

Campastimes

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20 P.

THIRD CONVOCATION

Nobel Laureate Presides

On the evening of July 30th pinched faces (the most pinched being that of our fresh graduates) peered into the sky. The Cumulus (or is it the Nimbus) clouds promised rain. However it was Convocation Day at the IIT, and the IIT is not to be trifled with. The clouds thought the better of it.

The crowd at the Open-air Theatre looked on as Sir C. V. Raman and Dr A. L. Mudaliar led the Academic Procession up to the stage. The atmosphere was dignified enough to make Nestor leap out of his grave. The OAT had obtained some 'Instant Gardening.' The Golden Rule had not failed. Remember how the OAS suddenly sprouted two days before the Inter IIT Meet? Even our Labourers believe in the Quantum Theory. (Our Graduates may understand the significance of that. They'd better!) What surprised some was that certain wooden frames, placed all along the road, parallel to it, needed some paint. A section of the audience spent the evening admiring a beautiful Pandal. They were unable to see anything else even when craning their necks to the utmost. Luckily for us, these artificial 'aids' to beauty escaped our Chief Guest's eye. It was the banyan trees that impressed him.

The Director gives them a last warning, before they leave his custody, not to use their knowledge 'subservient to unworthy ends.' One is certain that few will forget the instruction. Much to the astonishment of the

Freshers, (poor fellows, they have a long way to go.) the robes did not seem to retard the graduates as, much dignity as they could muster, they walked past the stage. Even Anand, whom the majority had seen only in sports-shorts and vests, seemed quite at home in the cumbersome outfit. Lionel Paul, who bagged the Governor's Medal received his share of cheers. A few Gentlemen who received their second degrees, and who teach the Undergrads, where shown much appreciation by the student-audience. Quite a Pot-Pourri isn't it?

Sir C. V. Raman's speech was the most appreciated, and criticised event of the evening. While his oration held the audience spell-bound (except for a cat-call by an enthusiastic heckler, whose enthusiasm received a rude shock when the Great Man gave an angry blink in the general direction of the noise) it later kindled several arguments. The speech made one think deep (far deeper than the strata of Periodical Tests) for a change. Sir C. V. Raman openly condemned the Space Research carried 'by the alleged European Civilizations.' In spite of all it's allied Projects (Worldwide broadcasting, increase in the range of the T. V., use of the 'Moon Car' for crippled children to enable them even to climb stairs) Sir Raman condemned it—because, he claimed, the ultimate goal in this race is military supremacy. Few can be bold and so original in thinking.

Time seemed to have hitched itself to a Boeing. Soon we heard someone say that the graduates would take the Pledge. The majority of the audience started to rise. It appears that our reflexes are convinced that we are all Bachelors of Technology. However, we all had to sit down and observe Venkataraman Srinivasan, the winner of the President's Medal for the best academic record, lead the rest. The N.C.C. has left deep scars on poor V. S. The sight of him was impressive; while the OAT reverberated with the boom of his voice—'Om Shanthi, Shanthi, Shanthi.'

And one feels it in one's blood that no IITian will forget Sir C. V. Raman's warning, 'If you cannot produce a thing by yourself, do without it. That is the only way out of the present situation of our country', and that there will be Peace, Peace and Peace.

RAMAN INTERVIEWS CAMPASTIMES

It was past four o'clock that evening when four *Campastimes* reporters stepped into the Institute Guest House to interview India's only Nobel Laureate in Physics, Dr C. V. Raman.

Dr. Raman was quite different from what we expected him to be—joking and laughing most of the time, poking fun at everything from astrology to Dr A. L. Mudaliar's turban. We presented him a copy of *Campastimes* and he turned over the pages in appreciation. He seemed rather pleased to see us.

When asked about his present work Dr Raman told us (as non-technically as possible) his latest theory on colour—that there are many more colours than those seen in the spectrum by the eye. He believes that the number of colours may be anything between fifty and two hundred. We have always thought that colour and luminosity have nothing to do with each other. 'If I tell you that they are the same', said Dr Raman, 'you may not believe me.' Fundamentally, sight is a Thermodynamic process.

'If you want to write about me,' chuckled Dr Raman, 'draw a caricature of me captioned—The only turbaned south Indian!'

When asked about his idea on education he firmly held that examples formed a very small part of one's life. He told us that although he was a man of science he holds an Arts degree. In his B.A. examination he had just managed to scrape through in Sanskrit by one mark. 'This one mark has made me what I am today', remarked Dr Raman.

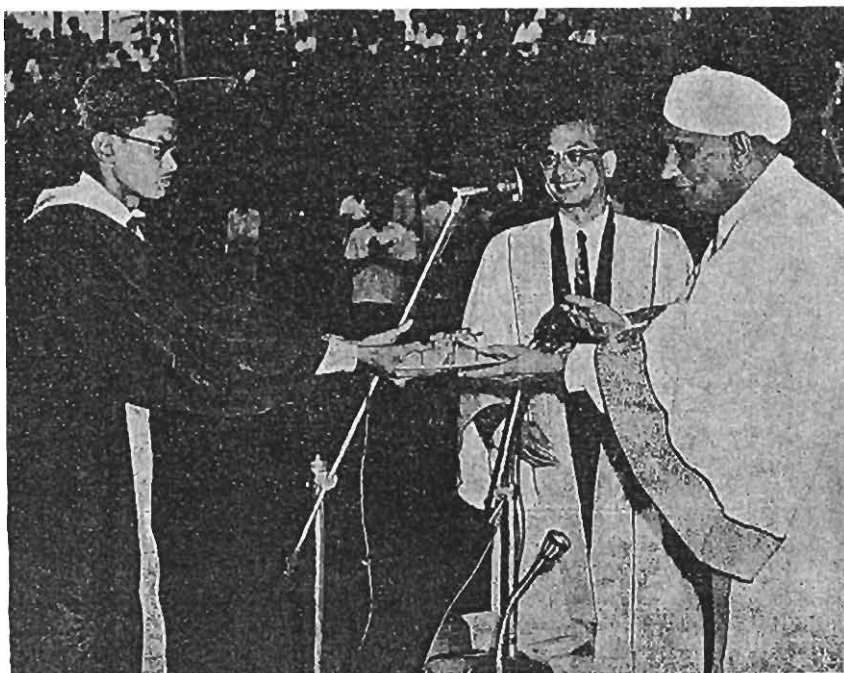
Raman: Why are these boys standing in attention? Are they in the N.C.C.?

The Director: N.C.C. is compulsory till the fourth year.

Raman: After that they become gentleman, I suppose!

He could have talked with us endlessly had we not been shunted out at this time.

C.N.S.



V. Srinivasan: Winner of the President's Medal

CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

Real Estate

Ideal plots for sale at (a) KATHYAYANI NAGAR near IIT temple. Rs. 100 per ground. All articles, food, clothing, including building materials available at 'Market Centre'.

(b) LADY NAGAR near girls' hostel. Rs. 500 per ground. High school and world famous deer sanctuary very near. Bus service frequent.

Just Out!

Two in One

'Why are final year mechanicals so fond of turbo design?'
by an eminent asst. professor.
'What does elective mean in the chem-engg. sense?'
by a department.

