

Campastimes

Research & Development

—A report from Subhuman Sciences Laboratories

Professor B. N. Sadist, Dr. (Miss) K. Ann Garoo and Dr. Frank Einstein of the S.S.L. have sent in a report on their studies of mass decontrol of human effort (MDHE), based on data on the probability distribution of activities in a typical IITian Class. They chose, for their study, a batch of the X/Y, Q. Tech. class attending a lecture on moronography.

They found that, contrary to the general belief, the one who is least interested in the lecture is most often—guess who... right!—the lecturer himself.

There are two other notable points in their records.

1. The number of students paying attention to what the lecturer was saying varied with time throughout the period. They have plotted the graph given below.

Some remarkable facts emerge from this.

During the first quarter of an hour, the process of dishing out proxies occupied the attention of a progressively decreasing section of the class. Then, right in the middle of the hour, the poor, tortured creature on the dais lost the remnant of the demitasse of temper he normally possessed; or rather, made a gift of it to the class in general, though, obviously, nobody wanted it. An enterprising spirit at the rear end of the class had kicked a tin can down the length of the room; this explains the abovementioned flare-up and the consequent steep peak in the graph.

The X/Y lecturer in moronography has a unique distinction. He possesses an uncompromisingly loud voice, and excels in verbal pyrotechnics. But not even his linguistic blitzkrieg could sustain any intelligent interest in the proceeding—at least, not any above the level of the much-maligned amoeba.

Perhaps you've caught sight of the wagging tail-end of the graph. And therein lies a tale. What happened is this: some decimalized fraction of a moron, best known to the authorities as a.aaa/ga decided to deviate from the normal pattern of behaviour by asking the lecturer some embarrassing question about the

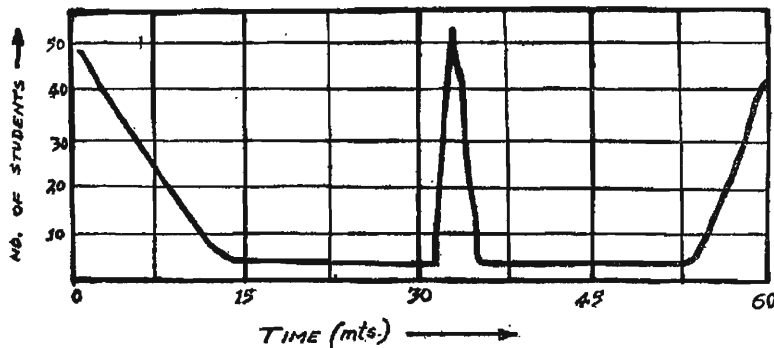
imminent PERIODICAL. A considerable percentage of the hitherto slumbering class perked up and made preparations to grab the pearls let fall by the Prophet, should he perchance have made the tactical blunder of making pre-periodical concessions.

2. The researchers have found that, in general, despite the quantum of solace that a member of the pedagogical profession may derive from this object dependence on his words displayed by the Citizenry of Tomorrow, he experiences a bitter inward revulsion because he knows he is a beaten man, whatever strategy he adopts. If he is tight-fisted with marks, he is marked down as an ineffectual teacher; if he dispenses the needful liberally... well, wouldn't it go against the grain?

It goes without saying that the major section of the class had yielded to the soporiferous air and was 'snatching forty winks, unauthorised', to use Dr. Frank Einstein's own words. There were some hardy specimens, however, who stayed awake despite adverse environmental factors. Professor Sadist paid special attention to such refractory elements in the composition of a class. He finds that, of the seven who stayed awake throughout the period, two were devouring spicy literature, two were involved in a heated debate on the absorbing topic of who would get the prize for 'maximum giving and getting of proxies' this year, and one was writing a letter to his girl friend. That leaves us with two unspeakable creeps who actually LISTENED to the lecture! A pity; otherwise the graph would have touched rock-bottom. Dr. K. Ann Garoo maintains that this cross-section is representative of all the classes conducted in the Institute.

Sadist *et al.*, are going ahead with their research programme—and the next aspect of mass decontrol of human effort to be studied by them is the cloud of unexplained and perhaps inexplicable facts and pseudo-facts that surrounds the construction of our legendary swimming-pool-to-be.

POOTSIMBOOS ŪNOHOO.

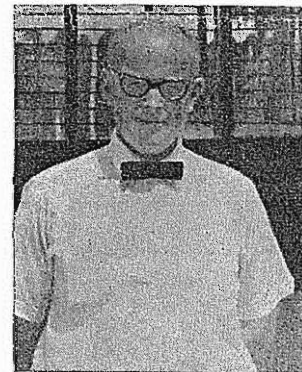


Prof. Heitland Says Goodbye To Us

The evening was cool; two of your reporters shook hands with Dr. Ing. Heitland and sat down on the lawn for an informal chat.

'After staying here for about four years,' the professor said wistfully, 'I feel that I almost belong here!' But then a scientist must (*dock!*) keep abreast of recent developments in his field: Dr. Heitland goes back to the Technische Hochschule, Aachen, where he resumes his post as a member of the staff.

