old fashioned feet.

And last but not least—good sized paunch for additional jazz.

Information

Many things are changing nowadays: Even names. What's in a name?

Insurance Agent—Just in case.

Maths Teacher—Mat. M. Atics.

Parking lot attendant—Lino Kary.

Bar Maid—Glas. P. Liz.

Laundress—Wile-U-Wait.

Politician—S. Windler.

Truck Driver—Haver Truck.

Bank Owner—Potto Mony.

Ticket seller—Wannat Icket.

Engineer—Werra Puur.

T. RAJU

(Ed. Tut tut—where did you obtain these?)

Just returned from the Moon—Surveyor. Undertakes jobs of surveying people. Meet him at Godavari. Identification—Bump on his head—result of softlanding.

Come on folks! This is your last chance. Join the new course started to help those who go to the States in particular. The American Accent at once. For particulars contact.

K. RAMAMURTHY,
231 GANGA.

Hurry up boys! (Not forgetting the ladies). A new class has been started in Ballet dancing. Completely different from Twist and Shake. Do you wanna join? Contact M.V. Rao, Metallurgical department, MSB.

Majic

Is Prof. Bhattacharya's Maya Jahl still perplexing you? Then contact immediately G—Seetaraman at 224 Saraswathi. He can explain to you—Water of Saraswati, Floating in Air, and many more things absolutely free of charge any time you care drop in.

PCC (Private connections company) have been advised by BOUE (Bureau of unemployed engineers) to retain (with themselves) a personal manager. Candidate should be very young and handsome (note selection entirely on merit), with at least 25 to 35 years of experience. No degree essential, but degree in Civil Engineering, is a disadvantage. We require mechanical fellows. Salaries encouraging! 150-10-10-500-5-5-600. Higher start to those with still greater experience. Will be definitely sent abroad at personal expense. Apply without fail to: The Personality Manager, c/o The Personal Manager, PCC, Jamuna. Branches: Alakananda and Alakananda and Alakananda.

Personal

Prize Pig on display. Out to compete with the Empress of Blandings this season. At present in 158 Ganga.

Admission fee—Rs. 25.

Visitors shall refrain from feeding the specimen.

Want to grow Moustaches? Contact BIBI (not Bridget Bardot but Bhagwan Belani) His famous works—"Moustaches-growth and removal" & "Moustaches make a man"

For Sale

One Vicky Moped. Contact V. M. Gokhale, Tapti. Exchange with Bullet preferred.

Books

'Economics made easy' by B. Ahmed.

Also by the same author: 'Elements of Skating'.

'A text book of E. Tech' by Theradha (Mukendare Radhakrishnan). Dear readers, this is the genuine version! Some greedy and unscrupulous persons are trying to cash on the author's popularity by passing on to the public spurious books under imitated names.

Immediate

Required-top FBI officials at Jamuna to nab them clever crooks who remove all the attractive females—from Filmfare.

SOME HEROIC ATTRIBUTES

This is a study of a few of the typical characteristics of the heroes and heroines of the Indian film.

Type I: Rich girl, poor boy.

(a) The Boy: He must be an honest, God-fearing and lowly employee (eg. an inferior species of clerk) in the girl's father's business. His father is dead, and he is the apple of his fond mother's eye. He must have a secret pact with all the leading costumers, for in spite of his non-existent status and microscopic salary he is dressed in the height of fashion, especially in his romantic scenes with the girl. In addition he doesn't smoke, drink or gamble, he always does what his mother tells him to do; altogether, he is rather boring.

(b) The Girl: She is spoilt, immature and (supposed to be) pretty. Her mother has kicked the bucket long ago. Her doting father is a brisk businessman who makes tons on the stockmarket without really knowing what a margin is. She lives in the sort of preposterous home which exists only in Indian movie sets—the living room with two grand pianos and a four branched staircase. Generally, she insults the hero at their first meeting, blushes at the second—and her behaviour at the third is unprintable. Follow a large number of duets, picnics, telephone conversations and what not—where they perform miracles, riding from Marine Drive to Panchgani on a motor bike in three minutes. The girl may disobey her father and run away with the boy, or obey her father, sitting in her boudoir with tears trickling slowly down her cheeks, refusing all food and singing at the top of her voice.

(c) You know how it ends anyway, with the mistaken identity and/or lost heir and/or motor accident and/or courtroom scene and/or attempted suicide, with relenting father, heroine in hero's arms, and a slow reprise of the theme duet while the hero's mother dabs her eyes with the end of her sari in the background.

Type II: Rich boy, poor girl.

(a) The Boy: In earlier days he was allowed a bit more freedom, but now he must be—must be—the shouting Baboon. At least one, and preferably two, characteristic yells are essential, the more discordant the better. Here again the boy has a mother, but this one is a high-heels-and-lipstick sort, who is looking for a suitable Girl. The father has conveniently faded out, leaving sonny boy a few zillion in one of these marvellous companies where crises never seem to arise. The fellow must behave like a perfect brute until he is informed by the pure and high-minded heroine, who naturally meets him in his penniless guise and knows nought of his stupendous wealth. This fellow specialises in solos sung to the beloved while waiting for her, rather than duets sung with her.

(b) The Girl: She must be very pretty, very poor, very virtuous, very innocent and an orphan. She appeals to the hero's protective instinct... (and afterwards as it turns out, to a lot of other instincts as well). She is detested by the hero's mother, but adored by everybody else. She must have 'n' dimples (n is greater than equal to two) and be 'S' level in lip-sing. She must refuse to marry the hero in a most dignified manner (last scene but one) and finally consent (last scene).

(c) As above, in addition read and/or blood donation by heroine to hero's mother, with other suitable changes.

Type III: Rich girl, rich boy.

(a) The Boy: In this case he has both parents, a lively brother, a cautious cousin, a houseful of relatives and practically everything else. Oddly enough he seems to be fancy-free when the film starts.

(b) The Girl: Ditto, ditto, ditto, but she might have sworn to remain a spinster—a thought banished by meeting the hero.

(c) The heroine's cousin falls for the hero's brother, or something of that sort. Any comic atmosphere is kicked out with the introduction of blood and thunder melodrama, mysterious villains, and ancient pistols (all well in the second half, after 5 duets, 5 picnics, 2 misunderstandings and one passionate avowal). Everybody ends up in the right somebody-or-other's arms, and no harm done except the odd aunt or malefactor who has carelessly handed in the dinner pail!

Type IV: Poor boy, poor girl.

(a), (b), and (c). An absolute rarity.

Cack, Blah and Bunkum

(A few stuttering stanzas)

Thank you very mush, I mean mosh—that is, cornmeal—er, er, cereal—grapenuts. Oh, nuts! I came here to sneak—that is, to speak. I came—er—I came, I saw, I con—I con—I con not—I con-founded.

Every peach, every spookm every pooch—every pooch should have a license. And a dog collar! No, I mean every speech should have a beginning; a middle and a bank roll, roll in the aisle—hit the deck—a beginning, a middle and a buzz, buzz—that is, a bustle—no, I mean an end.

I always jump into the river, go swimming in the brook—brook no interference—I'll have the law on you! I mean I always jump right in to the middle of my speech. Otherwise how would I get parted? Whose hair is parted? I don't mean parted, I mean parted—that is—whiz-z-z-like you step on your car in the morning—started, sometimes in cold weather it doesn't. Sometimes I don't either.

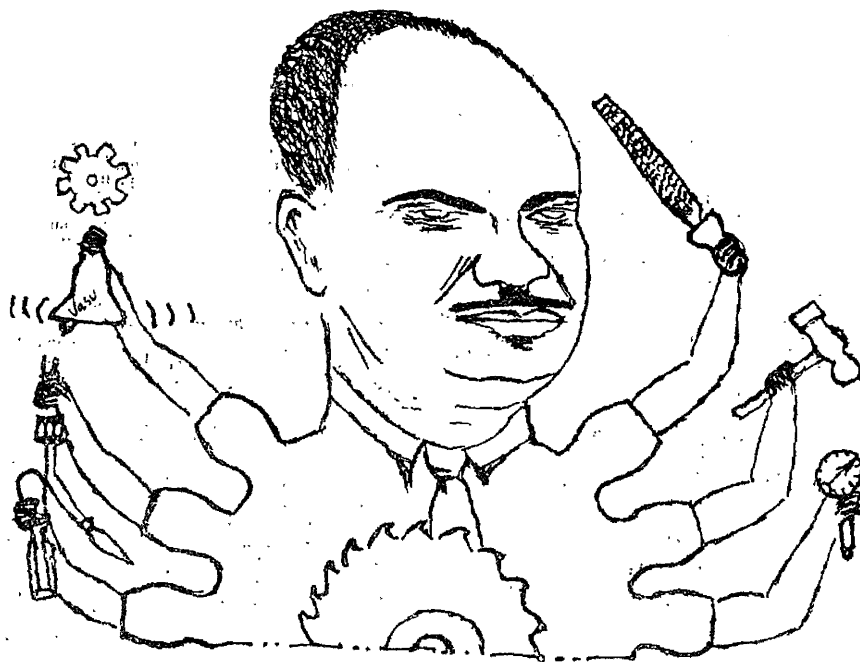
I want to talk about the old boys, the old grey mule, the grey nighties. Why don't they use a Hamam soap I'll talk about the old haze—the new look—the dizzy Mays—the old days. Those were the days! Where they? I wouldn't know, I am still under twenty-two-two-too-too-look out for the train! Jump you fools!

