

Campastimes

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10 nP.

A CALL TO THE YOUTH AN ASSURANCE TO THE NATION A CHALLENGE TO THE CHINESE

EXCLUSIVE TO 'CAMPASTIMES'

People talk all the time; and of all sorts of things. But these days it seems there is only one subject that occupies the mind of everyone who talks. As the tempo on the border increases we shall talk more and more of the Chinese aggression on our Northern borders.

It is this subject that is occupying more minds than anything has ever done so far on the sacred soil of our motherland.

Every man is voicing his opinion on the subject. Everyone has developed an almost instinctive hatred for the Chinese, (not that they don't deserve it) and is ready to lynch them if he could. The nation is, for the first time beginning to understand that it is a nation. The fight with the Chinese is a momentous event, not only because it is a question of integrity and honour of the soil we feed ourselves from, but it has made every one thus fed, realize that he is an INDIAN.

This may seem absurd but I can assure you that the Chinese attack has done more for our country than could all the Councils of National Integration, all the seminars on the subject, and all the national leaders combined.

But that is as far as the advantages of the Chinese attack go.

The pertinent question that every sane person with all the backing of reason would ask is, 'What have we done, or what are we going to do about the monstrous menace on our border?' We are all well aware of the fact

that uptill now we have only suffered reverses; the Chinese have been moving slowly but surely further and further into the Indian territory. It is all very well for the politicians and statesmen to sit and ponder over the friendly relations that once existed between these two countries and hope for a peaceful solution of this problem.

But the pulse of the ultimate force in the country, 'the people' is beating a different tune. To their so called 'limited vision' there is only one solution and that is an all out open repulsion of the enemy on all fronts with all the resources we can muster up.

There may, however, exist a small, nay, insignificant portion of the people who may tell you that Huo Tsang once visited this country and called it great and glorious, and that somewhere in the early fifties Mao Tse-Tung called us a mighty nation and said that a great friendship had been the symbol of Sino-Indian relations for centuries.

These people may even be hoping to see these good old days again. But, they are living in a Fool's Paradise, and like a fool do not know that it is so.

What counts, is the present, the time of action, and not the past, which is dead.

Once the people have solemnly pledged their support to the cause of an all out war, the government has no right to delay the action. If they claim to represent the nation,

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A Question of Policy

The Chinese have extended their aggressive tactics to the far flung quarters of NEFA. Every sector of this frontier of ours is under heavy fire and military patrol. The pressure has steadily grown, the shooting has spread and our brave jawans have shed their blood.

There is, now, no time to talk of Sino-Indian friendship through the ages; of Huen-Tsang and other Chinese scholars walking across the barren Gobi Desert to study and learn at Indian Universities. This is, now, no time to talk of terms of principles and policies of non-alignment. After all, alliances and non-alliances are not really matters of policy. Not in a time like this! Even Britain formed alliance with Communist Russia against Hitler. Was it then a matter of abandoning policy? We should not blink our eyes and say that there is no war, because it has not been declared. There is, now, no time for anything but for action. Organised action.

Ever since the Chinese first clashed with Indian Troops in Ladakh three years ago; since those nine soldiers gave their lives at the purple altar that commanded them to action; ever since, and even more so now the people have responded to the Call. The people are whole-heartedly behind the Government—prepared to take any steps to repel the intruder—to annihilate the expansionist. From every section of the nation has come a readiness to sink personal differences and grievances. Furthermore, the drive to donate blood for the pall-bearers and safeguards of our extended frontiers only goes to show the extent to which feeling has been roused. Humble people from all sections of the population have given away their hard earned savings for this cause. When the shoeless boys of Delhi donated their entire days earning or when the Jubbulpore Prison inmates donated blood and decided to fast for two days, they gave of their own accord, not because they were asked, but because they realised that now He was an INDIAN. It has to be, not 400 million Indians fighting their lone battles but ONE INDIAN fighting the aggressor.

The Chinese have levelled charges, as also the Russians that 'this dispute is the legacy of British Imperialism'. May one ask, how can

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A Call . . . (Continued from page 1)

they must justify it by doing what the people want them to do.

Any delay at this stage shall mean further intrusion by the Chinese into our land, the land we hold sacred, the land we prize above our life and blood. There are no two ways of looking at the issue. It is now clear that the policy of 'Defensive Defence' is useless and shall remain so for ever. What is needed is an 'Offensive Defence' and any one who hesitates to undertake it should be branded as what he obviously is, a traitor. It is the only way of telling everyone that the price of crossing the frontiers of this country is death and anyone who does so shall be annihilated.

Today the history is teasing us by its inevitable repetition. We must show the world that we have learnt its lesson. We are a country that has been ruled by the invaders for almost a thousand years just because we refused to learn the lesson of history. It kept on repeating itself and we, the incorrigible fools were always caught napping.

If even this time we do not prove that we have learned from experience, we shall be doomed, for that is the fate of all nations which refuse to understand history and act well in time.

Muslims, British, and now the Chinese. No, that is a bit too much and if we swallow this one we might as well stop calling ourselves a Nation, because in any case we shall cease to exist as such, in a very short span of time.