Prof. Heitland received his doctorate for his work on 'Flame Stabilization in Jet Engines.' His *habilitation* thesis was on 'Recombination Processes in rocket nozzles.' He has worked at M.I.T. and Caltech.



Dr. Heitland's work here on the Thermodynamics and Combustions laboratory is completed. He confided that the equipment here is conceivably better than at the Aachen Hochschule.

Comparing the system of education, Dr. Heitland pointed out that while German students can choose their syllabus and take the examination when they are ready, such is not the case in India. This is, perhaps, because Indian students entering the university are young compared to their counterparts in Germany. Nevertheless, he had the following suggestions to make:

(a) There should be team work among the students in both study and project work.

(b) Collaboration must spring up between industries and IIT.

Prof. Heitland has travelled a lot in India. Impressed by Indian craftsmanship, he revealed his interest in Kashmiri carpets 'which are so fine and yet so *billig!*'

Hobbies? Well, his first love is combustion! He can strike a few keys at the piano, loves swimming, and prefers Western classical music to Indian music.

Dr. Ing. Heitland left for Aachen, Germany, on Saturday the 28th October. *Auf Wiedersehen*, Dr. Heitland!

—Campastimes News.

CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

Automotive

For Sale, One Jawa Put-Put, light enough to be pushed all the way to class. Free demonstration. Contact J. Stracey, Ganga Hostel.

Financial

Messrs. Lokanathan and Devakumar of FHUT (Feed Hungry Undergrads Trust) regret to inform their patrons that the interest rates on short-term loans for free-period visits to Knick Knack are hence forth raised from one $\frac{3}{4}$ cup of coffee to one-and-a-half $\frac{3}{4}$ cups of coffee per rupee.

Medica

Wanted, urgently, efficient pair of ear-plugs to withstand self-inflicted, close range, high amplitude audio bombardment.

M. SANYAL, Sick Room, Ganga. P. S. Please include a spare pair.

VISITORS.

Wanted, desperately, second-hand high altitude breathing equipment.

RUDOLPH LOBO (pant ! pant !).

Decorative

Yes, you too can get an 'S' in tutorials and Lab. work : Decorations in all shades undertaken. Visit Gopi's Beauty Parlour.

Prop : V. Gopinath. Grams : 'Van-Gogh'.

Situations vacant

Applications invited for the post of :

1. Deputy Librarian.
2. Junior Librarian.
3. Assistant Librarian.
4. Apprentice Librarian.
5. Spare Librarians.
6. Attenders (25, to man all the entrances and keep the undergraduates at bay. Candidates must bring their own defence equipment).

B.Techs. will be preferred for post (6).

—The Head Librarian, IIT.

Pets

Buying a puppy or a cat ? Send for our lists. Large selection of all popular local breeds. Full (de)tails from

MESS STAFF,
Jamuna Hostel.

Removal Service

I am a specialist in door-to-door removals. Apply to

PACHA,
Godavari Hostel.

Education

Learn while you sleep. Details of method, equipment, and others from

N. P. KANNAN,
Secretary,
Sleep Learning Society.

Safari

Want excitement ? Join the one-hour mini-trek expedition across IIT lake. Write to or meet in person

Secretary,
Outdoor Club.

Wanted

A bucket full of bolts to feed our bucket-of-bolts. Contact one of us.

—BATTY, KAMMY, GUS, RAM, C. K.

Wanted—

"DIVERTS"

FOR

THIS RAG

Inhuman Bondage

All the characters and establishments in this story are purely fictional. Any resemblances, real or imagined, to living persons and existing institutions are merely coincidental. The author offers his earnest apologies to any person who is likely to take objection to any part of the manuscript.

P. UNOHOO.

I

At First . . .

It was all up with me. The satyr's grin had highlights of sheer evil. With a mocking, derisive yell he raised the flaming sword and . . . and . . .

'Pootsimboos !!' The ferocious snarl startled me into wakefulness. 'This is the third time I've caught you sleeping in my class. Tell me, what should I do with you ?' A smouldering gaze laced through my bemused consciousness. 'The satyr !' thought I. Not quite knowing what exactly was happening I drooled out an indeterminate, 'Let me go.' A psychologically conditioned reaction, if you ask me. After all, the satyr had been about to commence on the abominable task of eviscerating me (shudder) in a way anyone would hate. . . . So I can hardly be blamed for wanting the thing to let me go. My mistake lay in answering the lecturer as I would have answered the satyr.

'Let you go, eh ?' Lecturer X took an unseemly pleasure in uttering these words. He seemed to be enjoying the situation to the full. 'Yes, I think that would be a very good idea. Henceforth you are free from the responsibility of being even physically present in my class. All my classes !' He smacked his lips as he said the last few words. 'The door,' said the self-fancied humorist, 'is over there.' With that, he turned to the board and started scribbling some hairy formula.

Slowly, my mind began to come out of its eclipse and one by one the happenings of the last few moments began to register themselves and their full import dawned on me. My position was succinctly summed up by the phrase 'booted out of class for indulging in a post-prandial snooze.'

My tormentor turned back to the class. 'Oh, you're still here. I thought I had excused you from our company. PLEASE let us carry on with our work.' He appeared to be very earnest about it.