In the cold cuts—gold rays—odd days a family would take its greatest bribe—would pay the grocer—no, that's wrong. They wouldn't pay the grocer. What I mean they would take their greatest pride and boy, coy, toy—en—joy, that is, in the home. Today a home is merely a bug house, rat race—a place to come to when we have no other place to go to—go to—I've been there too!

A home today is—is—is—no it's not that!—it is a little used boiler, bean erym, bull park—that is, I mean a building that stands on the same lot as a—a—a—remember when we used to have one of them out in back of the house—a garage; someday we'll have a garage with home that folds into it.

The trouble is that there is too much slop sin, I mean shot gun—er, that is, our younger generation is something like this: Your are born in a hospital. You marry in a church, and die in or under a car. What do you want a home—a home—a home—pigeons have homes. They always come back to

(Contd. on page 7 column 3)



PERSONALITIES—23

It was during the Pakistan aggression. The papers were full of reports concerning the capture of infiltrators. From Kashmir to Chandni Chowk, staunch Indians went around peering closely at unfamiliar faces. IITians were no less staunch. Rumours were rife concerning the activities of a certain gentleman attired in a full suit (not withstanding the heat) who was seen exploring the campus on a Bullet. Wild speculations were rudely shattered when in walked this gentleman into the 4th year Workshop Technology class followed by Dr. Venkatesh. This was no Ayub Khan but Mr. S. S. Mani, the new Workshop Superintendent.

Mr. Mani alias Gear Mani is a specialist in gears and has been to the continent to specialize in the manufacturing processes of gears.

Returning from the continent he was put in charge of the gear division of H.A.L. and was responsible for the successful manufacture of gears for the Orpheus and Dart Jet Engines.

Waxing eloquent about gears, Mr. Mani is of the opinion that a Cincinnati Gear Shaper can be as interesting as a pretty girl. He feels that the study of gears can be even more fascinating than electronics.

When Mr. Mani joined H.A.L., being the only graduate there, he found himself in a 'whirlpool of politics'. As resignation was no solution, he steeled himself against petty jealousies and soon proved his mettle. Regarding industrial relations Mr. Mani advocates the humanistic approach—

'Sweet words cost nothing but buy everything.'

Commenting on the present chaotic state of affairs, he feels that what is lacking is proper direction.

'As is the director, so is the venture.' The resources of our country are rich but there are few competent persons to harness them successfully.

In typical workshop idiom he remarks—'The raw material is excellent but the heat treatment is faulty'.

Coming to the serene, sylvan surroundings of I.I.T., says Mr. Mani, was like walking thro' prison gates into the free air. His sleep is no longer disturbed—except when the frogs are in a musical mood.

Living with young people, especially as he is the warden of a hostel, makes him feel young again. He disagrees with Shaw about youth being wasted on the young. The enthusiasm and optimism of youth ought to be at the helm of national affairs rather than senile, doddering pessimism.

Speaking of education, he feels that the teacher-taught relationship is far from satisfactory. As things are, 'the teacher is merely one who has studied the lesson a day earlier.' Speaking of engineering education, he says that it is at present too theoretical to be of practical significance. The lectures should be supplemented with industrial visits. Besides attempts should be made to breach the rift between industry and academic instruction. This is to a great extent possible if industries are encouraged to present their problems to engineering institutions like the IIT's which have research facilities.

His advice to engineering graduates is to strive to be 'steel engineers' rather than mere 'paper engineers.'

THRENOS FOR A DEAD INSTITUTION
THE PRELUDE

You wait little lad in the fresher stage
For Fate to turn the light on.
Your mind little lad is a vacant page
That many a fox would write on.

THE ADVANCE

You are sixteen going on seventeen,
Sonny its time to think.
IIT life with hazards is rife
And you might be left to sink.
You are sixteen going on seventeen—
Seniors will fall in line.
Mystic experts and gastric perverts
May offer you grass and brine.
Totally unprepared are you
For tortures in this den,
Timid and shy and sacred are you
Of candles lit at ten.
You need 'guidance' from someone who'll
Tell you just what to do,
I am seventeen going on eighteen
I'll 'take care' of you.

THE REBUFF

I am sixteen going on seventeen
Innocent as a doe,
Seniors I meet may tell me I'm sweet
And I must believe, I know.
Though I'm sixteen going on seventeen,
Hoping to save my pride,
I am aware my chances are bare,
Yet I know who's on my side.
Still unprepared I well might be
But I am backed by Sen;
Timid and shy, I do agree,
Now I'll be bold again.
Wardens' Council, robed in gowns'll
Willingly see me through.
Since you're seventeen going on eighteen,
I'll beware of you.

THE SQUARE.

REQUIEM FOR AN ALL-ROUNDER

GENTLEMEN! (It hurts me to use the affection). The fateful hour approaches as I sit here to pen these last words. I can already feel the taut rope moving around my head. The sight of it horrifies me, but there's no other way out.

What's the use of living, yarr? IIT's no place for a joker turned philosopher turned prophet, turned . . . ? ? ? where shall I turn next?

Jack of jokes—I can out joke any man living or dead. (I prefer the second type) Why, in them good old school days I had a regular fan club. (Actually it was an ex-fan-blade, they used to club with). Ah!—those were the good old days! I wonder which dope talked me into writing the Entrance Exam, (I wonder which guy corrected my Maths paper). Anyway I said to myself, 'Now there's the place for you'. With an intelligent, sophisticated, etc. etc. crowd like that a guy like me was bound to go places. Ragging put an end to all my dreams. When I had told them seniors the spiciest joke in my repertoire here's what they said: 'Okay yarr, tell us a funny one!' Even my own classmates ditched me. What could I do against such exponents of the art as—Kro the Pro Kamath and El-Prixo Masila. No more joking for me. I wonder how Bob Hope makes a living!

It was then that I decided to delve into Philosophy, I would assume the most contemplative of poses and occasionally philosophise with such profound statements as: Hey guys, why do you want to cut class? Haven't you heard about great men working late in the night while the ungreat ones were sleeping? It's only 11-15 now. The major portion of the replies is unprintable but here are the milder parts: 'Shut up you fool!' 'Sucker', 'Licker', 'Oiler', 'Teacher's pet', usw. Isn't 45 minutes of waiting enough? That did it for Philosophy.

How could I redeem my lost prestige? It was then that I decided to turn Prophet, Haven't you heard of the Prophets of yore, much respected and all that, (God knows what happened to the false ones). Anyway, I started by forecasting the periodicals. 'Hey fellas, we're having Physics on Saturday.' The reply, 'Hey mutt, this is the last periodical of the cycle and there's nothing but Maths left to go.'

If anybody's seen defeat—I have (and felt it too). There's nothing left in this world for me. The fateful hour approaches, I can't help looking at that dirty piece of rope. I can already feel myself panting, and struggling for every breath.

The alarm announces the midnight hour. All is quiet. An eerie silence prevails over the hostel. I bolt the door and reach with eager hands for the rope.

Well it's time for my half an hour skipping schedule and after that I'll do some shadow boxing. Whadya know, I've turned boxer. Henceforth, you'd better laugh at my jokes—or else!

SKIPPER.

POINTS TO PONDER

The population of the canine species in our campus has increased of late. Mess managers report the disappearance of Katoris. A mess cook woefully reports having to go around the hostel premises collecting the widely distributed utensils.

Beware—a well planned group of canine thieves is on the move!

It is quite some time since the main entrance to the MSB has been declared No Parking Zone.

Quite often, cars are parked safely over the 'No' thus clearly revealing PARKING—an action justified!