The only argument that politicians can offer for not fighting is the ruin of our 'Five Year Plan'. But it is rather strange that they fail to see that in trying to save one plan we might lose the very objective of all planning, the spirit of our very existence, our very independence.

Looking at the anxious young faces glued to the radios for every new broadcast it is strange how anybody can misread the feelings of the people.

The rising generation of this country demands only one thing and that is action. It knows that its blood is boiling and it wants every one else to know it too. We, the young people of this country want to make it very clear in very unequivocal terms that our blood is waiting to be shed for the defence of our motherland and we shall jump to action at the very first call. Let no one be under any misconception. We want to fight and that is what we shall do. The very first opportunity we get, we shall tell the Chinese in the language of fire that they belong behind the Chinese wall, and that is where we shall send them.

Every voice in the country should tell the Government that its needs arms and ammunitions and nothing else. Every life should be sacrificed if need be to save our independence and integrity. Some great man has said that 'the price of freedom is eternal vigilance' but I beg to disagree. The price of freedom is only one thing, and that is blood. If we have failed to shed it for attaining independence, we shall shed it now to maintain it. Let every one know that we shall not tolerate the imprint of an aggressive foreign foot on our soil and that we shall wash it with blood if need be.

Let the Chinese be aware that the whole of the Indian Nation shall fight them to the last man.

I close this article with a tribute to the people who are now defending our motherland against all odds.

R. S. SEHGAL

A Question of Policy— (Continued from page 1)

this charge be justified when India is a neutral country with no leanings towards imperialism? That a surveyor Gentleman McMahon

BAD BAD ALMOND EYES

Mao has made the final and fatal mistake of his pick-pocketeer's career. One tends to think that he is a bit of a masochist, as this time he is going to get his hand chopped off in the bargain. His aggression on our country is the last straw.

The Chinese leaders, however, consider this to be a clever move. By an invasion of India they hope to cover up a series of miserable failures in their own country by diverting the energies of their population. Combined with that is an urge to spread the ideals of Marxism into the world's largest democratic nation, a young India that never has, and never will tolerate anything that threatens its integrity.

When communist China came into being, it was a common feature for them to organise mass parades and demonstrations with placards and banners to tell everyone of the brilliant



The photo and map on pages 1 and 4 have been reproduced from the German weekly 'Die Zeit' No. 43, dated Oct. 26, 1962. We consider the map as very informative, although we disagree with

drew a line which now, the Chinese refuse to recognise does not justify their stand. This boundary has existed for centuries simply because where mountain barriers exist, the crest of the range defining the water shed becomes the dividing line. The Chinese have widely accepted this definition of boundary; but in certain parts of the eastern extremity. During the Second World War the Tibetans refused to allow either Chinese or British soldiers to violate this line. When India gained freedom in 1947 the Chinese Government enquired whether India would or would not honour these obligations. India said she would do so. She has. Burma and Nepal too have had trouble. Even Russia has had to deal severely, even if silently with China. The 'Brother Comrade' has run amuck again.

Chinese charge us with lies! We charge them with lies! But will this do? Of course not. When we have dealt with them quickly they have refuted even the basic policies. In words they still follow the Panch Sheel. This, however, as they understand it is not the policy of peaceful co-existence. But—

- (i) further estrangement between India and her neighbours.
- (ii) extended military actions along the Indian Frontier.
- (iii) spreading of confusion of names and regions.
- (iv) creating an impression that India is the aggressor.
- (v) fight to negotiate, to put forth the Panch-a'-sheel simply, a policy that is strictly militant.

ANAND SINGH BAWA.

future of their country. They thought a large population was an asset. They have, however, begun to see light after a series of miserable economic failures, famines, and a mass rush by some of their more intelligent inhabitants to Hong Kong in search of food, a thing which Mao and his gang of characterless stooges (e.g., Chou En-lai, who at one time actually had the audacity to profess friendship towards India) could not provide for them under the rule of the brilliant Communist regime.

A country that has not been able to take over Formosa has come to attack us. If they think they have an army sixteen times larger than ours, I may tell them that under present conditions one of our soldiers is equivalent to ten of theirs, and given modern equipment, probably double that figure. They have yet to meet the brunt of our armed forces, the finest fighting men in the world, already proven by two world wars.

President Kennedy said once, 'The struggle to maintain freedom is a lonely battle.' In the case of India it is not going to be so. The whole nation has responded to the call

Kashmir represented as not being part of the Indian Union. The legends mean: 'Unsettled Gebiete' = 'disputed areas'; 'Kampfgebiete' = 'areas of fighting'.

to defend our land. This is, however, not the time for our students to go about holding demonstrations to voice their opinions and give vent to their feelings at the outrage. Let us do something really constructive. No one should have the chance to say that in a country of over forty crores of people even a single Javan died because of lack of plasma for transfusion at the front. Let us, students of the I.I.T. Madras, organise a mass blood donation and set an example for other colleges and Institutions to follow. Until the time when we may be called upon to sacrifice our blood at the front, we should do the next best thing.

Most of the inter-varsity sports meets are being cancelled because of the enormous expense involved. Why should we not take a tip and get all the four IITs to contribute to the Prime Minister's Defence Fund all the money that we propose to spend at the I.T.T. meet at Kharagpur this December.