Just Out

(Rush before copies are sold out!)
'Asymptotic solution of the zero law of the linear homogeneous Differential-Difference equation with real constant coefficients'.
Contact D. V. Subramaniam(—21) Maths. Dept.

'Mobility of industrial workers during the Sangam period'
by Dr. V. Anantharaman & Mr. Kuppuswamy
Department of Humanities and Social Sciences.

'Are we still two nations?'
by Prof. M. S. Vairanapillai.
'Of course, we are two nations'
by Mr. Kuppuswamy
Department of Humanities and Social Sciences.

Wanted

Injections for putting on weight. Write to Gopakumar, Ganga Hostel.

Notice

The following lectures will take place in the near future; S. K. Arora on: 'Why I always choose modest colours.'

N. K. Sawhney on: 'Why the spoons in Narmada mess are twisted out of shape.'

Wanted

The Chemical Engineering Department wants a chauffeur. M. Tech no bar.

New Releases

'Fu Manchu plays the Beatles'....The man who overwhelmed Narmada Hostel and Howrah Mail with his guitar.

'Besamé Múcho, 1966', by V. Khanna and C. Singh.... The most cacophonous version yet, guaranteed to drive you wild.

For Sale

Cultural club, one off. Contact K. Sridhar, Godavari Hostel.

Personal

I, being sound in mind and reason, announce hereby that as of today I have earned to be Tammanapalli Narayana Reddi Vijayanarayana Reddi, and shall henceforth be known as Tammanapalli Nallappa Reddi, Vijayanarayana Reddi.

Do you want to give a talk on mountaineering in the Himalayas? It does not matter if you have never been there. Contact Peter Lewis Masilamani, Saraswathi.

I, Gautam Mahajan, on resigning the editorship of *Campastimes*, shall hereby eschew all pretensions to greatness. My name shall therefore revert to Gautam Jan.

I love you. Do you want a visiting card? Please return after use. Rathindra N. Roy, Student, Faculty of Electrical Engineering, IIT Madras.

Keep up-to-date with the latest in nursery rhymes. Contact R. Shankar.

Free samples:

(a) I say Mandip have you any books?
Yes yar, Yes yar, three bags full.
None for you blighters, none for you males.

They are all for the little girl who lives down the lane.

(b) Mandip, Mandip, where did you go?
I went to the hostel to meet my queen.

Mandip, Mandip, what did you there?
I got nabbed by the gurkha while climbing the stair.

Free Coaching

George Verghese, ex-Athletics captain, now weighing in the middle and meddling with weights, offers to give free coaching in Athletics. As an additional incentive each trainee will get a free bottle of Jeevantone, left over from last year's stock. Contact him at Tapti.

For Restricted Sale Only

Book! Instrument boxes! And what not! (Sorry, not for you fellas).
First year girls apply quote personally unquote to Mandep Singh, Godavari Hostel.
P.S. Door to door delivery undertaken.

Reward!

Aah! Reward!
The person who can pinpoint accurately where exactly the bathroom starts in the South-Western, 2nd floor wing of Narmada, will get a suitable reward. Replies to be sent to P.L.O., South-Eastern, 2nd floor wing.

Personal

Howling and moaning services of a durable quality available at nominal rates. Howling for all reasons undertaken. E.g., Periodical system, life in the hostel, population problem or plain general howling just for kicks. Address all business queries to Arun Jain, Narmada.

Available

Lighter-than-air gases for research, filling balloons and getting rid of bores. Contact Gaspot Sanyal, 307 Ganga.

Situation Required

Unemployed Editor requires suitable position. Qualifications: Expert in the revival of newspapers in hibernation (STUDENT TIMES take note). Nose (hic!) for news items. Apply to *Campastimes* office..... oops! Not there anymore. Try Narmada.

Need anyone bumped off? Anyone blackmailed, followed or mugged? Need any protection from bumping, blackmailing, following or mugging? Just contact Hood, Hoodlum Agencies, 228 Godavari.

Agony Column

An appeal to the umpire:
Please let me have my ball back. A. Saha, O.B.J.

Personal

Do you want to be strong, muscular and Herculean? For advice contact Rishi Raj Gaur, Author of
'Ghee makes a strong man'

Do insects pester you? Do pests inspect you? Do you have sleepless nights due to croaking of frogs? Why waste money on hiring Dandona? Contact me—Lobo the Bug-killer. I do it cheap—I do it fast—my only equipment is strictly private. Patent applied for.

Query

What was Mandep Singh doing in Madras Avenue at 7-30 p.m. on 25th July '66?

Wanted

Wanted for the Kathyayini Sangeetha Sabha, a President, a Vice-President, a Secretary, a Treasurer (with some treasure) and full-time audience. Contact Shri Jalakanteswara at the temple premises after pooja hours.

Machinery and Spare Parts

Do you want your fan repaired? Do you want your bike fiddled with? Contact Kit's Garage (Pidathala Krishna Mohan Murthy Dhada Dhada Nair, the Manager). Unique feature Kit pays you for repairing your stuff. Rates: fan—One buck, bike—Two bucks.

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad I.I.T.

Devaluation, dear friend, has struck a mighty blow to mighty IITians—Devaluation like lightning is fabled not to strike the same place twice (perhaps because three strikes is out—*vide* Baseball), but this time has struck with lightening force—lightening because the pocket purse has become lighter (No! No! We don't mean the fagger has bought a lighter in exchange for his purse). Also the marks for the periodicals have become lighter (Not the foreign periodicals like LIFE International or something, but—you know what). Director overheard: 'Devaluation of periodicals will not affect economy (for 4/5 of IITians' mark (et)).' He is backed by another Fresher to IIT (Economics....) who, we are sure, is backed by many IITians. Hence IITians are not at fault. Reason: The Mark will yield keine klein rupees now!

Desi Bond [008 √i Surd PK 3 etc., etc.] of Tapti Hostel was officially renamed Desh POND (not Dreamfrow) owing to the proximity of BULLFROG Ram Mohan Rao minus Rao of 4/5 Mech.—because brave man is on reducing mission to oxidise his fat (Straight Chain Polymer) and hence go down to—um—'cooler' pond for water (H₂O aqua pura refer: Mollier's Chart) to squirt water (same) like ele-infant, as coolant for vocal cords (*vide* GOPE & RODS by Design of ROPE and CORDS..... published by McGRAW HILL MOUNTAIN INC.), for giving recognition to this portly bigger than Billy Bunter (motto: have grub, will be present). Our man POND is hereby appointed Commander of the Wing or Wing Representative (Salesmen for Wings may drop in at Tapti Hostel and collect samples).

Local (not by any means EXPRESS) 'S' Sambajayam has been ragging to his heart's content—Not that he has been rending his heart—or its contents (or Electrical shop Foreman Hart) (or um Male deer), but has been putting on his sad rags (they need um wash after (362 days 2 seconds) wearing) for a simple reason: Um Sambo wants to get N.C.C. punishment—plus refreshment for getting fresh with the freshers.

One man who did get fresh with heart was—Master of Ceremonies Murthy. He bumped at 40 Kmph into a hart and landed on his soft very hard (giggle!)

Devaluation also hit Herr Mani (*ing Love in Tokyo minus *ing) and Herr Author B.A., (hoping to become B. Tech. by process of 5 year metamorphism or cerebral thrombosis of the heart). These people are not hit in the guts but in the 'thorax' (*vide* Bronchitis chronica harmonica) and the other in the lungs (further development of cancer—part and parcel—in the body politic of Indian economy *vide* Dr. M. S. V. Pillai).