The chlorine content of the IIT water is on the increase. Its nose pricking odour makes a thirsty individual forget the instinct of thirst for the time being. Would the chemical engineers investigate if the by-product recovery of the element is possible?

KEYBYEN.



EDITORIAL

The Entertainment Committee has been doing an admirable job this year. Starting with the Charity Show down to the Jazz programme, every function held under its auspices has been a grand success, to say the least. This has been mainly due to the hard work and indefatigable energy of the Secretary Gopal and his colleagues. Mani and Amir have done a good job of keeping the Film Club going with pretty good movies. We need more such activity in all fields. Hats off to these chaps for having set the ball rolling!

* * *

We are glad to note that this year many enterprising 'scientists' have started on projects for the Science Fair. Last year's fair suffered from a sad lack of proper projects and the organizers were forced to borrow equipment from the Turbo, IC and Steam Labs to save grace. With the encouraging response we hope the Fair turns out well this year. Mr. Ebert and his colleagues at the workshops have been very co-operative and the Science Fair enthusiasts ought not to have much difficulty getting help for their projects.

* * *

Whenever we have any function coming up in the Institute, the organizers are always faced with one great problem—the venue. The CLT is too small and gets too stuffy. The OAT is too large and there is always the fear that if there is an insufficient audience, the theatre will look ominously empty. What we need is something between the two—a closed auditorium to accommodate at least one thousand people. We hope the Director will include this in his future plans for the Institute.

Whenever an entertainment programme is being held in our Institute, we feel, the lack of a proper stage very badly. This need is felt greatly especially in the case of plays. Many visitors to the OAT—during the Cultural Week and at other times—have expressed surprise that a theatre otherwise so well designed should suffer from the lack of a good stage. We hope that the authorities consider this and have a temporary stage ready at least before the Cultural Week.

* * *

Probably for the first time in the history of our Institute, the terminal examinations were postponed due to a gale. The gale which threw the whole Institute out of gear for almost two days was a disappointment to many whose Diwali holidays were spoilt due to the postponement of the examinations.

In spite of the impending examinations forty IITians set out to do relief work in Velacheri. Attracted by the enthusiasm of Kabilan and Veer the volunteers set out to distribute food packets to the poor villagers who were rendered homeless. The spontaneous help caused one surprised villager to remark that it was all for the coming elections.

In spite of our repeated requests for articles, very few are forthcoming. We have been told by many of 'falling standards', 'it was better in the good old days' etc. While we accept that not all articles published are upto the standard, we would like to remind you that it is your paper and its quality depends on you. It has been found that the response from the freshers has been especially poor. We would like to thank those who have been good enough to contribute but prefer it if they contribute their articles legibly written (type-written if possible). We often have to spend hours deciphering some of the contributions. So please write—and write clearly—will you?

Letters to the Editor

Rise in Price

I am pleased to see that you are no longer the lousiest 20 P. rag mainly because you are now in the 25 P. bracket.

PETER FRANCIS LOBO,
Capt.

Campastimes has reached a new 'high'—mainly the extra 5 P. in price! The rest of it hit the same old low!!

SURESH N. SHENOY.

I know that many people will complain but I'm glad you raised your price. In fact, I wish you'd raise it more and more. Then it will reach a price where I can no longer afford to buy it, and I'll have a chance to grow up normal and healthy instead of becoming a saving lunatic (like you).

SANTOSH (POP) NAYAK.

As far as I'm concerned, you can raise the price to a buck and I still won't buy it.

YATIN R. VORA.

[How come all four of you laid your hands on the same issue of *Mad Magazine*?—Ed.]

Sir,
Don't deny the fact that inflation is rife in the Institute also. 10 Paise, 20 Paise, and now 25 Paise. The price of *Campastimes* is spiralling upwards like all other essential commodities.

We of course know about the financial difficulties etc. of the *Campastimes*, but I for one think that the price increase is unwarranted and unjustified when we are being exorted by the government to hold the price line.

A disgusted and impoverished Reader.

* * *

Sir,
Allow me at the very outset to congratulate you for the remarkable performance of keeping up the standard of *Campastimes* at the same level as your predecessors did.

Did you notice it. If you did why the devil did you not do something about it, and if you did not, why didn't you? Let me lift the veil of mystery and suspense that has descended. Dear readers, I am of course referring to the mis-spelling of 'Inauguration' in the banner, (head lines) in the last issue of *Campastimes*. This is absolutely atrocious to say the least, that is exactly what I am endeavouring to do, but the enormity of this mistake leaves one speechless (but not helpless) with rage.

May I be permitted to continue and point out some of the points that simply glared out (to me least). I should like to repeat once again what has been said so often. Without presuming to criticize, I am compelled to say that the 'Divertissements' are too localised. They do not make much sense to the average or even the above average IITian.

The raw deal meted out to Mr. Muralikrishnan is preposterous. Never have I come so near to a fit of apoplexy as when the undignified reply to Mr. Muralikrishnan's letter, by the honourable and his equally honourable colleagues on the Ed. Board, was read by me. If this is an example of the highhanded manner in which the Editor intends to treat (and is treating) the patrons of *Campastimes*, however little known, he has another guess coming. That sentence about 'switching off' stuck out a mile as being positively insulting. If I seem to be too mild on this subject, it is essentially because I am a meek chap. Anyhow the least the honourable Editor can do now is to apologize publicly to the wounded Mr. Muralikrishnan—giving any reason, pleading temporary insanity or something.

In passing let me mention that the information that only team members are allowed to play certain games is absolutely correct (quote Institute Hockey and Cricket Captains).

These gentlemen freely admit that unfortunately such conditions do prevail at the Cricket nets as well as at the Hockey field. Does the presumptuous Editor imagine that he knows more about these matters than the Captains themselves? If he does—it is my regrettable duty to disillusion him.

The good Editor might deign to classify me among one of those, who only criticize and do nothing constructive. Let me anticipate him before he gives vent to his feelings again, in the forthcoming issue. Healthy criticism (which this letter undoubtedly is, and will seem to any sane person) is *Constructive*, as it helps and forewarns the man at the helm from repeating his oft-repeated mistakes once too often.

The much repeated truism will not go amiss here. 'A man maketh himself.' It is thus obvious that it is upto the individual, whether he or she takes part or wants to take part in the various extra-curricular and sports activities in the Institute. But, also it is equally obvious that the authorities could easily take some more interest and initiative—like having a coach for beginners in tennis, completing the swimming-pool, etc.

Let me take this opportunity to commend the Editor and his band of stalwarts for the fine photographic reproductions in the *Campastimes*. I should think they compare favourably with those in any other journal published in this country. But don't you think Mr. Editor that much more interesting articles can be published instead of outdated and insipid political commentaries?

Last but not the least I must thank Mr. Ramajayam for handing his unfailing support to *Campastimes* by utilizing his literary talents to the maximum.

Yours etc.,

A sincere friend and admirer (Male)

—Ed.

Sir,

It is with the sole privilege of being an IITian that the author has expressed the following opinions (entirely opinions and nothing else) as to the exact places in the structure of *Campastimes* where cracks have developed—and having spotted these localities of failure it is sincerely hoped that remedial measures could easily be rendered.

Campastimes, has now developed into a veritable battlefield where constant personal accusations and counter-accusations have a free play—where A could evoke B's embarrassment to make C (and sometimes, very rarely D) have his share of cynical laughter—with total and complete disregard to the gaping ignorance of the other seventeen hundred readers who—

1. endeavour to uphold the legacy of IITian spirit,
2. endeavour to direct the high quality IITian sense of humour along proper channels,
3. endeavour to keep alive this cat-on-the-fence, non-profit making (loss making) item, and
4. to curl up in bed and enjoy so good reading.

The editorial people, one should realize, are not at fault at all. It is you and I as readers and contributors, who must grasp the coat and jump out of this unbecoming rut, without further delay.

There is an utter lack of contributions and this is the obvious reason for the poor quality of the articles—a hungry man has to eat whatever he gets. All articles—irrespective of their quality, implications, spirit decorum or any other factor are necessarily plunged into the press and onto the paper. This is also the reason why the Local of page one, becomes his true self on the second, an Englishman on the third, a drawing instrument on the fourth, a Greek letter on the fifth and so on.

Surely the IITian does not require lectures on right and wrong, surely the IITian does not require the coaxing of his mummy to take positive steps towards improvement and surely the IITian can show this to the outside world?

B. AMIR AHMED.

The Moving Finger Writes . . .