SURJIT RANDHAVA

JAWANS' FUND

A General Body meeting of the Staff of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, decided to donate one day's salary to the Jawans' Fund.

The students of the Institute had earlier collected Rs. 1,500,—for this Fund.

Already about 200 students have volunteered to donate blood for the Jawans' Blood Fund. —(Campastimes News Service).

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R. S. SERGAL

Randhir Singh Sergal is, as someone put it, a 'character'. He is definitely one of the most eccentric (sorry, I forgot Nutty) fellows in the Institute.

His accomplishments are much and varied. First of all in the realm of literary activities he makes his presence felt. In the Annual Group Discussion competition his was almost a solo effort. After a few valiant attempts, the other four gave up and contended themselves with making a few interjections in the middle of his eloquent flow of words. (Incidentally, their team came last!) He is a versatile speaker in debates and very popular with the audience. His jocular and forceful manner of speaking has the audience laughing time and again, although it stigmatically fails to make an impression on the judges.

Probably the only game he plays is table-tennis. While in Guindy Hostel in the first year he has had the dubious credit of having given the Registrar a love-game.

He is a voracious reader and consumes all varieties of literature avidly. Reliable sources tell us that 'Blitz' is a 'must' for him, and that he holds very strong political views. He is a regular columnist of *Campastimes* (fifth columnist?) and his repertoire ranges from poetry to short stories. In times of need he turns critic, too, and his literary attempts in that field are very severe, being more of a tirade than a criticism. And they are scarcely compatible with the poems like 'Dejections' and 'To My Love No Longer Mine', which he contributed to the Institute Magazine.

He is probably the only boy in the Hostel with a back door, meaning thereby used to get in and out of the room. The dexterity with which he climbs up the drainpipe to his room would put a monkey to shame.

Lately, with indefatigable energy he has taken up the post of Representative of Third Year Chemical Branch (God help them!).

M. V. R.

A Civil Lecturer was so inspired by the following poster he has seen during his recent rail journey that he applied it to solve a persisting problem in IIT for faulty members.

Less luggage
More comfort
Make travel a pleasure;

Less verbiage
More facts
Make correction a pleasure

The Dreamer

I put my weight against the single panelled door that led into the air-conditioned office, and as soon as a crack formed, the door suddenly gave way with the blast of cold air producing a distressing temperature gradient between my chest and sweat drenched back. On the reverse swing the ugly hulk of a yellow shock-absorber stretched the squeak of the hinges into the room. He was sitting with his folded hands resting on his head and a pencil (blunt, I noticed) twirled in between his fingers. He had his back to me but from my five feet eight inches I could see the involuntary kicks his right leg, crossed over his left, was executing as if it was being hit by an invisible patella hammer.

He was evidently dreaming, and why shouldn't he, after all, he was being paid to dream. Paid a little over two thousand a month as chief designer (or chief dreamer—which was more apt). His job was to dream up new ways to—it was all hush hush and tied up with defence.

I tapped gently on his shoulder and his rubber soles helped him onto the Linoleum carpet. He turned in my direction and for a good two minutes, that was all. He was looking through rather than at me and finally grunted a surprised 'huh'!

'Oh! Hi—come and sit down, coffee?' 'Ice cold please', I said and 'whewed' while adjusting the louvers on the air-conditioner so as to direct the cold blast down my wet back.

The chief dreamer jabbed the intercom button and ordered three glasses of cold coffee. 'Why three?' I ventured.

'One for my Assistant who'll be coming in shortly'.

'How is the project chief?' I asked in an attempt to get down to business.

'You'll see for yourself.' His smug expression told me all was well. He looked at me with raised eyebrows and the very informative silence accommodated only his stare and the hum of the air-conditioner.

I turned around and read 'chief designer' in reverse from right to left through the frosted glass panel in the door. I could just discern a movement on the other side. The door opened a crack and was poised precariously between the indentation of the person on the outside and the excess pressure on the inside of the air-conditioned room. It finally opened with a swish of air and sari. 'Chief designer' telescoped into the edge of the door.

'Good afternoon, I'd like you to meet Dr. Vardhan.' I bowed slightly. 'Dr. Vardhan', he continued, elaborating the introduction 'is interested in our project eighteen. You could show him the shock tube and the rest of the set up. It will not be necessary for you to explain. He's an expert himself on the centre body problem'. I did not mar the obvious effect it was having on her by denying the fact.

'Thank you', she said as I opened the door for her. 'It was unnecessary for Chief to tell me you're an expert. I've read your papers in the Journal. Thank you, I reciprocated. So it's 'the Journal'. Quite a compliment for a relatively unknown publication.

I pulled myself together as we walked along the corridor. 'My assistant' he called her. Couldn't he have at least told me it was a lady?

'Are you also—or—interested in diffusers,' I asked cautiously.

'Well, it depends on what kind of diffusers. If they are the inanimate kind the answer is yes, but if they happen to be human (especially male, I added mentally) the answer is definitely no.'

'This is the Exploding Wires set up with the fibre optics pick up.' She pointed to a corner and I noticed she did not wear bangles.