With a sigh and a sheepish grin, I shambled out of class. I consoled myself with the thought that I had got attendance for being present through half a lecture. Perhaps he would have forgotten all about it the next time he saw me in class. . . .

It was all very unfair. I mean, if you understood all the facts leading up to the events just recounted, perhaps you will change your opinion about my proneness to drop off for a doze at odd times.

Consider, first, the fact that a heavy meal is likely to render you as sleepy as Rip Van Winkle. You see, I had been starving myself for a few days—the grub in the mess simply wasn't edible. Then one day they got the brilliant idea of letting us have something we could sink our teeth into. Spurred on by a week-long hunger, I tucked into the stuff right royally, indifferent though it (the grub) might have been by normal standards. Any physiologist will tell you that a heavy meal after a period of zero caloric intake is liable to result in an attack of profound drowsiness. And so it was with Pootsimboos Unohoo.

As if that weren't enough, along comes my old pal, the lecturer, and tempts me to commit this grievous sin. I have a theory that Lecturer X has a very remarkable power—he has a hypnotic voice. Otherwise how could he put you to sleep so quickly and effectively and effortlessly ? You stride into class possessed by a determination to assimilate as much of the lecture as your poor wits can take in, imagining that you can save yourself some mugging that way, and before you can say 'hot sheep' you find yourself floundering in an ocean of drowsiness, fighting back the

swelling waves that soon submerge your consciousness. You catch yourself nodding once . . . twice . . . and form an unshakable determination not to pop off . . . and in doing so you sink into the awesome somnolent depths.

These two factors, combined, proved too powerful for me ; indeed the mighty have overcome even a confirmed insomniac.

* * * *

II

And then . . .

The Mad Scientist heard about the above incident. He is chock full of theories ; he added one more to his stupendous stockpile with the data furnished by my case.

Oh, you haven't met the Mad Scientist ? What, you don't even know who he is ! 'Tut, tut ! Such ignorance. . . . Well, never mind ; you'll probably know too much about him by the time I've finished.

'FRANK EINSTEIN.' That's what the guys around this joint call him. He has earned the name several times over—in more ways than one, oh, many more.

Well, that particular evening he decided to grace my room with his august presence. He dropped in : metaphorically and literally.

I am, by nature, polite and considerate. So I forbore from employing my pedal extremities to erase him from the landscape. Another, more uninhibited, might have acted otherwise.

With good reason. Frank Einstein is no normal monster. HE GABS ! Miles and miles ; all about his 'theories'. No man can know peace with Frank Einstein within earshot.

In other respects he is tolerable—did I hear a vehement 'No ! ! ?' Come, ladies and gentlemen, let us be charitable. I admit that he is a trifle too thin and bony and generally 'One-dimensional' for conventional tastes, but one must accept the fact that this is not his fault. Some of my friends speculate as to what sort of reinforcement his neck must have in order to be able to bear his head, and as to when his somewhat oversized cranium is going to come apart at its moorings—but, well, all that is beside the point. As I was saying, good ol' Frank is okay bar his besetting sin.

He had a funny look in his eyes which should have warned me that he had something up his sleeve and that I was going to experience rough weather. 'Poots,' said this gem of creation, 'I heard that Mr. —, shooed you out of class for snatching forty-winks, unauthorised. Tell me, does this happen often ?'

He looked so eager for information that I didn't have the heart to say everything that fought for expression in my mind. I decided to humour him for a while.

'Yeah. It sure does. I sleep a sight too much and too often for my liking. I wonder how some of the freaks around here can make do with a couple of hours of sleep per diem.'

'Adjustment, ol' boy, adjustment to environmental factors. With a little bit of trying, even sleepy heads like you should be able to reduce their periods of sleep, and that, per se means that abnormal behavioural patterns can be impressed by voluntary conditioning. You know, I have a theory about that. . . .'

'Yes, yes ! I know' I cut in, hastily. There was an awkward pause in which he probably wondered how in tarnation I had got the dope on his pet theories. 'But what cheeses me up,' I continued, 'is that I keep forgetting all the details of my juiciest dreams. Suddenly, I wake up with the conviction that I've been having a sugar an' honey dream and ask myself why in Shivering Shangrila I have to get up. I sigh for the sunshine and smiles of my vague dream-world and turn around to face the wan dead realities of everyday life.' I stopped short, realizing that I was getting poetic. God knows what there is about Frank to inspire one with poetry.

'Funny you should say that,' he observed with an owlish glare around my room. 'As a matter of fact I am developing a theory on the retention of dreams in a person's memory.'

(Contd. on p. 6, col. 2)

COMIC STRIP— ARUN JAIN

If, one night, just as you're setting off for an after-dinner stroll, you are shaken out of your reverie by someone who approaches you in what can only be called a sinister combination of The Crawl and The Mexican Shuffle, don't be alarmed: it's only Jain taking his digestive walk (he'd never walk for pleasure). If he further proceeds to thrust out his hand, jerk his head back, shove his foot forward (right hand-left foot) and laugh, don't be alarmed—he is only greeting you. Some of his older acquaintances have compromised by adjusting themselves to his sequence of movements, at the same time keeping a wary eye on his left foot. A sensitive plant, he'd no doubt be greatly hurt if snubbed and would turn away with a wounded, 'O.K., Yar, _____!'