The Agony and the Ecstasy

One should normally expect that with the present three periodical-a-week system we I. I. Tians should be immune to what is generally termed as examination-phobia. But in spite of the gruelling exercise that we have to undergo here, with the approaching terminal examinations there was a visible tensioning of the atmosphere in all the hostels. Though few ever spoke of it, everyone was aware of the looming danger ahead. Just as all good things must end, so also, all bad things must start. The preparation leave came and finished off just when we were beginning to feel that they were too long and that the sooner we finish off with the exams the better. The examinations began with all their force and fury, and the monotonous rite of walking every afternoon to the exam hall was broken only by the lashing winds and the cyclonic weather. But even nature in the midst of her tempest managed to show a soft corner for us. After a dinner by candle light, the clouds parted and the stars winked merrily from way above and lady moon peeped out ever so shyly. With no examinations the following day this seemed to be an ideal sort of break from the daily drudgery of examinations. Finally, just as quietly and naturally as they had crept on us the examinations finished off and four days of luxurious and well earned holidays followed.

One Potato, two potato, three potato, more . . .

If there is one thing we have not learnt to do, it is to use our time and energy for some constructive purpose. The Chemical Engineering Department, however, was not to be bogged down by such a national handicap. When they included 'Study of Double Drum Dryer' as part of lab. work for the final year students they made sure that the three hours spent on the experiment was well worth it. Four kilos of sliced potatoes was provided to each batch of students. The rest was easy. The indigenous raw material was enthusiastically fed into the hopper. End product—dehydrated potato-chips (Process efficiency 40%) Learning to use the dryer came naturally. Salt, pepper and tomato sauce were smuggled into the lab, and a 'feast' followed. In order not to antagonize the higher authorities, consolatory measures of the product were hastily dispatched to those whose wrath it was not desirable to incur. Incidentally, what a novel approach to Engineering Education, the Eat While you Learn Formula!

The Dark Road to knowledge

The library is the only department which is kept open till after office hours, presumably to encourage serious minded students to seek further knowledge. Unfortunately the man who planned the approaches to the B.S.B. forgot that a little light to guide the faltering steps in the darkness of the night, might be helpful. Probably he assumed that the thirst for learning would be so intense that one would be instinctively drawn to the storehouse of knowledge. One wonders why, when lights are so generously placed at all possible places in the institute, no proper lighting arrangement should be provided along any of the approaches to the library. The only plausible reason seems to be to discourage chaps from visiting Knick Knack.

Charity, Glamour and Jazz

Ours is such a sheltered and secluded life in the campus that few of us ever seem to be aware of the tragedies of the nation. More often than not, we are so engrossed with our own daily affairs that we scarcely have the time to think of others. The Charity Show organized by the students of the institute, however, was a departure from our general unconcern of others. The turnout at the O.A.T. was encouraging and though the nett collection was not much as charity shows go, it marks a new sense of awareness among the populace

here. The talented acting of Baby Padmini and the mellifluous voice of Padma and party captured the hearts of the audience. The presence of P. B. Srinivas and a few other famous cine artistes added to glamour which is so much wanting in most of shows organized here.

Another event (not forgetting the none too mysterious supply of 'Water Of Ganges') was the jazz programme presented by the German Jazz orchestra. While the performance was on someone had the queer feeling that the orchestra was not getting the proper response from the audience. Members of the volunteer corps went around discreetly suggesting that we ought to clap once in a while. This was all that was needed. Every now and then, and often at the wrong moment, sections of the audience would begin clapping and cat-calling. It had the desired effect. The orchestra appreciated our appreciations and from then on the music seemed to live up.

Love Trysts one and two

Now, now, dear reader, don't get wrong ideas. Nothing exciting happens within the campus. In fact there is a common complaint from the Womens' Hostel that our students are not at all chivalrous. However our boys do get rather amorous once they get outside. Unfortunately the campus lacks coffee-bars and beer-pubs (Knick Knack is too expensive and the Canteen too dirty) where we could sit and gossip. I have therefore to pass on these bits of news only in writing. Please note that this is not intended as a black-mail.

The story goes that a well known figure of national standing (I think it is in Sports) claims to lock himself in his room for six days of the week in order to do intensive and concentrated cramming, and on the seventh day (a Wednesday) he finds himself so exhausted, both morally and mentally that he makes a trip to W.C.C to draw inspiration and strength from one of the inmates there. Believe it or not, this has been going on for the last four months.

There is yet another story of how it all happened just as in the Hindi movies (could the Indian movies be realistic after all?) They met at a fair, they saw and were conquered. It took them just a moment to realize that they were made for each other. (I hear that they intend to join the 'Made For Each Other Contest' organized by Wills). Love has a strange way of manifesting itself, and for the first time this enthusiastic lover of the final year Civil Engineering class realised that now, and only now, he had something to live for. He studied with new zest and vigour, gave up all 'bad' practices such as smoking and going to night shows with his friends and in general began to see the world in a new light. From what I have heard of late, the effect of love is beginning to wane and slowly but surely he is resuming his former activities.

V. for Victory

Whenever Sir Winston Churchill was faced with a critical situation he always made a sign of V to inspire confidence in his followers. Though our literary representatives cannot yet boast of such confidence, yet the inevitability of their success seems almost assured. The Bengal Engineering College apparently did not know what they were in for when they invited our institute to take part in their All India Debate. Our team (represented by Kacker and Amir Ahmed) not only came first but our debaters won four of the five cups given as prizes. The story of our glorious success does not stop here. Shanker and Krishnan who represented our Institute at Guindy Engineering College managed to keep up the tradition by coming first. A week or two before that our quiz team (consisting of Thomas Victor and Alex Philippos) won the first place at the Saturday Evening Club Quiz. Hats off to our literary representatives.

. . . and Having writ, Moves on.

HORRORS OF IIT

The whole place was completely dark except for a thin streak of light playing on a white screen.

'EEIE'. Hot B—let out a scream and sprang to his feet.

'Sit down! Sit down!' came the cries from the back. A few more chaps near Hot B—also stood up and began shouting 'Lights, Lights'.

Just as the lights were switched on the heavy foot of Samson descended on the 'black thing' (crash!) and drew a projection of the solid black thing on a plane parallel to the plane of the foot (ach! ach!)

'A black scorpion,' quipped somebody.

'A bite from it would have finished the chap.'

'Would have been a nice treat for him!'

After the hubbub was over the lights went off again and the Girl Happy Elvis started wooing the Single Girl again. This was in Oat on a Saturday Night

Scorpions are not the only horrors of IIT. All sorts of biological specimens, snakes to dogs and deer all find a happy home (?) in this campus. Contrary to the old adage which says that friends are plenty when the purse is full, in IIT campus frogs are plenty even when the ponds are not full. What a high pitched voice they have! You can not sleep sans mosquitos. But let me warn you in advance don't go to shopping centre to buy the net. The price is sure to give you a fright.

Among other horrors, dogs are most detestable. They bark their heads off especially during the periodical nights. All in all you cannot classify all the pests that horrify you. Whoever selected this site for housing a technological institute! This place with its vast score of animal and plant life would have been most ideally suited for a medical institute. You ask any chap to name five horrors of IIT. Pat comes the reply—Periodicals, N.C.C., the insects listed above and more, Mess-bill, and the filthy grub you get for it in the hostels. There can't be any difference of opinion about these horrors. My goodness! Here comes Sreenaraman (of 224 Saraswathi of course). He will begin his horrible lecture the horrible stuff I have written about horror if I do not pack off from here at once.

R. SRIKUMAR.

FRAGRANCE

The sweet flowery fragrance
Reminds of the holy reverence.
Perfume on the morning roses
Is a feeble unknown process.

They bloom for the holy race
And so they do by God's grace.
Searching them do the bees come
And enjoy them with a sweet hum.
When the breeze begin to rustle
The natures bow their head
But the bees take to bustle
And leave the flowery bed.

From the sweet blossoms thence
The bees part and fly
The blossoms lose their fragrance
Withered and faded they lie.

Encountered thus by many a parasite
You will in life, O ye men be! Don't
Be flattered by their tunes light
Allow not to suck the life out of you.

S. MURALIKRISHNAN.

"MASS PRODUCTION"

When I was a small kid,
One evening, my brother said :
'Have you ever seen a screw ?'

Asking so, he drew
The sketch of the screw.

'They make it all similar,
And millions in a day'.

And said the brother, 'Just so make they
All the engineers of today'.

I know not what he said, (he was quite
cool)

'Till I passed my school.

Having come here to stay,

I know now what he meant that day.