Forty minutes later we were back in the office.

'Well—how did it go?' The chief had his legs on the table.

'Neat', I managed to say. 'Incidentally you people forgot your cold coffees.'

She finished her coffee, excused herself and disappeared before I had taken the glass out of my lips.

'It's deadly hot', I observed, and the chief seemed to appreciate the implication.

'Well, Vardhan, what do you say', he smiled and flopped into a chair.

'The project is alright—we will go down to cryogenics later. Say, the fibre optics idea was neat.'

'Her idea', he said, cocking his head in the direction of the door.

'Tell me about her, chief.'

'It will take all afternoon, Vardhan.'

'I'm listening', I prodded.

'Here goes. I'll call her S. The last three years have been the most fruitful in my life of thirty-five years' Vardhan. I thought I noticed a change in his expression. He became more rigid as he spoke.

'When somebody loves you and that love is not reciprocated, it's the most boring thing in the world. Boring, that is, for the person being loved, but for the lover it can be a soul shattering experience. Coy indifference, playing hard to get, anything goes but not obvious boredom. That is a stage when you are alone—giving something that is not appreciated—What is worse, something that is not wanted.'

'I suppose you think this is childish. May be it is, but I've been influenced by a number of modern writers and thinkers. What follows may not all be entirely original but I sincerely believe in these ideas. They have been with me for over four years and since you asked for it you'll have to listen.' He was sweating.

'I wonder if you have noticed, the most creative people are profoundly sexual. Sexual in the non-biological sense. They are the ones for whom a mate is reserved in the world. And until they meet their chosen mate, they are incomplete human beings and can never work at full horse-power. OS. is different. One might be tempted to think that she's wedded to her work. No—she isn't. She's got that kind of intelligence that thrives on competition. If there is no fight—there is no work for the brain. All one has to do is to set her a problem as a challenge and she will crack herself open trying to solve it. But one thing is certain, she will never set herself a problem.'

He crossed his legs. 'I've looked at her from the cruelty angle too', he continued. 'Both possibilities—her either being a sadist or even a masochist. She is neither. She is one of the kindest people I've met. Does favours for people—helps other people's children with their homework—suggests science projects for the high school kids. Masochist—nope. She'll enjoy herself at parties—go out when the weather is fine and even accept a dance invitation from a male.'

'You're clean off the mark, chief,' I said.

'Masochism involves mental torture; not going to parties.'

'O.K.', he agreed, 'but mental torture has its physical manifestations. Denying oneself the good things of life is merely one of the ways to express it.'

'That's just it, I said, 'She's torturing herself mentally but takes care not to show it.'

'Uh huh, you're the one who is out this time. All masochists are show-offs, Vardhan. They have a lot of self-pity in them. They'll go out of their way to show that they are unhappy. They are highly emotional people, waiting, literally longing for affection and love. Most of them want this love and affection to come from some of their own sex.'

I disagreed.

'Well, anyway', he continued, 'that's beside the point. I've known her for a long time and in different circumstances. I have never really understood her. And, another thing, if it was a male acting this way I wouldn't have bothered. But with her I'm forced to seek an explanation for her behaviour.'

'Is she religious?' I asked.

'I don't know for sure, Vardhan. She believes in God and all that and occasionally comments on Ramakrishna Paramahansa's teachings. If by religious you mean interest in Vedanta and stuff like that I suppose the

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EDITORIAL

China has launched an aggression on our frontiers in Ladakh and NEFA. It is an aggression into which has gone much preparation. For all that it may remain undeclared it is still a war, a war that will test us both—the people and the Government as we have never been tested before. China has achieved a massive superiority in numbers; our troops may have inflicted heavy losses but as yet the Chinese have overwhelmed them and we have had to abandon some of our posts. Against all odds India has asked for arms supplied from abroad to fully repulse this vile and treacherous enemy.

The heart of the nation is sound and with its troops. The Nation has prepared itself to meet this Pedantic enemy. Contributions and donations have poured in from all sectors of the population. From shoe shine boys, prison inmates, film actors and producers, trade and labour unions, schools, colleges, industrial magnates, members of the Cabinet and State Ministers. Donations of blood have not been lacking, rather in places storage of blood is becoming a problem. People have been recruiting themselves voluntarily for the forces to an extent that volunteers have had to wait days on end in queues for their chance.

We will have to face setbacks. There will be reports of heavy casualty and further loss. There will be reports of victory. We shall and must bear all news that is disheartening and exhilarating with soundness. We must not lack. The only alternative to resistance shall, have us on our knees. That shall not happen.

That Falling Feeling

All bodies have magnetic force;
That goes for you and me, of course,
And though your mass has little weight,
Towards you, my dear, I gravitate.
My rate of falling, or resistance,
Depends entirely on your distance.
Were I to venture half way nearer,
Attraction makes you four times dearer
Because it gains in force for me
Inversely to square, you see.
And now that I've explained the rule
Of Newton's that we learned in school,
Permit me by that splendid law,
Still closer to your side to draw,
Ah, yes I feel it growing stronger.
I can't resist the pull much longer;
Nearer and nearer, inch by inch,
I'm tugged by the compulsive winch.
You, too! We touch, we merge—we're
kissing!