Said Mani, 'I give up fags; Let the freshers out; Let the fresh air in.'

Replies B.A., 'It is periodical day, and a puff a day will keep the germs away; but no puff on periodical day will mean 6 years to stay!!!'

So a resolution was passed (like the resolution of forces in App. Mech.: it never solves the problem)

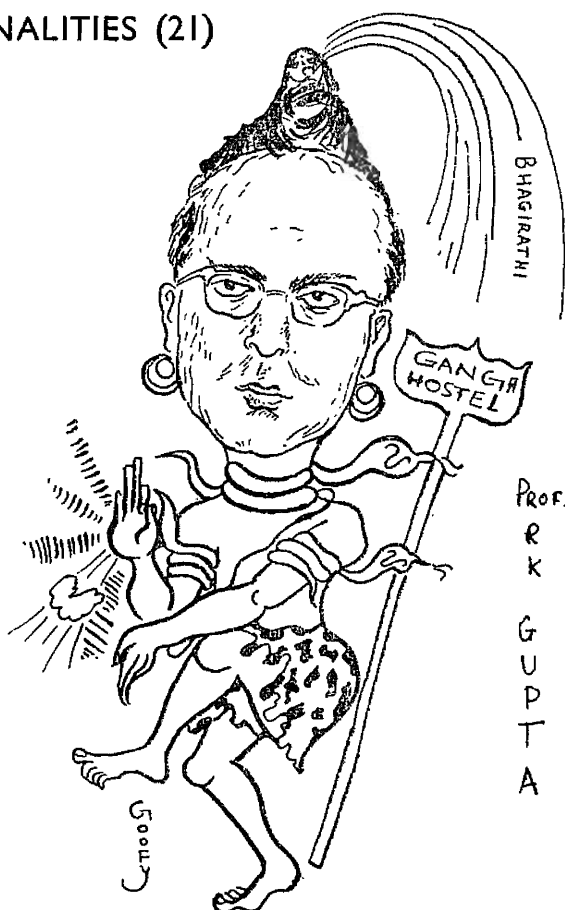
'No puffs', says Mani, 'they have to be exported.'

'Replace imports by exports' shouted B.A. 'that is most exportant'. So they flung the Charms away and took up PANAMAS till the author of this article (IPC 420) discovered the mark of Americanistic, imperialistic, chauvinistic, lipstick, hoovanistic, existing in the name of these cigarettes.

Days later, doughless like the centre of a doughnut, our men agreed that devaluation had caught up with them. Over and above this was 'D'-valuation. So they resolved—never to resolve, any resolves again (the (re) solution was copied from Mihir Sen).

(Continued on page 3, col. 3)

PERSONALITIES (21)



Way back in the background I could hear a soft voice propounding 'Arre Bhai! You must be tolerant. You must learn to live with difficulties.' Out of the crowd came a noise 'But Sir, we only got *rasam* with rice today!'... 'The chappathies were like sodden mudpies' (our man thinks beyond the Leather Institute). The soft voice very promptly called the cook and told him off. The head bobbed up and down and was lost among the students.

When next I caught trace of the voice I found myself face to face with Prof. R. K. Gupta, Head of the Department of Humanities, Chairman of Council of Wardens, Warden, Ganga Hostel etc., etc. A short man, (who always takes his height while standing without shoes: he does not like to take the advantage of standing in his socks), a plain spoken man is Prof. Gupta. His whole life he has spent in association with students and they and human relations are his pet topics.

He took his Master's Degree in Commerce from Allahabad Varsity before migrating to Delhi. Here he was Assistant Warden in one of the hostels. Tales of his friendship with the students and yet his inherent firmness and respect for discipline are still told with awe.

There was a time when he went out for a night show with some students and after it parted the best of friends. The next day the students found their names on the notice board asking them to pay a fine for being out of the hostel without official permission. This, it may be pointed out, did not dim Prof. Gupta's friendship for the students.

His views on hostel affairs are simple. The hostels are the students'. Their lives are for the students to live. The hostel funds are for the students to spend. The mess is for their edification. Hence the students should control their hostel affairs. The office-bearers should act on majority opinion. There should be no rules in hostels in a place like I.I.T.

Discipline, he says, is the main reason behind 85% attendance rule. It is the only method by which control over movement of a large student body can be kept. But he would be happier if there was no rigmarole about attendance.

Having been to the States twice Prof. Gupta is a great propagator of the Indische American language—He probably won't admit it, but his English is a mixture of the American drawl with the rich U.P. English. When he was in the e-States, he learnt about Industrial Relations. At the moment he is bubbling with the idea of making Humanities a fine art for the Engineering students by introducing fine arts, and making it literally successful by introducing literature instead of English language and Indische—Deutsche—Sprache for 2 years (N.B.: The Indische part of Deutsche is courtesy of Herr Sarma of the German Department). As a start, colour has been added to the Department.

Prof. Gupta believes in student-teacher relationship. But this lack of relationship is the fault of both entities. A teacher who says he has no time is talking nonsense. It is also a fallacy to say that teachers are at a higher intellectual plane. This is just eye-wash. Students too should try to mix. They should not take unfair advantage of their friendship.

Ragging, the Prof. says, is good. However, he has been known to nab an innocent looking man in a much jazzy 'lungi' on his way to the library (his direction of motion, incidentally, was towards Ganga hostel) and offered to take him along to the Director. The boy curtly refused the invitation but found himself in Prof. Rama Sastry's house pigging to glory. (The pun is intentional). He does not believe in N.C.C. as it is run today—most indisciplined he says. One wonders why those who get caught for ragging will be given further N.C.C. training?

Prof. Gupta has never been a sportsman. He has dabbled in the intellectual field. However, his views on games are revealing. He feels the Gymkhana should run its games through the hostels so that a larger number of students can take part in sports and games and that the Warden should take a keen interest in such activities.

Prof. Gupta believes in social events. It is natural, he says, for students to yearn for female company and vice-versa. He has no objections to girls being invited to hostels.

The Staff-Student Get-together: The Freshman Welcomed

Campastimes News Service

Campastimes takes great pleasure in reporting the get-together of the new entrants to the Institute, staff and students. Never before in the Institute has there been a function of this order. The year has got off to a right start. This is in a large measure due to the President of the Gymkhana, Chairman, Council of Wardens, and Warden of Jamuna Hostel. The co-operation between the Gymkhana and the Hostels was something remarkable. If this continues the year is sure to be successful.

The tea was distributed in a most efficient manner, thanks to the organisational ability of Dr. V. Anantaram. It took about 15 minutes for 2,000 people to receive their tea—Good show! After going through a long list of after-tea speakers, (Thank God, Prof. Gupta's was refreshingly short) the freshers gave an entertainment programme.

Sheer Guts! sheer courage! For youngsters to perform in front of a highly critical audience during a period of ragging—And they did it well. Hats off to them.

The function gathered tempo, the clouds gathered moisture and hovered omnisciously; the entertainers entertained bravely. The audience kept one eye on the clouds, the other on the stage. The clouds broke, the audience fled, the entertainers were left standing!