He is equally conspicuous during the day and can be spotted as the guy groping his way along the HSB corridors with his dark goggles on. According to him as long as there is light, 'A gog is man's best friend.' Someone quite cattily suggested that he should sleep with them on in case the sun should peep out in his dreams!

Come 4 o'clock and Jain locks himself up in his room, dead to the world. No amount of knocking disturbs him—mainly because his radio is on so loud. Bitter complaints and wrathful glances have been cast in his direction but his faith in loud music remains unperturbed. Many a stroke of Ferni's (his Saraswathi neighbour) paint



brush have been the result of involuntary jerks as new dimensions in sound were attained next door. But its all been worthwhile, for Jain's interest in jazz has greatly multiplied; in fact, he's recently heard to quite casually drop tongue-twisters like 'Ella Fitzgerald'!

First on the list of Jain's interests is Jeeves. Yours truly knows from bitter experience as he was cornered the other day to go 'halves' on a new P.G.W. book. Riding has been pursued with much doggedness and, though grave doubts were cast as he was seen off on his maiden ride, last year, he has managed to stay on the horse and has, contrary to popular belief, turned out to be a medium-rare rider. His exploits on his cycle have not been so uneventful. One's mind reverts to that sunny day when Jain had a head-on—or rather, midriff-on—collision with a village woman which led to some unsavoury remarks on her part and a misunderstanding among the male folk. Anyway, Jain came through, a few words the wiser but unscathed.

Unlike his extra-curricular activities his academic performance has been very good and he's been hitting an average 'A'. When called upon to, he can pale the top-brass 'Crammers' to insignificance and turn up at the exams looking like something out of Edgar Allan Poe.

One does not see eye to eye on everything he does, but, on the whole, Jain is a very likeable sort with a natural flair to amuse; as his friend Jeeves would say 'Quelle Vistas Sans Vire' (??)—which, I suspect, is only why he likes himself so much!

M.G.

Who cares about your air travel?

You do, of course. But so does BOAC—very much. BOAC has a worldwide reputation for taking good care of its passengers. Each flight with BOAC seems a new experience—because BOAC is never happy to stay the same airline two days running. All the time, all over the world, its planes shine brighter, its seats feel deeper, its food tastes better. BOAC cares about people—that's why people care about BOAC.

ALL OVER THE WORLD BOAC TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

 **BOAC**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
IN ASSOCIATION WITH AIR-INDIA AND QANTAS



EDITORIAL

Having dispensed with a major issue, the Terminal examination, the IITian, naturally wishes to sit back. But, with the Inter-IIT Meet not very far off, our Institute's performance in the field of sports in retrospect is worthy of scrutiny. The review would definitely show that our potentialities as sportsmen far exceed our achievements. This is the time when our sportsmen should put their best efforts into the game—free as we are from academic hindrances. The captains of the teams are optimistic about our performance, judging from our record in inter-collegiate matches this year. Team spirit and enthusiasm should help us to come up to the mark at least this year.

The inclusion of cultural activities in the programme should help to make the Meet a fuller and more satisfying experience. Surely, the debates, quizzes, etc., added to the Meet will more than justify the extra expenditure involved. Two or three of the IIT Directors did favour such an inclusion. We hope that the proposal will be implemented as soon as possible.

The Inter Hostel entertainment competition is anticipated with mixed feelings, as we are reminded of the incidents that marred the show last year. That was the event that sparked off vociferous tendencies in the IITian. Though the stentors are free to hold their own opinions, they should realise that their noisy objection to a mediocre item tends to disturb a neighbour who prefers to watch the show in peace. Further, it discourages budding artistes from exhibiting their talents on the stage. This unbecoming trait must be eliminated.

The easy beginning of a new term reminds us of the unstinting work that has been put into the swimming pool. It is a pity that the work done by the NCC cadets last year, and that of other volunteers, has not been rewarded by the completion of the pool. That we have the means, the materials and the manpower has been ably demonstrated in several ways. This points to a lack of inclination.



Letter to the Editor

A NOTE OF DISSENT

Dear Sir,

I hope you will be kind enough to publish this criticism of the synopsis of the discussion on regionalism etc.

The very first sentence is highly illogical. If making an Indian language the link language is unfair to the majority, is not giving a foreign language that position unfair to a much bigger majority? In a multilingual society such as ours, it is rational and sensible to use as link language the one known to as many as possible.

The masses do not require a link language—indeed! This approach is remarkably that of a detestable snob who has nothing but contempt for his fellow countrymen. It is such talk, more than anything else, which harms the case for English. How can the people be expected to listen to a set of persons declaring in all seriousness that a large majority of them do not require a link language? One can only feel sorry for people who are so completely out of touch with reality.

What follows is a staggering prevarication of truth. It is undeniable that in India the

number of literate persons is many times the number of those who know English. If the participants in the seminar believe that the literate have English as their link language, they are either very ignorant or very much given to day-dreaming. They seem to have confused literacy with knowledge of English.

It is very unfortunate that the participants have done exactly what they warn others not to do—bringing in sentiments and personal and petty thoughts when dealing with national issues. Our proficiency in a language and/or our love for it should never blind us to the larger interests of the nation.