Dear Me, what weightless folks are
missing!

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

Sorry!

We regret to announce that not a single correct entry was received for last time's cross-word *The Square Dance*. Hence nobody gets the handsome prize which, incidentally, was a free trip to Europe. The clues, quoting Prof. Sankaran, 'were very simple'.

Correct solution: Across: 1. Singh, 3. Shirota, 5. Sehgal, 12. Randhawa, 13. Tom, 14. G TWO, 15. Rajamani. Down: 1. Suri, 2. Nutty, 4. Tala, 6. Mehrotra, 8. Sid, 9. Inder, 10. Kapoor, 11. Cobra.

NEWS AND VIEWS

SURJIT RANDHAVA

Rain, rain, and yet more rain. The last month beat all records. The whole campus was absolutely flooded; the fun starting when a water-soil mixture of desecrative consistency began trapping a lot of unwary engineers, carters, and cows. Miss Ziauddin was a victim of a Teacher's Trap just outside the well-known Science and Humanities Block. News has it that she had the misfortune of stepping into a three foot waterfilled ditch. Where, may I ask, were all the Sir Walter Raleighs?

Divali was rather subdued this year; primarily because our consciences would not allow us to have a roaring time with so many of our countrymen giving up their lives trying to restrain the yellow hordes. All the same, the Hostels were floodlit at night. Some crackers were exploded, mostly on top of people living on the groundfloors, and in the rooms of others. I may add that Kaushik can also give you a lecture upon fire-cracker safety.

Sehgal, undaunted as usual, came up with the idea of launching fire balloons. Hopping on to his bike, off he went to Saidapet and came back with tissue paper, glue, and bamboo. Sad to say, in spite of the help given this young Montgolfier by a variety of technicians, he only succeeded in setting his balloon on fire.

Hectic preparations are going on around the Institute in expectancy of the West German President's visit in the beginning of December. The open-air theatre will be ready sometime this month. This should also help the Film Club who are once again out on the street seeking for a suitable location to screen their films. The trouble with having a monthly magazine is the time lag that occurs between the time when news becomes hot and the time when we go to press. After the last issue went to the printers, the Film Club did manage to finally show 'Indiscret', although I had reported to the contrary in my column.

The Institute has a definite potential for rowing. Some of our boys are members of the Madras Boat Club. Basu John won the maiden sculls event in the last Boat Club Regatta. Kapur is rowing in Senior Fours, and there is a chance that he might represent the Club at the All-India Regatta. We are all just waiting for the time when we have our own facilities for rowing. They are there in the master plan alright.

The two main roads in the Campus have been named 'Delhi Avenue' and 'Bonn Avenue'. Incidentally, a person well-versed in German geography told me that in Bonn the roads are not big enough to be called avenues. Instead, they have the handle 'Strasse' and 'Gasse' attached to them. In plain English these mean 'street' and 'lane'. It is also rumoured that the banyan-lined road past the Electrical Block is likely to be named after Maxwell, in which case, if we carry on like that, the strip adjoining the Heat Engines Lab will become 'James Watt Avenue' and so on.

A staff member who knows all the secrets of Electricity, confided in me and told me a rather interesting tale about the unconnected exhaust-fan in one of the Civil Engg. Building bathrooms. I will not divulge the story as it might only shatter the morale of the Electricity Board.

Talking about bathrooms, have you noticed the gradient of the floor in most of the ones attached to the Hostels? An elementary course in Hydraulics (without even having to undergo the rigours of Mr. Chandrasekhar-swamy's Fluid Dynamics) makes it 'watery', clear that liquids flow down a slope. Why is it then, that even without any clogging the pipes (orifice effect) the water always manages to stay ankle-deep in the wrong places?

I could carry on in this vein, but the Editor wants the manuscript in about ten

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DIFFERENTIATION UNDER INTEGRAL SIGN

Dear Editor,

Art is divine, natural and can be appreciated in whatever form or language, provided the spectators or audience are enlightened enough to do so. The above mentioned point may be amplified by the fact that a Gentleman from Germany was able to appreciate plays in Tamil and Kannada during our last Institute Day celebrations: If a German can do so, why not an Indian?

But the Cultural Council of the Institute Gymkhana seem to have completely forgotten, or rather ignored the letter of appreciation from the German Consulate regarding the Tamil and Kannada Dramas.

So, considering the talents exhibited last year by the Tamil and Canarese Troupe's everyone feels that they should be given a chance to exhibit their art in Kharagpur. This may also add to a variety in Cultural Programme. Sending a Hindi Drama Troupe from the South to the North is to carry calls to Newcastle.

Further, at this present moment when the youth participation in National Integration meetings is demanded everywhere such types of differentiation under the pretext of Integration by the entertainment sub-committee of the Gymkhana is meaningless.

May I appeal to the President of the Institute Gymkhana to lift up the iron curtain which curbs the interests and talents of budding artists who are ignorant of Hindi and allow them to exhibit their skill and come off with flying colours?

Yours,
JUSTICE.

ON CONTRACT!