The rain, however, did not dim the enthusiasm of the freshmen. However, it did dampen the President of the Gymkhana and Dr. Anantaram.

And so ended an unique function.

COLOURS to be introduced C.N.S.

From this year a regular colours system will be introduced in the Institute. These will be for the activities under the five committees of the Gymkhana, viz., Sports, Publications, Fine Arts, Entertainment, Library. Special colours will be awarded for organisational ability. A person is eligible for colours under more than one head. These colours will be given to people with outstanding abilities and their contribution to the Gymkhana on the basis of their performance.

The rules set are rigid and strict. But we know the students are above average, and many of them will get colours. Colour holders will form a special club.

We are sure everyone will try to win awards: 'To seek, to strive and not to yield' should be our motto.

(Continued from page 2)

Overheard at the Library

Asst. Librarian: Where is your Identity card?

Fresher: My Identity is in my Algebra book.

Asst. Librarian: I meant I DENT TT!!

Fresher: Why did you dent TT?

Asst. Librarian: * * *

(sees stars—on a wall calendar).

By the way the Post of Chairman of the Warden of Councils—or whatever it is—which was held by a professor full of energy (electrical)—refer convocation brochure—has been replaced by a human (ties) man.

Well, we know you got really bored (not drilled we hope)—that was the idea.

G. MAHAJAN,
B. AMIR AHMED.

They can be seen at the hospital. They're sick 'Bye now, (and pay later)!!'

This will lend colour and gaiety to the hostel. Fun fairs and social events must be organised. The organisers will have his whole-hearted support.

At this rate Prof. Gupta is bound to be very popular with the e-Students.

—GEM.



EDITORIAL

Convocation

The Sages of Yore believed that rain before any auspicious occasion is a good omen. Were they alive now, they would have been happy to see their theories verified. The heavenly nimbus clouds did not shed all their tears. One could sense the relief on the faces of the graduates when they received their degrees in the presence of a large and august audience. [The CLT was the alternate venue.]

This year a happy precedent was set up (let's hope) in giving the degrees in the alphabetical order, obviously in order to induce more graduates to turn up. In spite of such incentives the response was very poor—less than half the graduates were present.

There was a sad lack of at the so-called General Body Meeting of the Alumni Assn.—in fact hardly twenty of them were present, the rest of them staying back at the hostels. May this be taken as an indication of the interest evinced by the new members of this illustrious Assn.? Another topic of interest (to the students) is the Alumni dinner. Since this is a function of interest to everyone here at the institute, we feel that it should have been organised on an all-Institute basis. Representatives for both the Alumni and the Alma Mater should speak on this occasion. Such healthy traditions should be encouraged.

Hardly was the tradition set up before it was broken. The students of the present Final Year Class are responsible for a grievous error of omission in not giving a Farewell Dinner to their seniors. This will be taken as an argument for following batches for starting a 'negative tradition,' as it were. But it is our sincere hope that the pre-final class do not follow the example of the class of '67.

Prof. M. V. C. Sastri mentioned the other day that we IITians are to be found everywhere . . . even on top of mountains. Not content with their wanderings on the IITian plains, Jai, George and Shrieks decided to try something more adventurous. Nothing less than twenty-three thousand and odd feet would satisfy our heroes—and lo! Mt. Shilla and three others were no more virgin peaks.

The tamasha of shifting students from Hostel to Hostel is complete—almost, since transfers are still going on. It is high time that the Council of Wardens realized that this merry-go-round is killing the sense of belonging on the part of the students to any particular hostel. It should be a matter of pride for one to say that he belonged to any one hostel. The purpose of this transfer system is lost, since the isolation of the freshers is to no purpose as they are ragged anyway on the sly.

PLAUDIT FROM THE PREMIER

Dear Prof. Sengupto,

The Union Minister of Education has passed on to us two cheques for Rs. 10,236.05 which were presented to him by the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, as the contribution of the staff and students to the National Defence Fund. Would you be so good as to convey to the staff and students the Prime Minister's thanks and appreciation for this generous donation?

Yours Sincerely,

Sd. S. P. KHANNA,

Private Secretary to
the Prime Minister.

NEWS 'N' VIEWS

None But the Brave

Very wisely the changes in the hostels had been announced before the vacations but none seemed particularly bothered—at least not till they returned for the new academic session. Many a tear was shed in the quiet silence of the night over separation, many a heart broken—and the latest has it that many lost several kgs, lugging their stuff from one hostel to the other. Due to the devaluation the coolie charges were rather high. One unfortunate lad, who had to shift hostels four times, was forced to pay Rs. 1.50 each time towards transhipment charges. But then we IITians are known for our fortitude.

On Romeos and Juliets

Even before our arrival here, rumours had it that life in IIT, would no longer be drab for those who were daring enough to make the first move to girls. Various people claimed that besides the usual quota of three periodicals a week and the allied headaches, 30 girls had been enrolled in the first year. One could always spend one's evenings taking a walk to the girls' hostel! That sounded interesting. Alas! these Romeos found their hopes dashed to the ground when after arriving here, try as they would, they failed to find the flock of girls. Some however were a little more imaginative and enterprising and they were determined not to leave a stone unturned in their effort to find the ladies. Finally the bashful beauties were located—in the workshop, filing away to glory. Hearts went to them in sympathy, and some were even ready to offer their services.

Prohibition Proves Beneficial

We in IIT should feel specially grateful that prohibition is enforced rather rigidly in Madras. The visibility was rather poor on the night we were returning from the night show and as it was rather late the driver seemed rather sleepy and didn't seem to be bothered by the red light that loomed before him. Apparently he thought that it must be the back light of a car. Anyway, quite confidently he headed towards the landmark so obtrusively located in front of the shopping centre. I wonder where we would be right now, had someone not pointed to the driver and explained that the ex-Gajendra landmark (minus the elephants that once ran amok) was situated in front and should preferably be avoided.

The House of Thousand Pillars

In the good old days of bad king Hérod, there was a temple in Jerusalem that had 803 pillars. If Freud had been alive, he would no doubt have contributed various psychological reasons (desire to lend a helping hand) to the architect who built it. But both the architect and the psychologist would be flabbergasted were they to be told that Alakananda hostel is in no way inferior to that temple. Considering the modern trends in psychology, Freud would probably ascribe a different reason. And while we are at this topic of Alakananda Hostel, I might as well bring to notice that the delicate feelings of seniors were deeply hurt when they found themselves not invited for the opening ceremony. Someone argued that it was because it would have been too difficult to arrange for the tea for everyone. Who wants the tea, the seniors asked. Our pride has been hurt.

The Long Walk

There is nothing more refreshing than a morning walk; at least that's what the chaps located in the more remote hostels like Alakananda, Ganga etc. claim. 'Twenty minutes' walk in the early morning is just what you need to be thoroughly awake in the following classes. Besides, it helps form the good habit of getting up early. And those who have made deep study of planetary motions and the fourth dimension claim that in having to walk 6 furlongs they are actually not losing time, as they are in effect going back in time. Since most of us don't have the privilege of staying in such hostels I guess we have to take their words at the face value. After all life cannot possibly continue without mutual trust.