The other conclusions are noteworthy—especially the one advocating restraint in the introduction of regional languages in higher education. One wishes, however, that more attention had been paid to the problems of staff-student relationship, to the solution of which the participants could have been expected to make worthwhile contributions. Uttering well worn platitudes will not solve the problems.

Yours etc.

R. RAJASEKHAR.

THE CASE OF THE POISONER-COOK

'A most curious affair, Holmes,' I said, closing the paper and shaking my head. He was, as usual, smoking a pipe and gave me a smile with meaning ripe.

'Read the paper and tell me the history of what is called the *Alaknanda Mystery*.' 'Four students,' I began, 'have been sent to the hospital with the stamp "urgent."'

'The sambar has been declared suspect and the Law is out the cook to get.' Said Holmes to me, 'All's not said and done, This came while you were on your morning run.'

He gave me a letter with profound glee. 'What do you make of it?' asked he. 'Nothing at all!—What could I say? 'Tis tough to copy his discerning way.

'This paper,' said he, 'is full of meaning. Written with the left hand, for a beginning. Also, the man is a cook by profession, and meeting me tonight does seem his obsession.

'This cook,' Holmes said, 'was in a hurry. Don't you see the mark of the curry? That shows he's a cook, beyond all doubt, and he will be here before day is out.

'That he's a lefty is shown by this ink; and here he is now,' said Holmes with a wink. Both of us heard a knock at the door, and now a man shuffled across the clean floor.

'Good sirs,' said he, 'help me you must. The students, they're swearing they'd turn me to dust.

I'm a good cook, well known for my soups. And have testimonials from big men and dupes.'

'We shall certainly come,' Sherlock Holmes boomed, 'Not knowing (or knowing?) the danger that loomed. The poor man departed, his cheeks wet with tears. And we went there next day to allay his fears.

'The students will be back,' he called out to us, and suddenly kicked up a row and a fuss. 'I made this poison . . . er . . . er . . . *payasam*; I cooked it and cooked it and made it wholesome.'

Holmes took it from his hand and vehemently drank. He felt like a lead shot—to tell you a frank. 'Ha!' said the scoundrel, 'My work here is done. Professor Moriarty can have all his fun.'

Holmes got to his feet, and spat at the skunk; The rascal grew pale and knew he was sunk. 'I knew this,' said Holmes, with a wink and a smile, and before speaking further, relaxed for a while.

'His acting did give me the required clue, and when he said "poison", away my doubts flew. Arrest him; MacGregor!'—for he too had come— 'Now comes the other big case on page one.'

—C. S. KRISHNAN.



Examinations in IIT are not extraordinary, nor the students who write them day-in and day-out; but the interaction of these two has produced unique results. Fundamental to any investigation of the interaction of the IITian and his milieu, is that great phenomenon responsible for the distinctive vitality of our classroom lives—the stooage acts.

The term is self-explanatory but a definition follows for those who are not tuned to the local frequency. 'A stooage act is a word or deed of exceptional stupidity, reflecting a mental age of 6 to 8, perpetuated on a fellow human, designed to provoke a reaction in the form of a word or deed of comparable stupidity, reflecting a mental age of 4 to 6.' The age limits are flexible but only on the lower side.

The most widely performed one is the production of sound and pain by masterminding the collision of a projectile with a front bench nut. Having been organically connected to the nut part of the collision pair several times, I can vouch for the intensity and the effectiveness of the sound and the pain in producing the desired consequences. A normal guy would wait for the end of the class before locating the moron responsible for the act and try to help him back into society, but who wants to be normal anyway. Alliances are initiated; pacts are sealed; the war is on. Files go up, heads take cover, fire is returned; pain is shared; the act is on. Never having taken to range-practice seriously, the chaps are awful shots. More nuts are hit; more retaliation ensues; a blood bath commences.

Then . . . a miscalculation; a cock eye; a sucked target; a shell overshoots on to the platform; soars higher; hits the blackboard; sometimes the man. Deathly quiet. Inner jubilation. Great expectations.

Being more normal, the man on the platform doesn't return fire and, thank God, he doesn't; for, if he did, he could cause havoc with his unlimited supply of ammunition. Instead, he delivers a harangue on how we will be engineers in a few years and how we must grow up and things like that. He doesn't stir a conscience nor enlighten a soul for he is up against a grass roots IIT occurrence—the stooage act.

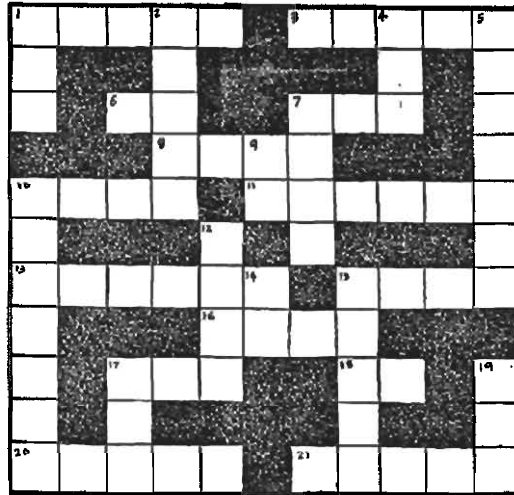
A timely jab in the ribs when the neighbour is talking to the lecturer, can produce results with high entertainment content. Retaliation will come but who cares, that's half the show. Then there are the routine cases of vanishing glasses and slippers, of restless fingers and of itching feet.