Dear Mr. Editor,

A few weeks back all of us were happy about the Russian neutrality in the Indo-Chinese border dispute; this dispute developed into an undeclared war, Russia was sitting on the fence keeping many guessing about her attitude. We also fondly hoped that our comrade Russia would support India against China. Unfortunately for Russia it was a question of standing by an ally or siding with a friend. We were dismayed into deciding a national emergency when finally Russia threw the friend overboard and staunchly supported her ally.

The politicians were flabbergasted, but the sociologists and psychologists anticipated this for long. After all, when all is said and done contractual relationship is stronger than camaraderie.

Are we not familiar with the traditional quarrel between daughters-in-law and mothers-in-law, and the sons jettisoning their mothers in favour of their wives? Do you know the reason? While you acquire your wife through a contract, your mother didn't (shall we say couldn't) enter into a contract with you to bring you into being.

HUMAN RELATIONIST.

BORING & LOUSY

Sir,

A black bread needs buttering on both sides.

'Contains the most boring and lousy articles.' A notice.

I am referring to your last issue of *Campastimes* and I quite agree with the gentleman who put the substitutes on the above notice. It has forgotten the main objective for which it was started and

minutes. Somehow, they always manage to push me around.

Idea of the Month: If the Chinese don't make a rapid recovery of their senses, how about an I.T.T. Peking, complete with periodicals and all the rest of it?

Letters—(Continued from page 4)

contains more of 'Newspaper Cuttings', 'Homage to Leaders' and information regarding latest books in the library. There are already three notice boards in the library and I am sure they can manage one more for such things and leave us some space for something useful. As I hear, there are no articles coming from the residents, I would suggest to cut the size of the paper from 8 to six pages and keep up the standard. I have all praise for your feature 'Personalities of the Month'. Hope to see a better demand for the next issue.

Idea of the Month—How about a treat to our new M.Sc. Pals?

Thank you.

V. K. BATRA.

FIGURE IT!

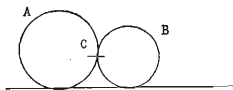
1. A B D when divided by B x B in two stages gives C F E. Find the numerical value of each of these symbols.

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{B} \mid \text{A B D} \\ \text{B} \mid \text{B C A} \\ \hline \text{C F E} \end{array}$$

2. Find the missing figures. Bear in mind that each figure represented by a dot is one less than the figure above it with the exception that when the upper figure is 1, the one below it is 9.

$$\begin{array}{r} \cdot \cdot \cdot \\ \cdot \cdot \cdot \\ \cdot \cdot \cdot \\ \cdot \cdot \cdot \\ \cdot \cdot \cdot \\ \hline 28 \ 0 \ 5 \end{array}$$

3. A and B are two spheres of diameters 24 and 18 cm respectively. They are as shown in the figure. Find the ht. of point of their contact above the ground. Don't do this graphically.



4. Now we will turn the letters in the following addition into the figures they represent.

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{B A D C} \\ \text{B C B D} \\ \hline \text{A D C D} \end{array}$$

5. As he had been working late, and was feeling dazed, Prof. Octagon ascended to his bedroom by the curious method of going up 4 steps and coming down 3.

He continued this erratic course until he reached the top of the stairs and he found that he had mounted altogether 40 steps.

How many steps were there in the flight?

—V. RATTAN BASU.

Answers will be published in our December issue.



Before we shift the focus to the hostels, it might not be altogether inappropriate to spotlight the canteen. It appears that it, too, is subject to Parkinson's Law. Notwithstanding the Annex, an alcove has been constructed within the 'Main building' to accommodate the expanding kitchen (according to current speculation). There has been a sort of three dimensional change in the food stuffs. Higher prices, smaller quantities and worse quality. It has been taking advantage of its inconspicuous location to escape inspection by the Public Health Department. To compensate, the authorities in the Institute ought to insist on minimum standards of cleanliness. The decision of the Film Club not to display its posters near the canteen is too feeble a protest. 'Ashok's', however, continue to live up to their reputation for 'outside catering' with special coffee, lunches and snacks served to staff members in their departments.

Sometime ago, it was pointed out that the 'A' wing of Kaveri Hostel had a crack from the roof to the foundation at its junction with the rest of the building. This has now widened, the reason being that the tail end of the wing is sinking. How about 'asking Jacks about it'!

It is time they had garbage cans to dispose off the rubbish and waste paper that collects in bands following the contour of hostels. The problem is, however, not as acute as that of the stray cattle that invade the premises around 7.00 p.m. (and consume the paper?). Herds of sheep seeking shelter from the rain line up in the verandahs and dirty the whole place. It is time they took the bulls by the horns!

One of the roads has been lit up. The fact that the visit of the West German President is only a month away could not be mere co-incidence. Just goes to show that things, like lights, get done only with fillips!

The M.Sc. physics students are reported to have been quite shocked at their timetable. It is rather tough to reconcile Atomic Physics with Drawing and Workshop. With the memory of cold chiseling still very fresh, the last mentioned item will certainly inject the sense of chivalry back into the male part of the M.Sc.'s!

—V.S.