Letters to the Editor

Sir,

The time: 10-30 p.m.
Velacheri Listeners' Choice programme begins. Determined to entertain us, these sounds which can be heard many moons off pose a serious problem. The sources seem to be situated all along the southern border of the campus from Taramani to Velacheri. To add to the chagrin the Velacherians as a class seem to love repetition. Lord's mercy on us, especially on the southern hostels, during periodical nights.

Yours etc.,
BIG EAR.

Sir,

The Gymkhana elections are approaching, or are they? Well, anyway, why not have lively elections? Let's have speeches, rallies, banner-waving, promises, more promises, pep, zest and verve this time. Elections are no fun when half the people don't turn up to vote, when voters don't get a maha thrill out of the power they are wielding, when friendship prevents a guy from voting for the better candidate, when people are returned unopposed, when there is no excitement in the air. I suggest that on election eve there must be a public meeting in each hostel when the various candidates extol their virtues and pooh-pooh their opponents. Elections for the class reps. can be held with more fanfare. The talents of our trumpeters, Thadani, Khanna and Gill should not be wasted. The whole crowd should turn out to hear all the intending class reps. speak.

Yours etc.,
SUDARSAN.

Dear Sir,

Cooler cooler everywhere,
Not a cooler in use.

Yours,
THIRSTY.

Sir,

We, who are expected to take active part in extra-curricular activities during the minus half hour everyday, are not allowed anywhere near the playable ground. Instead, we have been provided with a very scenic football ground of small hills and valleys. One can't kick the football without getting one's foot entangled in the beautiful green thorn shrubbery. One evening, while playing, shortly stepped into a hole and disappeared! We were relieved to see him clamber out of the hole after a few seconds, his right hand thumb dislocated.

Moreover, apparently the markers have sworn not to inflate the football completely. When we took the football to one of the markers, he promptly showed us a conky air pump. He then threw the pump at the feet of the P.T.I. standing nearby and let out a stream of abuses in Tamil. Boy!

Yours etc.
KAKE

[I hope this true mourning finds a place in the rag].

Charge of the Light Brigade

Whoever said that N.C.C. in IIT was a waste of time? Among the many things that we were taught, bayonetting was one. This technique stands us in good stead while trying to get into the bus on a Saturday afternoon. No sooner does the bus appear in sight than the widely dispersed groups begin to conglomerate; drawn as it were by some hidden force. By the time the bus reaches Ganga Hostel and even before it comes to rest, a battle cry is sounded and there is a mad rush for the gate. A push-pull circuit is somehow formed and both negative and positive feed-back occurs. Finally, somehow all of us manage to get in and just as the 'right' signal is given, there is a desperate cry, 'Hey wait a minute, I have lost a slipper.' The bus moves on. The driver has not—or at least pretends not to have heard the plea.

A Face Lift

Recently IIT has had a face lift. Besides the Administrative block and the library building taking shape, bus stop signs have been put up at various places along the road.

(Continued on page 5)



As a wise man once suggested, ever so wisely—let's begin at the beginning, the beginning being the ending of the last year.

Though a majority whistled off home towards the end of April, the minority stayed back for the NCC camp. As I was staggering towards the camp, a 3 year B. Tech. student grinned and announced that he didn't have to attend the camp. Taunted by jealousy I probed into the matter and found the reason—the 3 year course doesn't consist of any holidays. I am waiting to meet the blighter so that I may force him to swallow his words—with the punctuation as a side dish if he so desires. Nothing much to say on the camp except that one night they told us to fill our kit bags with our belongings. As was my usual custom I swiped my neighbour's items. Folks tell me I looked quite a sight when we were asked to hike with our bags. Crime, I know, does not pay—but it sure weighs. We may close the issue by saying that many of us lost a lot of weight and were affected. One explanation is that the officers took our strength too often.

The year opened with the good news that, luckily for us, the freshers were not allowed to rag the seniors. A mighty relief, considering last year's plight. After two months of hibernation it was nearly impossible to follow the lectures. We can therefore be pardoned for our sloppiness.

'Trouble' was our unanimous reply to a lecturer who enthusiastically asked, what we expected when two perpendicular S H M's with a phase difference were combined. Neither was the suggestion that the Helium atom could be excited by means of a Shellium atom, a brilliant one. 'Give us time' is the cry.

The regular knifings and homicides in connection with the allotment of rooms are over. Latecomers found out that the clerk had a soft corner for them—next to the bathroom and/or the mess. In Tapti, a guy assured a newcomer that the left half of a wing being six feet below the right one wasn't a legitimate cause of anxiety, as such was the case last year. It was quite a rude one on the Tapti boys when they found that before the hols the case had been vice versa. The Tower of Pisa is a symbol of stability compared to this gyroscopic relic.

We'll have to await a Pyramid-poking archeologist from the Nile valley to open our closely guarded bathrooms in the HSB. I had to convince an inquisitive visitor that the yonder room with a big lock was the dielectric lab with costly instruments. After all, I argued, who'd be nutty enough to lock a bathroom? It's the meanest thing since a girl locked the bathroom during her dad's beer party.

We expect the new year to be full of surprises. It has been said of Cleopatra that her variety was perennial or something to that effect. If she ever follows our Institute closely, she'd run to buy a hat, only to lift in awe.

So far a variety of examination systems have been evolved. We'd like to see how the 3 exams on three days a week works out. Odd isn't it, that we learn two nights a week and prepare for exams on the other three?

R. SHANKAR.

WILCOMMENS UND WIEDERSEHENS

Prof. Krishnamurthy retired from the service of the institute on July '66. He will be sadly missed by students and staff alike. He is an institution by himself . . . and was a landmark of IIT. The institute appears to be very silent since he left. The Faculty Association felicitated him in a farewell function with Dr. A. L. Mudaliar in the chair. A portrait of Prof. Krish. presented by the staff of the Humanities department was unveiled on the occasion. Prof. Krish. marks his association with IIT by the institution of a prize (in memory of the late Mrs. Krishnamurthy) for the best performance in English by an IIT student.

Prof. A. L. Krishnan joined the Humanities Department as Honorary Professor of English. Senior students are disappointed because they will not be able to hear his brilliant lectures. *Campastimes* requests the Literary Committee to arrange for a lecture on 'Shakespeare' by Prof. Krishnan.

Prof. Ramaseshan is leaving shortly to take up a new assignment as Head of the Materials Research Division of HAL, Bangalore. IIT will be losing an erudite professor and a superb after-dinner speaker. The dramatic talents of the institute will be sorely depleted when Mrs. Ramaseshan leaves. *Campastimes* wishes them all the luck in their new assignments.

Dr. M. V. C. Sastry is back from Carleton University, Canada. He was on loan there for a period of one year. His services were requisitioned for setting up a 'Catalysis Laboratory'.

Dr. I. Von Ruckteschell, First Secretary, (Commercial) in the embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany was one of our distinguished guests at the Convocation. He was shown around the institute and expressed appreciation of the tremendous progress made.

Dr. Seshadri of Seshadri Tables fame has joined the Physics dept. as an honorary Professor.

(Continued from p. 4)

The fellow who put it up apparently didn't believe in using words. Instead, a 'to scale' drawing of our buses has been painted. All the illiterate people in the institute should feel specially grateful as now there is no chance for them to mistake these signs as kilometer posts.