Stooage acts are, by no means, confined to the classroom. Can a man and his nature ever separate? On Saturday evenings, after a whole week's contact with the 'environment', congregated under a topless roof, exposed to the scintillating caresses of nature, resonating with a thousand throbbing hearts, every IITian sheds his last veneer of normalcy and here on display is the total outcome of the interaction between man and his 'world' in IIT—his neuroses, his geniuses, his frustrations, and his P.J.'s. The biggest act of buffoonery in the world is better witnessed than described.

For ages, men have been searching for an elixir to jump back from old age to youth. We, here, obsessed as we are with fundas, have gone to the root of the problem. We have evolved a simple ritual for jumping back from youth to childhood. We have proved that no man need grow up, who does not wish to do so.

VIJAY REDDY

QUICK CROSSWORD



CLUES

ACROSS

1. What you might expect a lot of people to do at the Confluence, only they don't. (5)
3. He can't look sharp here if he does it. (5)
6. A feather in an artist's Cap—worshipped in ancient Egypt. (2)
7. It's rich and it's mine. (3)
8. If it's grand when you are vulnerable, life's most jolly. (4)
10. It may be threaded unless there's yards and yards of it. (4)
11. Keep it for machines—not for people. (6)
13. A bone of an arc? (6)
15. A hundred before unity—fascinating sections. (4)
16. It's black, but being foreign it's beastly as well. (4)
17. Generously endowed with avoiddupois. (3)
18. Not for breakfast, for instance. (2)
20. Why follow a peer of the realm? He rose with the lark. (5)
21. Most folk think of the Constitution, but they could apply it to themselves, too. (5)

DOWN

1. A nitwit originates rubber. (3)
2. If he's got you on this, butter him up fast. (5)
4. Hostesses like you for breaking it. (3)
5. 'Twas—, 'twas passing—. (7)
7. Not an appeal, sirs, but a sign. (4)
9. In the year of our lord. (2)
10. Damn it, there's one at Faraka. (7)
12. The Quorn and the Pytchley foster it. (4)
14. Consequently. (2)
15. We were all reputed to be this in the 1st year, but we have fallen on evil days, or perhaps something was wrong with the cows. (5)
17. Mink doesn't grow on trees. (3)
19. The last clue—distressing but inevitable. (3)

(Solution on page 6 column 1)

By S. PARAMESHWARAN.

Campastimes invites articles and
cover designs for the
Institute Magazine 1967-'68

Physics Lab. Record

14-8-67.

Expt. No. 3.

Mirror Galvanometer

Aim: (a) To hook from the laboratory before 2 p.m.

(b) To rush to Eros cinema.

Apparatus: A senior's record, plus all the junk that is on the table.

Theory: (a) When the circuit is open for a millisecond, there is a kick in the galvanometer. Similarly, when the seniors' record is opened for five milliseconds, there is a kick in your pen and readings from the senior's record surge into your record.

(b) $l.a.b. + l.i.f.t = g.a.t.e$

$g.a.t.e + 10^P = E.r.o.s$

Where $E.r.o.s = \text{Adyar} + \text{a small distance } \Delta s.$

All dimensions in Rationalised M. K. S. (Madras Knavery Society) system.

Procedure: First, lounge around the lab. for sometime. Then connect all the wires to make the apparatus look jazzy. Avoid shocks and explosions. Now look around. After making sure that all magnetic materials and tutors are far ramoved from the apparatus, carefully transfer a few lines from one record to another. If the lecturer comes too near, slip into the next room and suck a piece of ice from a calorimeter. If you feel like it, get into a small scrap with someone. Meanwhile, pick the friend who is going to cough up for you at the cinema. Now come back and resume cogging. Check for the lecturer after 5, 10, 15, 20 minutes.

Draw a line between the lecturer on one axis and yourself on the other. The line will intersect only at the lab. Now apply formula (b).

Precautions: (i) The seniors' record should contain only 'A' or 'S' grades.

(ii) Don't quit the lab. too early. Else the lecturers will make you repeat the experiment six times or more.

Result: Met the lecturer at the cinema (!)

—VENKY.
KAKE

FOLKS!

COME UP WITH

CARTOONS & WRITE UPS

FOR

The December Issue

—Campastimes

Solutions to Quick Crossword

ACROSS

1. Skate 3. Slips 6. RA 7. Ore 8. Slam
10. Bolt 11. Design 13. Radius 15. Cone
16. Noir 17. Fat 18. Eg 20. Early
21. Amend.