MEGHDOOT.

ORDEAL AT THE PALACE

OH ye women of IIT! You just can't guess how lucky you are. That the traditions of our country demand you to let your hair grow, is, indeed, a boon to you. If you just look around, you'll see numerous specimens of (hu) manity with hair hardly half an inch long. This fact can only be explained when one probes into the mysterious happenings at the Palace.

It all begins with a glare from the NCC Officer. When that goes unheeded he suggests that either you cut your hair or buy a guitar, (implying thereby, that it would be better, if you earned your livelihood by singing, like the Beatles). And since you have planned to become a technologist, you decide to remove your epidermal outgrowth. What finally decides your mind is, rumours are around that the barbers at the Palace are starving. So out of sheer compassion, your most sacrificing self winds its way to the barber's shop.

Once seated in the chair, the process, of converting you into a person described above, is carried out fast. The apron comes on, and is tied tight enough to strangle you. Your attempts to protest result in a few strange gurgling sounds. 'Scissors or machine, Sir?' 'Machine'. But who, even in his wildest dreams could have imagined that the machine referred to took the shape of a miniature lawn mower? Without realizing the great mistake that you have committed, you close your eyes to prevent hair from falling in.

'Would you like your hair cut short, Sir?' 'Yes'. Experience has shown that *short* in the language of barbers meant a couple of inches long. But these gents at the Palace don't seem to follow convention. Having received their orders, they set about the task of ridding you of your hair earnestly.

He loosens the apron knot, and you gently open your eyes, only to be shocked into breaking the sitting high jump record. It isn't your image in the mirror, is it? The face looks familiar. Yes, the nose also; the eyes, those ears, the scar. Yes, Yes. But, but, the hair! Th-the ha... ha... hair—you are dumbfounded. He's finished whacking you with the piece of cloth (which he seemed to be doing with obvious relish). You stand up, still dazed; unconsciously your hand travels to your pocket, withdraws a rupee note from the purse and hands it over. The barber flashes all his teeth, as if to say, 'A mighty good job, eh?' The grin goes unnoticed.

If you are not caught by the scruff of your neck when entering your room, you're lucky, you are.

'AAJOO'.

SELECTIONS FROM AN IITian's AUTOGRAPH BOOK

Roses are red
Violets are blue;
The best phase sequence
Is red yellow and blue.

Yours, P. SANKARAN.

When rocks and hills divide us
And you no more I see
Remember who it was
That gave you just a 'D'

Yours, A. RAMAMOHAN RAO.

ON ENGLISH

Considering the tons of bilge that have been written on this subject I guess it wouldn't hurt anyone to digest some more. So here we go.

Of all the languages English is undoubtedly the most atrocious, exasperating, puzzling, impossible, queer and delightful language. Can you ever imagine a silly looking two letter word to have more than dozens of meanings? That is exactly what it does have as shown by the following classical old example.

He dropped to see me as he lived just up the street. 'What's up?', I asked him. With that he put up a strong proposition on which he had just upped the price and told me that it was upto me to take it or leave it. I was up on this particular deal and had caught up with him long ago. I didn't like to stir up trouble but feeling that the offer was not on the up and up I told him that the deal was up. He blew up and I shut him up. He gave up feeling his time was up. We broke up and never made up again.

How about this? A group of editors is a staff; a staff of salesmen is a crew; a crew of girls is a bevy; a bevy of hoodlums is a gang; a gang of people is a crowd; a crowd of worshippers is a congregation while a congregation of actors is a troupe. Oddly enough a troupe of teachers are a faculty and a faculty of fish a school.

The quirks of the language are numerous. Can anyone tell me what parts of speech we mean when we say that that is that? Or why the letter O has to complicate matters further by having different sounds in not, note, below, above, who, women and bosom? Why can't the words typical, prize, committal, claim and climax have uniform prefixes instead of an atypical, misprize, noncommittal, disclaim and anticlimax?

Just like people not saying what they mean or meaning what they say, in English we do not write as we pronounce or pronounce as we write. The examples of the first class are given by although, through, honour, colour and so on while the second class is represented by words like quay (kee); colonel (kernel); victuals (vittels) and so on. Probably this is what prompted Shakespeare to write pseudonym when he actually meant suicide.

Another classical example given is the usage of the same word together in a sentence. Can anyone make out what the following means? 'Jack where John had had had had had had had had had had had had the teacher's approval.'

Bernard Shaw once asked to speak in a banquet about a politically influential man, paid tributes as follows: 'He is the most blatant, iniquitous, pernicious, callous, contumacious, bellicose person I have ever met. After the applause died down he said, 'All I meant was that he is the most loud mouthed, wicked, harmful, indifferent, rebellious, fighting man I have met.'

The vagaries of the English language have presented infinitely varied and delightful situations. Who has not heard about an Englishman writing to his wife that he had given birth to a girl on the train but was none the worse for it. The students who attended a lecture some time back must have heard how the lecturer was at the receiving end of a firing session from his wife after he had written to her 'from abroad, 'Having a delightful time. Wish you were her' (he slipped the 'e' of here to get fired).

It was amusing also to read of a Scotsman who wanted his friend to place a keep for him at the theatre.

Even though one might feel disgusted sometimes not being able to pronounce (or is pronouns or pronounse or pronounse) as one writes (or is it rights or rites or wrights) English is the most satisfying language that one can ever come across.

As a parting shot try to figure this one out. A Congressman runs for congress, stands for elections, wins in a walk and finally sits in the house.

V. SUNDARESAN,

Excessive oil consumption in Reconditioned Engines?

Possibly you are worried, especially after the complete overhaul at considerable cost. It may just be oil leak which can be easily detected and rectified. If the problems persist check booster pump; or it may be due to excessive clearance between valves and guides; or broken rings and incorrectly fitted rings; or misalignment of con-rod; or perhaps piston seizure - Piston Rings come first for criticism, mostly for no fault of theirs.

Engine rebuilding is precision work—it pays to do the job at a well-equipped garage with experienced mechanics.



INDIA PISTONS LIMITED, MADRAS-11



What Heading My Dear Author? (Editor)

'Rich with hundred years of experience, this is how the *Indian Express* described the Madras Boat Club. The recently concluded Cold Weather Regatta would prove to be of everlasting joy to any connoisseur of rowing records. A handful of new ones were created, and all by the oarsmen of our Institute. The most notable of our performance was the Senior Fours. This crew with an average of only about 20 years, rising to the occasion, smashed all previous records to secure a convincing victory over the two fancied club representative crews in the semi-finals (with a timing of 3 min. 5.2 sec.) clipping about five seconds from the previous record.

This shock defeat of the club crews at the hands of a relatively inexperienced crew came as a surprise to many. But Kapali Shastri the club Vice-Captain and chief coach and well wisher of the IIT crew was nonchalant with an 'I told you so' air about him.

This crew which stole thunder from other competitors represented the Madras Boat Club at Colombo at the 99th Annual Regatta of the Amateur Rowing Association of the East (ARAE). Incidentally this is the first time the club sent a college crew intact to represent the club at this prestige earning Regatta.

Let me introduce to you the members of the crew. Stroke: John Ebenezer Thiagarajar Sargunar. Affectionately known by all as Ebbie. This lean and wiry six footer weighs 135 lbs. He took over as the club stroke where Pritam 'Pindu' Kapur left off. Though the job of the Stroke is the most difficult one, he is supposed to keep the rating and guide the other crew members; Ebbie pulls off this job with finesse. He was recently awarded the 1956 cup for the best oarsman in Madras. This was in recognition of his achievement in winning all the senior events in the Cold Weather Regatta, the Sculls, Pairs (with the Bow of the fours, Nayyar) and of course the fours. Ebbie is a fourth year student of L. C. and plays the guitar for the Beat-X. His talent for designing and assembling powerful electronic amplifiers that do not work is well known.

He is best known as the Don Juan of the Club. Every Regatta, a touch of color and glamour is added by a bevy of beautiful girls rooting for IIT with their high pitched voices. These young ladies are especially brought from the city colleges by Ebbie.

Let us now turn to the three of the boat:
Three—Umesh Dutta.

This powerful (5' 10½", 130 lb.) hails from Punjab. He is best known for his innumerable projects, (his latest is a Helium Neon Laser) as well as for his abilities to doze off in everybody else's room around the hostel except his own. Umesh is a Third year L. C. student, and has the stamina of a horse. He is a long distance runner also. One of his many idiosyncrasies is to take a

long run after a hard rowing session, when everybody else including himself is dead beat. Dutta's shorts are a byword in the club. Rumours have that it originally was white but frankly, I have my doubts about it.