ME AND CHESTERTON

In spite of the repeated requests, from the students and the staff together—the rubbish—that is on show in the premises of the I.I.T. main building,—no effort has been made to remove it. Thef unner part of it is—it is kept against the narrow way that leads us to the Physics block.

I got off my bicycle fresh under the morning sky, and moved in past the wooden gate that stretches past the Civil Engineering Department. God perhaps could not put up with my merry person. I did not note the rusted iron piece strutting out of the oak box imported from Germany to make a special study of it under the auspices of the Civil Engineering Department. It got against my pants fluttering in the wind, and when I trodded over, it was all over. A huge patch came off. Alas! my new pants were gone. In the midst of laughter and fury, (I did not know what to do next). I struggled hard to

decide what to do next. I rushed back to my room with the patch on, to hide it out.

One I thought of seeing the I.I.T. Maintenance Department. That time, Chestertons' words came to me. 'Any inconvenience is only a convenience rightly considered.' A man who sees in such things an opportunity for enjoyment is much more logical than the one who grumbles at anything and everything that goes against him.

Paradoically quotes another 'Too much of a fun ends in monotony'. With this, may I request the corresponding authorities to take notice of it and do the needful.

'A man running after his hat is not half so ridiculous as the one running after his wife.' But it is not the same in private life.

S.K.

* * *

As usual I sat in the last bench, waiting for the lecturer to come in. I had studied half of last night for a periodical which was just over. I lay my tired head on the desk.

The lecturer came in. A howl from the students greeted him. This perplexed me. The lecturer started taking attendance. Every name was answered by a number of voices. After the face of roll call was over, the teacher went to the board. No sooner his back had turned, than a barrage of chalk pieces, and a paper plane landed on him.

The teacher wheeled round. His face was livid with rage. He shouted, that if the persons who threw the things did not stand up, he would abuse them. Nobody stood up. I will not give you the words our respected teacher used then, but it would put a hardened labourer to shame.

What was happening? Had my friends and teacher alike turned mad? I was contemplating on this and as usual trying to put the blame on atomic explosion and radioactivity, when I felt somebody shaking me. I woke up, to find my friend shaking me as the class had started.

Relief flooded me; after all he was just one of those neighbours.

I was silly to think it could happen in our midst.

—R.

Dear Reader

I am happy to say that our appeal has met with some response—I am not politician enough to use the word 'overwhelming'—making the future of *Campastimes* look a little brighter. It is on the way to become your monthly with every new name added to those that are well-known by now, too well-known as some off-stage critics recently remarked.

Nothing against critics and their criticism. On the contrary, we intentionally invited them to voice their opinions. But why off-stage? *Campastimes* has reserved space for them, unlimited (and uncensored) space. Why take a number of our Board aside with a hush-hush 'Boy, *Tito Vinez* was the best you ever brought' or 'You know, that *Editorial* was a stinker'? Is it that much trouble to sit down and write us a letter saying what you appreciated and what not? I am sure you wouldn't hesitate a minute to pen out a two-page letter (single space), if your landlord accused you of having ruined his walls by driving ten inch nails into them at random (which, of course, you haven't).

Your criticism is just as valuable for us as your contributions. So, don't hesitate and send us your *Letter to the Editor*.

Yours etc.
The Publisher.

On Curves and Contours

Curves and contours conform to the cosmic law; squares and straight lines are the making of the mathematician's mind; form and substance are given to them by engineering idiosyncrasies. These by-products of human ingenuity claim the right to co-exist with divine creations, but in vain. The closer man gets to God, the greater is his realization of his futile attempts and aspirations. You talk vaingloriously of the tremendous destructive potential of the atomic or nuclear power. How sure are you, may I ask, in your capacity to end what God has begun and not ended? On calm consideration you will be convinced that only the impermanent things you have created like squares and rectangles will be destroyed and not the permanent creations of God, the curves and contours. Ironically, the very destructive force you have released, mushrooms itself into a mighty column of magnificent forces, unsurpassed in its beauty and awe inspiring magnitude.



Have you ever had time to forget your daily worries and contemplate on God's creations in heaven or earth? You will be amazed to find that all the infinite variety of enviable creations which go in His name have one common feature, the curve. Are you not surprised at this statement of the obvious?

Take the case of the celestial bodies, the stars, the sun, the moon, the earth and the planets. Are they squares or straight lines? Have you seen the pictures of Mercury or Mars, Venus or Jupiter or Saturn or Neptune? Don't they represent the beauty of curves and contours in myriad forms?

Have you seen the glory of the sunset and the grandeur of the twilight sky? If you sit alone and observe the horizon, you will find the different forms and shapes you have dreamt of all along on the brilliant cloud formations of gold and silver. What do you say to the magnificent arc of nature's wonder, the rainbow? It is the unimaginative scientist who cuts a segment of it and presents it as a horizontal beam to explain the phenomena of vibgyor.

Take any creation of God in this terrestrial world, the hills, the valleys, the rivers, the trees, the flowers, the fruits, the birds, the fish, the animals and thou, man. Tell me, tell me please, a single instance wherein God has ever recognized your squares and straight lines?