DOWN

1. Sap 2. Toast 4. Ice 5. Strange 7. Omen
9. AD 10. Barrage 12. Hunt 14. So 15.
Cream 17. Fir 19. Sad

Inhuman Bondage—(Contd. from p. 2)

I began to regret my expansive mention of dreams. 'Do you know,' he continued with an air of imparting a secret, 'that some steroids can influence the retaining capacity in such cases? Take 17 X-ethinyloestradiol, for example,' the sap actually pronounced the word (or words). 'Well, this drug has a potency all beyond my expectations. But I still think that pregnenolone is the most effective. These pills,' he said, producing a fistful from some recess in the voluminous folds of his attire, 'have a pregnenolone content of only .025 milligrammes each, yet even ONE is capable of giving you an ink print memory as regards dreams.' His eyes grew sly. 'Want to see if they work?'

In spite of myself, I had become morbidly interested in his chatter. 'Where did you get these pills?'

'From the Chemist's. Why?'

I took a couple of them in the palm of my hand and stared at them dubiously. 'What are they used for, any way?'

'Ahem... ah... do you really want to know?'

'I'd be a darn sight happier if I knew.'

'Actually, pregnenolone is a new drug, recently put on the market. It is supposed to accelerate perystaltic contraction during the ante-parturitional period of gestation.'

That much Greek and about as clear as mud to me. All the same I nodded and looked wise in order to avoid another dose of abracadabra from Frank. I place the pills in some corner of my room and completely forgot about them.

Soon, I was desperately casting about for a stragem to kick the blighter out of my room. The creep had launched out in a description of Professor Handlebaum's latest theories. He cavorted around the room babbling about superdense Pluto and Cronos and Sol- β . He grew positively ecstatic as he bumbled about 'alien creatures with brains of microcrystalline integrated circuits and molten metal in their vascular systems. . . .

I was a distraught person when I finally escaped from his soul-shattering brand of third degree.

As might have been expected, I was left with a mighty big headache. You know the type—throb, throb, throb, twinge, throb, throb, etc. the whole works. I looked around for some analgesic tablets—*aspirin* or something. I chanced upon a couple of them in one odd corner. There was nothing startling in their appearance, so I swallowed them and chased them down with a swig of water.

Little did I realize. . . .

III

And so write *finis* . . .

The ground was trembling violently and a lurid reddish glare lit up the sky. Buildings were being slowly twisted out of shape. A booming, crashing sound signalled the disintegration of a large, seemingly solid structure to the left. A cascade of stones and dust nearly buried me. One poor fellow, pinned down by a large block of masonry nearby, was wailing out for help in a curiously flat monotone. A water-pipe burst and sent a shower of cool water through the shimmering air. Above the general chaotic roar, a new powerful droning note swelled up rapidly to a screaming crescendo.

I looked up. A brilliant white light blotted out anything else that I could have seen. I closed my blinded eyes . . . hardly felt the wave of hot gas that swept over the ground. . . . So pleasant to float inert into the stygian darkness. . . .

'Carbon, hydrogen, Oxygen. A protein-based metabolism. Biochemical neural logic. This specimen is not very badly damaged. Shall we examine it?'

I can't say how I managed to understand the words—or perhaps they were just ideas. Nevertheless, I did understand. Obviously,

somebody or something was communicating with somebody else.

I opened my eyes.

For a few moments, what I saw didn't register. There were three weird objects in front of me. Chunks of gleaming metal interlaced by filamentous networks of copper-coloured wire—that's how they appeared to me. They radiated heat like a set of blast furnaces. Behind them, and all around, were banks upon banks of metallic panels coloured an indeterminate steel grey.

I had stopped thinking—I merely observed.

'Shall I establish contact?' again, I understood, though, certainly, no words were spoken.

'Go ahead.'

Then I realized that there was a transparent partition between me and the objects. I caught a highlight reflected from the glass-like screen when one of the aggregations of metallic chunks moved slightly.

'No need to trouble. It responds to our own frequency.'

'Remarkable! We'll clock all the data we can about it. Switch on the data-logger.'

I felt absolutely nothing.

'Shall I transmit directly to it on an intelligence-to-intelligence basis?'

'Okay.'

'You know,' somebody was saying in a conversational tone of voice, 'we didn't mean to wreck your part of planet Sol III. We didn't realize that a low-temperature civilization could have developed and survived. It was a complete stop to us, to discover that we had caused such widespread destruction amongst another intelligent race. The power unit on our high-speed landing craft was responsible. We regret the incident very much.'

'Who are you?' I found no difficulty in thinking these words out aloud.

'We are inhabitants of the planet you would call Sirius IV. Right now we are colonising all the habitable worlds in our part of the Galaxy. Sol or Helios, your star, is on the periphery of our region. Sol I is the only planet suitable for us in this system.'

Some lurking fragment of memory urged me to ask, 'you don't, by any chance, have brains with microcrystalline integrated circuits and molten metal in your vascular systems?'

'Of course, we do.'

'Do you know anything about sol β or Cronos?'

'Sol β ? Ah, yes. It is the planet you call Pluto. It was a star originally—the dominant member of the sol α -8 system. It blew up and now only a fragment of its core is left at its original location. It is superdense, you know, with a specific gravity of about 50. All your planets are left overs of the outer mantle of Sol- β . Cronos? That was Sol- α 's fifth planet. If disintegrated and parts of its core now form the asteroids.'

I couldn't rest. 'Why did Cronos disintegrate?' 'For the same reason that your own planet is doomed to be destroyed in a short while. It's people played with too many nasty weapons.'