Umesh is the so-called Engine Room of the boat and his motto is Never Say Die. He has won enough Merit badges from the club to last him a life-time. He recently won the Maiden Sculls with a record timing as well as the Maiden pairs with the two of the boat Vijay Reddy.

Two: Thamballapali Nallapa Reddy Vijay-narayana Reddy. The length of Vijay's name is only comparable with that of Ebbie's. He is a soft spoken man and is the two of the boat. Though he started rowing only about nine months ago, his progress has been phenomenal. From being the weak point of the boat he is now the most reliable member of the crew and his superior style makes him the other member of the Engine Room, with Umesh (with whom he won the Maiden Pairs).

Vijay is a fourth year chemical Engineering student, and is brilliant at it. His name appears in the Merit Scholarship List year after year. He also stood second in the First Year.

He stands six feet in his socks and weighs 128 lb.

Though Vijay has yet to win a Sculls race, we are sure, he will very soon make up this deficiency.

Bow: Arun Nayyar.

Arun is the seniormost member of the boat. He is a final year mechanical engineering student, and this might be the last regatta he takes part in as a student member of the Madras Boat Club.

Arun is 5'9" tall and weighs 136 lb.

He is as powerful as an ox and is a very popular member of the club. He is known to have taken part in as many as six races in one evening and remain as fresh as a daisy at the end and ready for more.

His phenomenal power keeps him going even when the rest of the crew members can take no more. Arun was unlucky to lose in the semi-finals of the seniors sculls, but in the quarter finals he showed rare presence of mind to avoid a collision with a ferry boat, going on to win the race. He of course won his junior sculls and the senior pairs.

The bow of the boat is responsible for keeping the balance, and so far nobody has ever complained for the lack of it. 'ac'

(Continued from page 2 column 3)

them. May be we better start raising pigeons instead of raising haberdashery, hen coops, kids—instead of raising—help I'm stuttering!

One reason why the home has lost so much inflation, infatuation—Who ain't fat?—importance, I mean is that in gold stays, bold ways, old days married couples used to—used to—well, some of them did! Married couple used to stay home and raise kids. Now they read papers, go to the movies, listen to the radio,—Now they do other things like suffer chills, taking spills, pay their bills.

Anyway, children are short or fat, tall or skinny, large or small that is! I mean more or less of a novelty around the hearse, that is like a horse—I mean around the house. Children are that way, I know. A little bird came thru the back door and told me—it was in the papers—everybody knows. I used to be one myself—a little child.

Any modest dimple—drooling doodle—modern couple—who today undertaker—bury the hatchet—you might as well laugh you can't take it with you! Any couple who today undertakes to have a family of ten, twenty, thirty, forty—or five children or more is looked upon as lacking in bonds in the bank, rocks in the head, what is good for a headache? Yeah, something's wrong with them; they ain't got no culture like yours and mine.

Today a young couple would rather—would rather—some would, some do, Most of them don't though. They would rather go out and play skittles, hid-go-seek hard to get. They love to play, they kids of ours! They would rather go out and play poke the hankey—er—er that is, poke him. No. I mean poker. Rather play poker than stay home and swat flies, run errand—time!—what time is it? That is what I mean, watch over the kids.

They are not even half baked—not fool proof—not at home—they don't know anything about taking care of a furnace! I mean these modern couples are not even good power players.

Ah, for a return to the hare-brained ways, the golden rays, meatless Tuesdays, waterless Thursdays, wireless Fridays, moneyless pay-days! Ah, the good old days. How I loved them! No wonder they say love is a blonde, love is bloom, love is great stuff something like a sand bag—er—that is I mean love is big and blind!

In all, it has been a round pig in a square hole—er—a square peg in a round hole—no—a square hole in a round peg—Ah, some peg in some hole, who's bothered? (Ed. The readers are!) kurn.

SPOILS FROM 'RE THE RIVER

Since that day, two years ago, Pritham Kapoor shipped his considerable rest mass over Adyar river at a greater speed than anyone else from all over India and Ceylon could, IIT has had her say at the Madras Boat Club. This season the polite presence, turned into a noisy domination as our oarsmen pushed boat after boat to victory.

As Ebbie went upto receive his cup for the 'best Oarsman' a club committee member booed in righteous frustration. The club mantelpiece had become all but empty.

Setting the pace on the final day, of the cold weather Regatta, Umesh Dutta broke the club record at the neck in the maiden-sculls event. He was awarded a merit badge, the first to be awarded, for his timing of 2 min 39 sec., in the last Regatta. Later in the afternoon he paired up with Vijay Reddy to win the maiden pairs easily. Arun Nayyar won the Junior sculls event for the second Regatta in succession. Freshman Naidu stroked his mixed fours to a close victory in the event.

Ebbie, for long out of practice got back enough of his rhythm to win the Senior Sculls hands down. In the last race of evening, Ebbie and Nayyar, though tired after their earlier races, had no difficulty finishing well ahead of their opponents.

It was however the Paper weight (average weight 135 lb.) fours team of Ebbie Dutta, Reddy and Nayyar that punched the stamp of IIT on the Regatta. Still smarting from their defeat in the last Regatta by the Engineering College, a determined four left behind two senior crews of the club for the most coveted trophy of the year. Putting up a slick 40 stroke rating over the best part of the 1000 yard course, the foursome won the final by more than 3 lengths. They also won themselves a trip to Colombo to compete in the Amateur Rowing Association of the East Annual Regatta. VR.



The Victorious Four (from L to R) Dutta, Nayyar, Ebbie, & Reddy.

Sportfolio



The Annual Cold Weather Regatta conducted by the Madras Boating Club turned out to be predominantly an I.I.Tian affair. Out of the nine events held, our chaps won six, five of which were record breaking performances. Ebbie alias J. E. T. Sargunar of IVth year was awarded the '1956' cup for the most Outstanding Oarsman of the season. The cup, incidentally, was last won by the Father of the I.I.T. Film Club, Pritam Lal Kapur, a very prominent ex-I.I.Tian, in the year 1963-64. Ebbie and three other I.I.Tians Nayyar, Reddy and Dutta have also been selected to represent Madras in the Annual All India Regatta to be held in Colombo in the last week of November. It is interesting to note at this point that the Institute Gymkhana, realising the growing enthusiasm for rowing among the students has decided to have a few boats of its own and expects to put them into use immediately the lake comes into shape. What lake?

A desperate bid by the Institute authorities at least paid off and the OAT donned its new status of a games arena. The planned proposal to inaugurate the sunlit courts by an exhibition tennis match was rainily disposed by God. However He agreed to an exhibition basketball match to inaugurate the floodlit courts in OAT and so it was that a 'normal' IIT crowd was entertained by two hours of delightful game. In the first match, the home team went down fighting (as much as it was capable of) to the Mysore B Team, while in the second, I.C.F., reigning Madras Basketball Champions, edged out Mysore 'A' Team by a solitary point.

The Institute Cricket Team bowed out of the Jain College Cricket Tournament when it lost to Engineering College in the semi-finals. The Guindy chaps aided by not less than half a dozen dropped catches hit up 240 for nine wickets in fifty overs. In reply, our team scored only 169 runs for the loss of seven wickets in the same number of overs. However, the highlight of the day's play was a superb all-round performance by Chakravarthy of III year. He captured five wickets by his penetrating off spinners and then remained unbeaten with 76 runs to his credit. He was on the field practically the whole day. Rumour has it that he was going around asking for a 'story' book that night. Some stamina!

For the first time in our Institute we will be having an Inter-Departmental Championship—in volleyball. Mr. K. C. Toshniwal, Joint Managing Director, Toshniwal Bros., a reputed business concern in the city, has kindly agreed to donate a trophy for the tournament. The various department teams namely Mechanical, Aeronautical and Humanities and Pure Sciences will comprise students alone. The staff members, both teaching and non-teaching, will be represented by a separated team and, what's more, are rated as hot favourites to win the trophy.

Anonymous!

ODYSSEY

It is understandable when people in crowded cities like New York and Hamburg rush off to the countryside during the weekends. One cannot imagine an IITian rushing off that way, for we are quite close to nature as such in our campus, what with cobras zooming all around, and dogs howling at midnight. It is not surprising, therefore, when a guy walks past the notice board without even as much as glancing at the Outdoor Club notice. Even so, the club has been functioning well since last year—though it be only for the 'mad' few who would like to hike or camp just for kicks.