The Taming of the Shrew

Our hero Jaikumar insists that a mountain cannot be conquered. Anyway the idea is not to dispute him, but to congratulate him on his achievement in climbing Mt. Shilla. To many of us who had been keeping an eager track on Jai's activities, it was a relief to see him back in the safe folds of the IIT campus. Knowing the mystic and Yeti-ish mentality in him, we were afraid that he might meet one of his brethren up in the snows and forgetting all the charms of IIT life, decide to stay there. Apparently four years' stay in IIT had some effect on him, and he decided to return to civilization. But it took him eleven weeks to make up his mind.

COMPLETE THE LIMERICKS—AND WIN A PRIZE

Complete the following limericks, and hand in your entries to your Hostel Publications' Committee Rep., by the 30th of August.

'So!' said the Attender with glee,
'You've swallowed your pipette, I see,
And the Solution, I fear,
Is coming out of your ear,

Said the man with the dome so bare,
'Don't stop, you blighters, to stare;
Keep working, you bums,
Till your "channel" becomes,

Asked the Librarian, 'Oh, I say!
Are you, Sir, in the family way?
Or, do you only grow stout,
Just on your way out,

Judgement of the entries will be based on their humour and impact and their conformity to rhyme and metre.

RNS.

AN EDITOR'S PLIGHT

In our *Campastimes* office, there is regular cascade of literary contributions—some good, others only good for the W. But some of the contributors are men of portance whose 'amour propre' must not be hurt, and editors dare not hurt it. Hence all the subterfuge and euphemisms. The editor for instance, could not tell a sophisticated 5th year student that his stuff is undiluted piffle or a poetaster that his verses are so much moonshine, or that other bloke, the ever-flourishing free-lance, who thinks he can write on anything under the sun, that his effusion is a jumbled mass of nonsense. But the editors are resourceful fellows and many are the ways how they manage to keep their contributors in good humour and themselves in a soft job.

I give below a few samples of letters, an editor might write, returning MSS.

If you are a fellow of no consequence (i.e. just another bloke) and not particularly a 'persona grata' with the editor, this is what you might get:

Dear Mr. So and So,

You live because you sent your poem by post and did not hand it over personally,

Yours faithfully,
etc.

A budding poet received a very doubtful compliment from an editor whose irony was thickly veiled in a sweet composition, that must have touched the heart of the recipient: Dear Sir,

Your poetical compositions are bound to be remembered after the names of Homer and Shakespeare are forgotten . . . but not unless they are forgotten.

Yours sincerely,
etc.

Here is one which shows to what depths editors can descend:

Dear Sir,

Many thanks for your excellent article. It is rarely our privilege to come across such learned and interesting articles. Much as we would like to use it, we regret that we must suppress our desire for it. It would be impossible for us to maintain the standard of our paper after publishing your magnum opus.

Yours very gratefully,
etc.

This idea has been borrowed from the example of the Chinese editor who is mighty afraid of his contributors and it is only by sending obsequious and servile notes with the rejected manuscript that he saves his neck from immediate peril.

'Most honoured brother of the sun and moon. Your slave is prostrate at your feet. I kiss the ground before you and implore you to authorise me to speak and live. Your manuscript has permitted itself to be looked upon by us and we have read it with enchantment.

'I swear on the tomb of my ancestors that I have never read anything more exalted. It is with fear and terror that I send it back. If I allowed myself to print this treasure the President would immediately order me to use it forever as an example, and forbid me to dare print anything inferior. My literary experience enables me to declare that such literary pearls are only created once in a thousand years and that is why I take the liberty of returning it to you.'

PETER FERNANDES.

We regret to announce the deaths of Sri K. S. Raghavan of the Physics Department and Sri S. N. Kulkarni of the 2/5 B. Tech.

Sri Raghavan was the Assistant Warden of Ganga Hostel. He passed away, after a major heart operation, in Vellore.

Subash Kulkarni passed away under tragic circumstances in a swimming pool in Bangalore.

REQUIESCANT IN PACÉ

THE COW

(This is an extract from an I.A.S. answer paper).

The cow is a wonderful animal also he is a quadruped and because he is a female he gives milk but will do so only when he has got a child. He is same like a God, sacred to Hindus and useful to men. But he has got four legs together. Two are forward and two are afterwards.

His whole body can be utilised for use. More so the milk. What it cannot do? Various cheese, butter, cream, curds, whey, khova and the condensed milk and so forth. Also he is useful to cobblers, watermen and mankind generally.

His motion is slow only. This is because he is of the amptitudinous species and also his other motion is much useful to trees as well as makes fires. This is done by making flat cakes in hand and drying in sun.

He is the only animal that extricates after eating. Then afterwards, he eats by his teeth whom are situated in the inside of his mouth. He is incessantly grazing in the meadows on grass.

His weapons. His only attacking and defending weapons are his horns, especially so when he has a child. This is done by bowing his head whereby he caused his weapon to be parallel to the ground of the earth and instantly proceeds with great velocity forward.

He has got tail also but not like other animals. It has got hairs on the end of the other side. This is done to frighten away the flies which alight on his body and chastises him unceasingly, whereupon he gives hit with it.

The palms of his feet are so soft unto touch, so the grasses he eats would not get crushed. At night he reposes by going down on the ground and then shuts his eyes like his relative, the horse, which does not do so.

This is the cow.

THE BOOK OF PAN

'Wheeze', 'Pant', 'Snore', 'Zzz-zzz'. All these frightening sounds can mean only one thing—Ganga Hostel is asleep. The time is late at night and all the inmates are conscientiously lending their own share in the cacophony of sound issuing.

But wait! One room is lit. One enthralled bounder is in the middle of *The Second Pan Book of Horror Stories* and is determined to reach the end of it before turning in.

And it is now that we come to the second mistake in the sweeping conclusion that the whole of Ganga Hostel is asleep. Here apparently is another fellow who is not.

He makes a strange figure, slipping and creeping from here to there. His movements suggest only one thing and that is the height of Furtivity. The figure is breathing softly, but quickly with excitement, an unholy gleam of pleasure in its eye.

Now he is at the end of the corridor which is in front of the lit room.

Tippy tippy toe, tippy tippy toe.

His progress is sure, his movements noiseless; one moment he is on all fours, the next he is erect. His eyes are on one thing only—the lit room.

He is now one room before the one with the lit window. He raises himself to his full height of five feet seven and a quarter inches, creeps forward purposefully, stops outside the lit window, looks in and says in a sibilant whisper 'Come with me-e-e'.

The bounder inside looks up; he sees two eyes drawn close together, topped by bushy eyebrows. The face is bearded and besides, is partly obscured by a mat of long hair. *The Second Pan Book of Horror Stories* drops from his nerveless hands.

'Aba-aba-aba——!' he whispers.

'Har-de-har har!' roars Gus Gill.

C. K. SHARMA.

THE NAME IS SMITH

This morning I was in a rotten mood, the reason being that while I was rummaging my old files, I found an unopened envelope, addressed to me. I wasn't annoyed by the contents; it was my name on the envelope that seemingly sneered at me. My name, by the way, is Smith, and here was some stupid goat addressing me as Smyth. The cheek!