Then the creature told me that they were taking me to Sirius IV. They have an interstellar zoological museum there. . . .

Earth, they tell me will disappear in a few days.

I know it's all a dream—but can anyone tell me how stop it? Or at least how to forget it? Every night I continue dreaming where the previous night dream left off.

You don't believe me? Just go and ask FrankEinstein for some of his pregnenolone pills.

And for Heaven's sake think of something nice before you go to sleep each night.

Yours in dire distress,
FOOTSIMBOOS UNOHOO.

LETTRICKS Competition!

Have Fun !

Enter this brand new competition !!


THE BEST ENTRIES
WILL BE PRINTED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

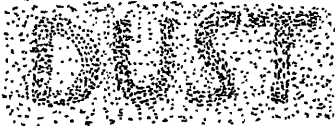
*Attractive prizes will be awarded (no kidding this time)
to the most humorous and ingenious LETTRICKS*


HAND IN YOUR EFFORTS TO YOUR
PUBLICATIONS REPRESENTATIVE PRONTO !

Your Entries must be ORIGINAL



Here are some Lettricks to warm up with :

ANTICLIMAX:  THATS TORN IT



W A E
N O R  ENTRIES

BUM  UNDER - WEAR

L ST? MISPLACED? NO, JUST HIDDEN

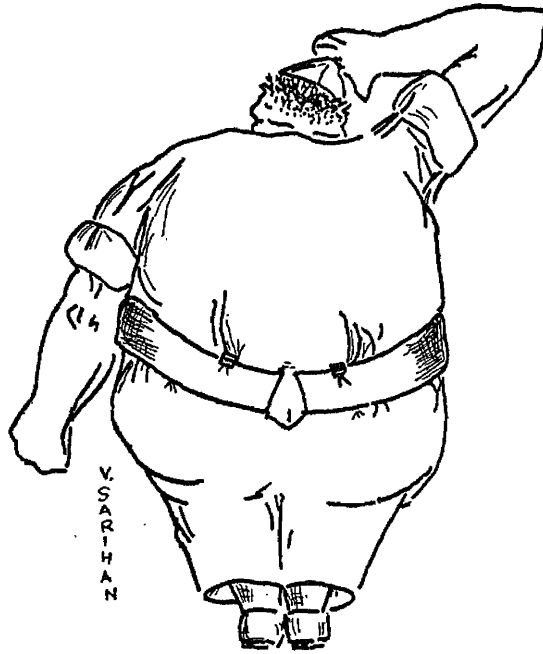
HICCUP  DITCH 

Darn, thats the third time he missed

  Nasradus

I am Maithreyan — *the* Maithreyan, of course. My vital statistics after the summer vacation are 50-60-50. In the language of the layman, this is the equation to a Barrel. I have a great physique. (Any questions?) when I walk, no guy ever misses me; I rarely miss anyone. I speak well. Even my seniors who ragged me know this. I have defeated left Honbl. Parameshwaran (III/5) by speaking for hours on nothing. I am the chief distraction in the N.C.C. It is funny this year the uniform does not fit me. Last year it did — almost. So I attend all parades in mufti. The other cadets envy my unceremonious arrival. I roll into the parade ground five minutes late and get my attendance. The way I charge up to my officer is a thrill to watch. It is exciting as I stop inches of him. My body vibrates, setting up sympathetic vibrations all round.

Autobiography



I am a good sport. Only occasionally I borrow drawing paper, pencil, tape, etc. from my friends. At other times I *take* paper, pencil, tape, etc. from them. I have been elected representative of the II/5 class. I did 'solicit' the votes before the election. However, the work of a class representative is not defined well. (Pssst! I hope it remains undefined.) I need hardly tell you how much my parents love me. They claim that I am as good as ten geniuses put together. It is partly true. The II year morons call me Hardy — not the eminent author, but the famed Oliver Hardy. They tell me:—'Mike, never bike, (you can't), just hike!' Goodbye, now; I'm getting late for the parade. Time to be rolling on. —MAITHREYAN.

GNAN.

HI, HAVE YOU SUBMITTED YOUR THIRTEENTH TUTORIAL! TOMORROW IS THE LAST DATE. WE GOT TO DO ATLEAST TEN PROBLEMS!



BY THE WAY, YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE RECORD? WE GOT TO SUBMIT IT TOMORROW! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS IF WE DON'T! SEE YOU!



ONE MORE THING! HE SAID HE WILL TAKE VIVA TOMORROW! YOU BETTER GO THROUGH THE FIRST FIVE CHAPTERS IN — SEE YOU!



ANOTHER THING! YOU REMEMBER, PROF.— ASKED US TO COME PREPARED FOR HIS CLASSES. HAVE YOU BEEN IN TOUCH WITH THE BOOK ALL THESE DAYS! O.K. YAR!



OH HELL! I FORGOT ABOUT THE PERIODICAL. YOU KNOW WE ARE HAVING A PERIODICAL TOMORROW. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO START MUGGING. THERE IS SO MUCH TO CRAM! "O.K." - GOOD LUCK



WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT UP AND MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! I HAVE GOT ENOUGH PROBLEMS OF MY OWN. WHY DON'T YOU TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE, FOR A CHANGE.