There was, for instance, that record trip when a gang cycled off to Sathanur, and each member returned—only to grab a pillow and go off into hybernation. 'Catamaraning' has been in vogue too. During one such trip the Catamaran completely overturned, but all the members were seen safely bobbing up and down! Too much gas in an IITian? No! Everyone had been provided with life jackets (made out of Bournvita tins in our own workshop). The more adventurous type trekked all the way from Kodai to Munnar—about eighty miles.

Joining the Outdoor Club has more exciting prospects this year. The Gymkhana has placed orders for tents; ruck-sacks are going to be made in our own workshop. The future of the *Odyssey* in bright. It will satisfy the deep need in the IITian to get closer to civilization than is possible in our Campus!

The following are the list of outings of the club that have so far been done this year.

- 8-9-1966. Cycling to Sriperumbudur Lake in search of the so-called *fossils* (4 members)
- 9-10-1966. Cycling to Mahabalipuram in search of *nothing* (5 members).
- 17-10-1966. Trekking to the Village of Hasthinapura (near Pallavaram) (one man cruise)
- 9-10-1966. The so-called trekking from Ooty to Mudumalai which ended in a trip from Madras to Ooty, from Ooty to Mysore via Mudumalai and from Mysore to Madras via Bangalore. (4 members)
- 9-10-1966. The 'successful' trip to Kodai-kanal; as the *train* refused to move because of the *rain*, the party could not proceed any farther than Villupuram. (5 members)
- 26-10-1966. The *proposed* beach party which had to be postponed, because of the *proposed* Cyclone by the meteorologists. (25 members).

An announcement to the members:—Any member or group of members who wish to go on any outing, are requested to contact the representatives, with regard to any help in the form equipment, routes, and other things.

KAKE & OREN.

THE ISSUE AT HAND

To a casual observer, the growing unrest amidst the pool of students may lack significance. The reasons presented are so varied in substance, that one may not get at the root cause of the trouble. The agitations that occurred in all parts of the nation seem to be a chain of events starting with the violent anti-Hindi demonstrations that took place in Madras. Perhaps, with the exception of Osmania University, the rest of the incidents had a semi-political backing.

Only digging to greater depths can bring out any truthful reason for fruitful observation. The popular idea existing among the ex-students—I mean men of middle age—that the Indian students have taken the power wielded by their Indonesian counterparts over the affairs of their states as their objective, seems fitting, considering the pattern of the incidents. Reasoning disagrees with this. If such be the reason, why should the students agitate almost isolated when by co-ordination at a fixed time they can bring about a mass upsurge vanquishing anything on their way?

Any agitation can take place if the agitators have a stronger motive than their regard for personal things. Such was the Independence movement. A movement of this sort bound by noble and broad ideals will be a gross national proceeding. On the other hand if students are displeased and are left with no intellectual pursuits they will certainly give way to their emotions at the slightest disturbance of this precarious balance. Only such a case can spark off isolated agitations.

If there exists anyone in India who deserves sympathy, it is only the student. Used as a cat's paw by almost all the political parties he gets blamed for almost anything and is constantly lectured on his duties to elevate the suffering nation. He is denied every bit of freedom he deserves and is being bossed over by unimaginative old fashioned theorists who surprisingly lack the tact to lead and are completely out of pace with the modern trend of education.

Iron willed task masters as the leaders of a nation can bring about almost anything including absolute destruction. But as heads of educational institutions they are bound to be miserable failures. For, at this intellectual plane, it is not how we achieve a certain landmark in research that matters, but it is only what we achieve. Here discipline plays a second fiddle to inspiration. Discipline of course, is important. But absorbed in his own studies and scientific pursuits, it is obvious the interest displayed by the student to the anti-social and unruly agitations will only be practically nothing. The theorists who had a whiff of freedom in their younger years should realise this.

I do not contend that the students did right to agitate. But the blame is certainly on the obsolete methods of education where the student is almost screwed down to walking back and forth from classes where he seems to learn nothing. The students of advanced nations like U.K., U.S.A., and U.S.S.R. serve as fitting models to our students. They want to be pampered with freedom, the freedom of action and decision within their sphere. They should be left to learn as they like. They should be given enough time to assimilate and digest what they learn. Such a system will not rule out any sort of test to assess the student's ability but should compulsorily exclude all the unwanted strain imposed on him.

The function of any educational institution is to inspire and not to discipline or to indoctrinate. If this be forgotten now, the results can be disastrous and we may never get a chance to stand up from the wreckage brought about by the useless and outmoded principles of the elder generation. We may never have the face to say that we are Indians. I only wish the authorities consider the agitations in this light which is nearer truth than anything else and wish they restore the lost glories of this populous nation by prompt and immediate action. Then, the time and labour spent on this place will more than be repaid.

MACHIAVELLI.



Save those diehards whose itinerary, of travel between any two points on the campus always includes a quick, hopeful peep into the workshops, the people and things in the Institute seem to be, in general, unruffled by the presence of 20 strong women's contingent from the outside world. Baldev Singh and related banalities continue to be the chief sustainers of a typical IITian's consciousness of humour. Food for gossip is still threateningly rare except when some bright private generously publishes his dreams in this tabloid, usually under some harmless Sardarji's name.

Very sadistically, the women's hostel has been tucked away in a corner, in the process discouraging many a potential evening walker (and night walker). Actually most people only know the general direction of the hostel. Every morning at 7.30 the Amazons emerge in two main streams, one through the bushes near the dispensary and the other by the longer but surer route via the ex-Gajendra Circle. Their work done they hit the home trial at 3.45 sharp, like silk worms retreating to their cocoons, only to re-emerge the next day.

Do they come to the tennis court? They ought to come to cheer at least. They don't seem to realize their own cheer value. Do they come to any of our cozy mess hall hostel functions, if only to know their classmates better? Let them have a function at their hostel, and the response from this side will have to be seen to be believed. To borrow a piece from Nandaji's famous letter to the P.M., this is clearly a case of 'unreciprocated curiosity' (delta unsolicited, perhaps?).

For a full fortnight, this monsoon, as in the last monsoon and the monsoons before that, as will be next monsoon and monsoons after that, the teachers and students of IIT set aside their legitimate business of pursuit of knowledge to sharpen their wits and skills and to face each other in a barbarian festival, called the terminal examinations. This is the time of atonement for that harmless snooze in the last bench. This is the season of harvest for those unending hours of agony in the first bench. This is the time when reasonable men sit in judgement on other more reasonable men to pass their decree.

For once our paradoxical dry rivers, Krishna to Alakananda without exception, had water flowing through the concretes, sneaking under the doors, bubbling through the badly made windows, flooding the rooms and driving us out homeless into the fury outside. The stunned innocents of Ganga witnessed the rebirth of 'Sivaganga' in their common room. One smart explorer later dramatically proved that this was no miracle from the heavens but only a fistwide hole connecting the common and the cellar. He proved that an observer with his face to the test spot, could be made sufficiently hostile by projecting water at a sufficiently high velocity from blow.

As the Homo Sapiens, as the Peking Man and as the near ape, the human being lived on the grace of Nature—eating her fruit, suffering her tortures, thriving on her generosity. Today, we, his descendants like to believe that with the powerful weapons of science, we are the masters of the elements, the lords of the planets. We, as engineers and scientists, have always claimed to be the front rankers in this chastisement of Nature for the pleasure of Mankind. That Thursday

we were poor chastisers, Running, hiding, and cursing as our outraged slave unleashed her blind forces in rebellion. We were clearly no match for the 100 km. gusts from the bay.

With the hostels in darkness, water tanks emptied, radios silenced, phones dead, movies closed and exams cancelled, life in the campus was set back a thousand years in evolution. We had been brought to our knees.

One More Letter from Germany

As one of the first graduates from the IIT, Madras (actually I belong to the second set of graduates that got the sacred Diploma in April 1965), I believe, it is my duty to report my experiences as a full-fledged Engineer to my teachers as well as to my juniors. It is true that we doubted the need of certain subjects included in the curriculum when we were at IIT. But how amazingly useful these turned out to be later on. As some of my colleagues or seniors have already pointed out in some of the IIT publications, the IITians never felt that they lacked anything, whatever line they chose to adopt. This fact should give enough confidence to our successors.