I admit I'm a bit sensitive about that wrongly inserted 'y' in the middle of my name. This sensitiveness runs in the family. I take pride in my name, and although I bear no grudge against Smyths, I strongly resent others addressing me as Smyth. It's the pride in one's name that's responsible for this resentment, the pride that forces someone to address himself as Smyth, as it forces me to address myself as Smith. The only explanation that I can offer for this ignorance of surnames—and an important one like Smith—is that the bounder doesn't know how to spell.

Like me, R.L.S. was frightfully annoyed when some American publisher printed one of his books. It was not the infringement of the copyright that angered him, but his misspelt name. 'I saw my book advertised as the work of R. L. Stephenson', he ranted, 'and I own I boiled. It is so easy to know the name of a man whose book you have stolen, for there it is, full-length on the title page of your booty. But no, damn him, not he! He calls me Stephenson.'

Yes, there ought to be a law against these pirates of the name, who present the names in mutilated form. I bet none of those louts who prefer to call me Smyth would do so to my face. It is an insult to the Smiths; an insult to a family whose members were present at Agincourt and Plassey, at Lords and at Wimbledon, in the Mayflower and at the Titanic;.....The name may be short, but it is my own, and easily spelt.

One case of misspelt names which comes to my mind is that of a malignant Scot politician who spelt a rival's name as McIntosh, instead of McIntosh because he knew that his rival would boil.....as R. L. S. boiled and as I boiled. It would indeed make any McIntosh's blood boil. Another case, I can recall is that of Jack Parts, a very serious minded individual who happened to be a private in the Army. It was the custom of all the guys in the barracks to call each other as Private Johnson, Private Robertson, etc. One day a smart guy called Stiles called Jack by the name, Private Parts. Now Stiles has Piles.

SMITH (S-M-I-T-H)

Tut - tut : Is this Smyth's work—Ed.

Ex.....

Ya wouldna ken about me if ya hafna read what I wrote about meself in this here rag last year. But in that thar thing I mainly toldum truth. Right now, whether I pull fast ones or push slow ones makes no difference whateffer.

I sat meself before the broken transistor and sorta swore I'd set it right. Sooner'n I done this Venky clumb up the stairs and trotted in.

'Brushing up your 'lectroniks, eh?' he says. Well, I looks round puzzled and told him honest truth I see'd no dust so I warn't brushin' nothin'. He gave a lil' guffaw at this and says, 'Let's go for a flick'.

Boy, it was hot (not the flick, I mean the weather). The bloomin' walk to the theatre seemed longer; so I says, 'It's damn hot, ya see, so the road's expanded in length'. Venky warned me, that if I cruck 'nuther P.J. he'd turn back. So I swore I'd never think scientific no more.

And then comes the shock (a feww zillion volts). 'HOUSE FULL' So Venky says we'll buy black tickets. But I see'd no fun in it 'cause there were no black tickets: they were all pink.

And now before ya boot me outta this here column, G'bye.

KAKE.

Excessive oil consumption in worn engines...

The possible causes are many - oil leaks; vacuum booster pump; may be worn valves, valve guides, seals, and main bearings: or perhaps worn or broken piston rings - if the problem is due to worn piston rings or worn cylinder bores, it is time to replace piston rings or pistons complete, depending upon the actual wear.

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



INDIA PISTONS LIMITED. MADRAS-11



Scourge of the Monopolist

By RAM SITARAM

THE DICTIONARY (Chamber's 20th century) defines a monopolist as one who has sole power of some particular business. *Mad* magazine defines a monopolist as one who uses both the armrests at a theatre. Anyway you define it, I doubt if you could find finer examples of monopolists than the store-keepers at the Shopping centre.

It is very unfortunate that we are so far from civilization and its benefits (and evils, I guess). It means that the normal red-blooded IITian would rather go to the shopping centre and fight than change! And, I mean *fight*.

The shopping centre is a bare hop, skip and a jump away; and under a single roof you are supposed to get all your shopping done (Bah!). There is a Chemist, a Book-store man, and outside this roof, a Barber.

The average bloke decides to go to the Shopping centre with something of the air of an explorer, with mixed feelings of adventure and apprehension. You may ask why the apprehension? Ah! You have betrayed yourself as a foreigner. Anyone who hasn't gone to the shopping centre can't possibly appreciate the 'apprehension' bit.

It's like this.

You have lost half-a-dozen things at the Dhobi's. Thoroughly exasperated you turn to the Laundry. His charges are exorbitant; that means you cut down on the fags. The sign says: THREE DAYS SERVICE. This is just a gag, of course. Delivery takes almost five days. The veteran never goes there on D-Day. It is a sheer waste of time. The 24 hour urgent service may take up to about two days—in spite of this they always *do* demand urgent rates. As the whole shop is con-

sequently in almost constant chaos and bedlam, with cursing customers and apologetic salesmen, it requires quite a bit of courage to go in and demand your duds. The clothes hardly ever come back cleaner than they were before they were sent. You stagger out pale-faced and shaken, having aged terribly in the half-hour that you were inside. To restore your spirits you hike to the neighbouring shop, the Bakery. Here, for a quiet half-hour you guzzle coke and recuperate.

You brace yourself for the last round; no, no just the second round. With clamped teeth and set jaw you stride purposefully to the Tailors.

You ask in an acid tone, 'Is my blasted shirt ready?' He looks up, annoyed. The annoyance changes to apology. 'No sir', he begins. The look on your face causes him to gulp. Manfully he carries on, 'No sir, please sir, I will give it next week'. This is too much. 'Dammit', you explode, 'you were supposed to give me the shirt *last* week'. He cringes: 'I will definitely give it to you next week, sir.' You have had enough. Your one thought is to get out of there. The moment you turn, however, he has forgotten the incident; after all, there is no other tailor nearby.

You stomp out for a hair-cut. The saloon is full. You stare at the conglomeration of humans within waiting to have their locks shorn. You turn around and walk thoughtfully to your bike. You realise rather bleakly that you didn't get anything done. You 'wind your way wearily over the lea, cursing fluently both you and he.'

First Experiences!

We had hardly got over the excitement caused by the pleasant surprise of our admission into the IIT when we found that we had completed one week of academic work in the institute and at the commencement of the second, we were at the workshop. We were eagerly looking forward to this week, since this type of work was novel to us and the change from the usual routine of lectures and taking down of notes was most welcome.

Being inexperienced, we did not know what exactly to do and entered the workshop full of enthusiasm to start off with the work. Instead we found that we had to swallow an hour's instructions before we could get to work. Having seen carpenters and fitters at work we were under the impression that their work was easy as they had used their tools with skilful ease. Sad to say, this was not the case. In our eagerness to achieve perfection, we overlooked the minor technical points which go into the making of a good craftsman. Anyway with aching arms and blistered fingers, to say nothing of sore feet, we continued (has anybody thought of sitting and doing fitting?). We were waiting for the siren to go and when it did—Ooh-la-la!! We then made our way across the countryside to the girls' hostel. The only consolation at the end of the day were the oohs! and the ahs! that were aroused by the proud display of our blisters. So much for the first day.

Prepared though we were for the unexpected, missing breakfast was not something we anticipated. We hung on hopefully till about 7-25 and then we made a quick dash to the workshop on an empty stomach. It was quite apparent that the Kaveri (with due apologies to him) mess manager hadn't heard of Napoleon's famous saying about the 'army marching on its stomach'. The beginner's enthusiasm had worn off a bit and the second day had a trace of gloom. Just a look at our bruised hands was enough to keep us away from the workshop, but alas! It is not left to one's will and pleasure whether to choose to enter or not. The turn-out of the second day wasn't as bad as the first. This made us reconcile ourselves to our lot and gave us a ray of hope and encouragement.

The third day started without breakfast again, but then, one gets used to these things in IIT, we suppose. The models we made were far above our expectations but fell below the standards of the instructor. The rest of the week passed without any further incidents but the satisfaction of having been able to achieve something was so great that it made us forget our privations.

The first 2 days of the Academic Week were spent in a rather uneasy fashion as we happened to be the only 2 girls in the batch. It seemed to us that the boys eyed us with nonchalance. It looked as if they were questioning 'who the devil are these intruders?' Things seemed to improve as the days rolled on. The saying that if you aim at the skirt of gold, you will at least get the hem, influenced our thought.

At the beginning we had felt that we were misfits in the workshop, but practice had showed us that after all we were not as bad as we had imagined ourselves to be. In fact, we have even reached a stage to eagerly await the workshop week—but most certainly not before we have had a good go at the breakfast table!!

USHA RANGAN,
JANAKI SESHADRI.

Alakananda Inaugurated

Yet another river has been added to the road map of our Institute. On the 20th of July, Alakananda was inaugurated by the Governor of Madras, Sardar Ujjal Singh. But 'tis strange, 'tis passing strange, that on a day the Governor of Madras visits the Institute, the main student body is excluded. 'We could not provide tea for all the students' was a lame excuse—the IITian knows well that man cannot live without bread and all that sort of jazz. Let us hope that the authorities do not forget to invite the passing out students for the next Convocation!

But now, we must describe the opening—let us not digress from the manner in which Alakananda shook off its dormancy and slowly meandered its course towards becoming a fully-fledged hostel at IIT, bringing to those myriad rooms and their inhabitants on its

banks, a new way of life—a life full of five year plans to become a Technologist.

The tape was cut and the ceremony began punctually thanks to the genius of the Warden Mr. Mani. The programme consisted in

1. Tree planting.
2. Director's Speech.
3. Tea.
4. Governor's Speech.
5. Introduction of students to His Excellency.
6. Speech by the Warden.
7. Throwing out a few *Campastimes* personnel so that they couldn't get hold of a fresher to write about the opening of Alakananda.

Well freshers, Willkommen to IIT Madras!

—GEM





Mira Bai—15th Century

A Rajput princess, Mira Bai was brought up in all the wealth of her husband's state. Nothing, however, distracted the religious impulse that had inspired her since childhood. Widowed young, she passed the rest of her life as an ascetic, singing the praises of Krishna. Her devotional songs are sung all over the country even today.

Devotion of two women in India and Germany — hundreds of years ago !

St. Elizabeth of Thuringia—13th Century

Wife of Lewis of Thuringia, Elizabeth was brought up at his brilliant court near Eisenach, meeting place of poets and minstrels. Her early passion for religion found mature expression in works of charity. In spite of opposition, she gave continually to the poor. A complete ascetic, she was made a saint shortly after her death.

Women Enter New Spheres of Service — 20th Century

Today, both in India and Germany, women continue the tradition of giving and sharing. More and more women in both countries are actively participating in fields like Education, Medicine, Development and Social Welfare.. contributing to progress.



Shared ideals in the past...
shared endeavour today



FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

CARICATURES



JAIKUMAR

A strange aroma precedes the appearance of this illustrious musk-rat, genus (.) If you think you can sleep peacefully at night you are sadly mistaken. You can be woken up any time by this putrid creature, leering at you from over the window-sill. 'Enna Da,' it says 'I have obtained a fowerfull dejine.' Before one can shut the door, it slithers in. This sub-human species is generally known to answer to the name of Jaikumar.

Anyone who has had the misfortune of lending things to Jai would no doubt have suffered the tragic consequences. After repeated threatening, the only information one can get out of him is 'Vonished, Da.' One of his sad victims is his brother whose bike is now a public vehicle of Velacheri. It is rumoured that he once crawled into class (at 8.25) in his underclothing!

Quite undaunted by the sad lack of mountainous terrain in the campus, this ubiquitous rodent is seen climbing hostel walls at all odd hours. Tiring of this, he exhibits his marvellous feat of balancing on the terrace ledge. We need not bore you, dear reader, by mentioning that this omnipresent creature is also found on Mt. Shilla and like mountains.

His so-called 'fowerfull rocket dejine' which according to him was supposed to reach an altitude of 5,000 feet, instead started its downward descent directly from the launching pad. We wont dispute that this distinguished scion of the F. George family reached supersonic velocity. His 'lovvvly' rocket turned out to be only a pipe swiped from—you know where. (Jack disdainfully claims that he made a better one when he was in his crib back home in Virudhunagar). The judges however seemed impressed and he won a prize for it at the Science Fair last year.

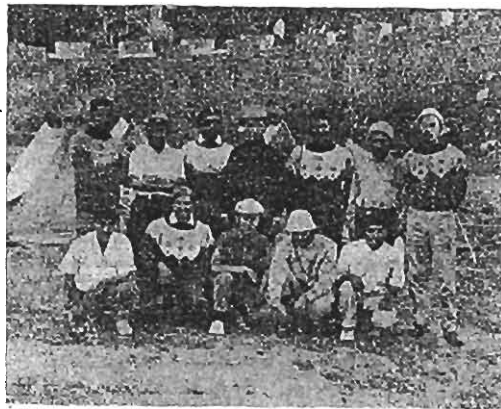
The chairman of the Indian Soap Manufacturers Assn. has recently issued a statement about the heavy losses sustained by the Indian Soap Industry due to non-utilisation of sodium stearite by mister Jaikumar. The statement claims that had he used the appropriate amount of this commodity the industry would have recorded bumper profits. While C. Singh is being actively pursued by characters with flit guns, usually well-informed sources claim that Jai's father has been perseverently endeavouring to spray insecticide on this elusive bandicoot from the air.

Of late, his interests have been channelled into the field of dramatics, in a last and desperate bid to win the admiration of the fair ones. He is not averse to female company—or rather they are not averse to him—after all civet cats in general take kindly to musk-rats. Mr Mendel please note.

There is, however, a more serious facet to his personality. His research in the field of magic squares has been well received by Prof. Nigam and it is to be shortly published in a mathematical journal. He has applied his theories to diverse fields like matrimonial compatibility and industrial engineering. In fact his expedition to Mt. Shilla included astronomical survey, physiological, psychological as well as geological researches amongst its multifarious activities. Though his grades do not speak too well of him, they are no reflection on his IQ, which could well nigh be that of a genius.

Jai's modesty makes him refrain from making it generally known that he is the president of the 'Society of Stone Throwers' (Secretary: Gopal Ramachandran. Minimum qualification for membership: a bag of at least five second floor window panes). Jai's crowning achievement in this sphere of activity has been the plutting of Local's mobike head-lamp—from a distance of fifty yards. (Actually he aimed for a brother rodent—Kit—but that is another story).

Shilla Conquered by Our Mountaineers



Members of the Expedition



George Varghese



Srikant

CONGRATULATIONS

(see Editorial and News 'N' Views)

THE CONVOCATION



ALUMNI MEETING