As 'Srini' (that's how Nageshwar is called at HP) has already written about the general life at this place, I think I will confine my letter to saying about my job here, mainly since I happen to be attached to a department other than that of Srini. I was offered employment by the famous Hewlett-Packard Co. at their West German plant, thanks to the good work performed by my seniors Shri R. Venkateswaran and Shri Srinivas Nagesh-

war, at the same firm. I joined as a Circuit Design Engineer in the Research and Development department and was assigned to the Electro-acoustic group. The activities of an R & D Engineer consist of designing, developing and producing Electronic Instruments of High precision and quality. The set-up is like this: There is an Engineering Manager under whom work the leaders of different sections or groups for Electro-acoustics, Digital systems, Medical Electronics and so on. Each group has a number of programmes for new instruments. Each instrument has to be developed by a group of Engineers under a Project Leader. I am one of such Engineers. Each Engineer is asked to Design and perfect a part or parts of the instrument under consideration. Hence, the first stage of the job is to design the cheapest and best circuit, after duly taking into consideration temperature effects etc., that might affect the quality of working. Then one has to design the printed circuit lay-out for the same, get into touch with other departments in the factory in discussing about production of the instrument etc.

Believe me, the work as an R & D Engineer here is not a mere mathematical jugglery or a Slide Rule contest. One gets the experience of seeing the instrument through the processes of design, development and fabrication. It is a rare opportunity to learn how various departments are co-ordinated and how different sets of people come into the picture, at the right place and at the right time.

Our group just successfully completed the prototype of an Instrument under development. It is to be released in the Summer of 1967.

—K. S. KRISHNAMURTHY.

TOWARDS PROSPERITY

GERMANY helps 95 countries throughout the world in the fight for food, education, health and industrialisation.



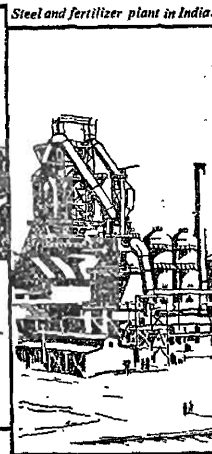
Farm modernisation in Africa



Medical centre in the Far East



Technical training in South America



Steel and fertilizer plant in India

Western Germany supports at present 2774 projects all over the world. The Federal Government as well as private industry and social institutions provide capital, experts, know-how and equipment.

India receives by far the largest share of the world-wide German aid—nearly one third of the total.

No other country—except the U.S.A.—has given as much assistance to India as the Federal Republic of Germany.

Some outstanding projects of Indo-German cooperation are

- The Intensive Agriculture Programme Mandi, the most successful of its kind in the country.
- The Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, Germany's largest Technical Assistance project.
- Rourkela, the most modern steel plant in South Asia.

INDIA AND GERMANY — FRIENDS AND PARTNERS FOR PROGRESS!

Jazz from West Germany in the I.I.T.

The OAT was a scene of music, color and gaiety on the evening of Friday the 25th November. Rolf-Hans Mueller and his stalwart German Dance Orchestra held the audience (consisting of our residents of our campus together with a bus-load-and-a-half of outsiders from the W.C.C. and Cultural Academy), spellbound for a good two hours. It was wonderful to see the IITian, normally a dissatisfied grumbling grouse, full of life and cheerfulness.

Allow me to digress a while at this juncture to comment on a small incident which though might not seem important to an IITian, does present a distasteful image of him to the outsiders. We must remember that we are students in one of the leading technological institutions in this country and sailors who have been away at sea for some months. While wolf-whistling at women by sailors may be tolerated (mainly in movies from Hollywood) it is certainly not good form for an IITian to wolf-whistle at women from some of the city colleges when they come to this campus or anywhere else for that matter. Appreciation for feminine beauty can be expressed in a more dignified way, surely! In one of the IIT entrance examination question papers (in English) there appeared a sentence 'you can always recognize an IITian from his good bearing and behaviour.' Let us live up to this reputation.

Returning to the main topic, the Jazz and other forms of music played by Rolf-Hans Mueller and his group can be described only in superlatives. Their showmanship was superb and the audience could feel the liveliness the group generated.

In addition to the instrumentalists, there were two excellent singers—the man and wife pair of Wyn Hoop and Andrea Horn. The latter with her wonderful singing voice and her cutaway dress quite killed the audience with her rendering of 'Hello Dolly!' and 'Macky Messer'. Some of the folk songs sung by the combination called for audience participation and IITian audience (always equal to all occasions) participated with enthusiasm.

It was difficult to pin-point one individual or one song as the best of the evening's programme. All of them were very good and thoroughly enjoyable, more so because the numbers were not difficult to understand and quite a few of them were familiar tunes to the audience. Dieter Reith at the piano,

Gerd Husemann on the alto-flute, to mention only two of the many (I don't know the other names), were superb, and the melodies played by the Black Forest Musicians were a hit with the audience. Every programme of Jazz must have a drum solo item and that played by the drummer with a different type of beat was scintillating.

The group-within-the-group, the Dieter Reith Combo, played two excellent numbers 'I found a new baby' and 'The Theme' and the applause soared sky-high—(as was possible in the open-air-theatre). A surprise item was the orchestra's rendering of a familiar Hindi tune 'Yeh Mera Prem Patra' to jazz music.

The programme ended as all good things must, on a quiet note with 'Auf Wiedersehen'.

The Gymkhana must be thanked for making it possible for the orchestra to come to the IIT and the organisers must be complimented on the efficient way that the arrangements were made. Mercifully, the mikes did not give any trouble throughout the evening.

C.N.S.

WHAT ABOUT INDIA?

What is that?

That is an automobile.

What does an automobile do?

An automobile burns.

Does it burn because of the internal combustion engine?

No. It burns because of the Psychology of the Indian adolescence. It burns because it feels.

So much for the cow.

And what on earth is a cow?

It is the Kamadhenu (not the Supermarket in Madras)

What does a cow do?

It sets the capital on fire.

All human races have at sometime or other in their history worshipped animals and paid them the homage generally reserved for deities. Animal worship had its origin either in fear of animal or in the belief that the human soul returns to the earth in the form of an animal and to injure that animal might mean injuring one's own grandmother or parent. The sacred bull was worshipped by ancient Egyptians. It was kept in a temple and its birthday was celebrated every year by the people. When the bull died, it was embalmed and buried in a splendid sarcophagus in a special part of the temple, and the death was followed by public mourning. The Ainu race, tribe found Japanese in islands, to the day worship bears, as did American Indians. Chinese worshipped dragons and adopted the dragon as a symbol on the imperial emblem.

Romans worshipped geese. The sacred geese once saved the city of Rome by crying an alarm that awakened the soldiers as the Gauls were making a surprise attack at night. In the fight the Gauls were decisively beaten. Snakes are worshipped by the Hopi-Indians of America who are famous for their snake dances. The white elephant is worshipped in Siam. The phoenix, a fabulous bird, was worshipped in Egypt. The story was that only one phoenix lived in the country at a time and it lived to be five hundred years old. When ready to die it built itself a funeral pyre of dried grass and twigs. Here it settled and managed to set the pyre afire so that it was cremated. From the ashes came forth a little worm that grew to be a succeeding phoenix.

Turning to Hindu mythology one will find that almost all the animals and birds are sacred. Every animal is associated with one God or another. Lord Shiva wears serpents around his neck and Lord Rama won his battle because of Hanuman.

According to Mohammedan faith certain animals have a free passport even to Heaven. The dog Kratim of the Seven Sleepers of Epheus; Balaam's ass, which reproved the Prophet, Solomon's ant, which reproved the sluggard; Jonah's whale, which swallowed him; the ram of Israel, offered in sacrifice by Abraham in place of Isaac, the camel of Saleb; the cuckoo of Belkis; the ox of Moses; Al Borak, which conveyed Mohammed to Heaven, and the ass on which the Saviour rode in to Jerusalem, have won the right of entry into the Heaven.

Should the Indians start an anti-ass, anti-lion, anti-sepente etc. slaughter campaign for reasons which have their bearings on various sentimental or religious issues, and continue to loose their lives as a result of a fast unto death 'or the police firing,' soon India would be full of starving animals and naked human beings with empty stomachs. Times have changed. Religion and the allied courses are no doubt noble, but what an Indian living in the twentieth century has to consider as a true citizen of a secular state is the relative importance of various causes he supports. Religion is a strong aspect of social life. Only in the recent past we saw how a single statement from the very popular singing group of England turned them most unpopular overnight. But, what I have to ask an Indian (not discriminating him based on any caste, creed or religion) is, should he necessarily kill or be killed for the sake of an animal?

Well, the animals and in particular the cows are safe, but WHAT ABOUT INDIA?

kurm.



The German Orchestra

Left: Andrea Horn and Wyn Hoop: Made for each other!