How beautiful are the birds with their curved beaks, arched necks, bow-like body and beautiful plumes! Have you not seen a cat stretching to relax itself and forming a wonderful pattern of wavy curves?

Are you aware that every human being possesses curves, ill-formed or well-formed as they may be, and is it not the curves that made the human figure an adorable object for artists, painters and sculptors from times immemorial? Can you imagine what contemptible creatures we would have been, had He made us square or rectangular? It is in a tailor-made suit that we look square and ugly and not in God given frame or suit, the skin. Do you know the anatomical shape of your backbone of which you make a metaphorical nonsense by talking of it as if it were a straight one? You need not necessarily be a narcissist to appreciate the curves of your own body; without mincing words, may I ask, can you deny the delights of the undulating curves of our female species?

Do you know curves command respect and carry with them a dignity of their own? Is there anyone who has not envied the muscular curves of an Apollo or the fragile features of a Venus? Have you not dreamt of possessing them to win few hearts and influence many? What have you to say to the delightful curve of a developing abdomen of an infanticating angel? Does it not symbolize the dignity of motherhood and command your respect in spite of your vulgarity?

Our senses, squares hurt our sentiments. If you fill a beautiful landscape with squares and rectangles at every turn, you offend the finer sense in us and pollute our refined tastes. Are we not emotionally disturbed at the sight of a drab square or a dull rectangle jutting on to an otherwise serene campus? Allow me to blind your eyes (bind them, if you please) and place before you two huge blocks, one of square and the other of a sphere, and ask you to trace its surface in succession. When you trace the surface of the square, you get a rude shock at the first turn and your hand descends precipitously causing emotional disturbances. How will you feel tracing the sphere? You anticipate the shock you received a while ago, get relieved when you don't receive it, and get reassured as your palm slides smoothly along the curvature with feeling, and you end up regaining your balance of mind. Do you know I am not exaggerating?

Let me appeal to you, my dear engineers. I anticipate your arguments along the lines of utility and economy; but do you know that utilitarians could not hold their ground for long in history, and you don't hesitate to throw economy to the winds to suit your convenience? You may call us idle dreamers utterly devoid of a realistic approach to practical problems, and style yourselves as pragmatists. I wonder whether you are right in your claim or in your accusation. Yet I appeal to your finer sense—you have one and may not be aware of it—let there be some moderation in your mad designs. Do you want me to remind you that it is this finer streak in some of you that has led to the evolution of the struggling school of architects who pin their faith on planning the buildings to fit the landscape.

I am convinced, as any other right thinking man, of the utility of squares and rectangles; but I am also convinced that your ego will not willingly quit the world of illusion you have created yourselves. May I, therefore, argue for a compromise, for a happy and harmonious synthesis of utility and beauty in your architectural designs. Let us remind ourselves of the old adage handed down to us by farseeing seers: 'You cannot plug a

The Dreamer—(Continued from page 3)

answer is yes, but I wonder if she has ever been to a temple.' 'That reminds me', he continued. 'She once told me that relativity in its quintessential form was known to the ancients four thousand years before Einstein. For, I believe one of the Upanishads has a passage which says 'Yesterday I dreamt I was a butterfly and I believed I was a butterfly, how am I to know that today I'm not a butterfly, dreaming I'm a man'. And then she went on to give quite an involved comparison between the 'Truth', the speed of light and the theory of invariants'.

'That probably explains it' I said though I wasn't convinced about it.

'Explains what?' he countered.

'Her behaviour. She's probably one of those who has an ultra high 'Karma Yogi' outlook on life.

'In that case,' he said 'how do you explain her working in a department that specializes in war'?

I looked around and spied a poster showing a man with his hand to his mouth like one of the three famous monkeys and declaring 'keep official secrets—secret'.

What the dickens, I thought. Here I come to find out about progress on project eighteen and have finished up listening to a lovesick man trying to explain in scientific terms and involved Freudian psychology something that was downright obvious. He was in love with her and she wasn't, that was all—why can't he leave it at that. But I had asked for it.

The digital clock on the wall said 5.08 and I got up to go. The dreamer did not notice. He was looking past me and did not look as if he would respond. I let myself into the corridor and the irritating squeak of the door hinges bade me good night.

A few weeks later I went up for breakfast (It's a topsy turvy house I live in—the dining room is upstairs!) The papers hadn't arrived. A slight drizzle and the paper boy thought it was time he went into Noah's Ark. The papers finally came, soaking wet.

Fifteen minutes later I was out of the dreamers office. There wasn't anyone there and I rushed down to the labs. A section of the dividing wall had broken down and the tube itself was a twisted wreck. The dreamer was at the far end of the room, hands in his pockets.

'What happened?' I blurted.

'The shock tube exploded', he said simply.

'How?'

'S. was working here the whole of last night. I was called in at 3 a.m. I don't know exactly what happened.'

'How is she?', I asked.

'The funeral is at 11 a.m.' He was looking at me. A hand rested itself on my shoulder.

'Death is a funny thing when you come to think of it.'

'Funny?' I noticed he had cried a little. 'ya—it's exactly four years to the day since S. and I were divorced, Varadhan'.

V. SIDDHARHA.

round hole with a square peg'. If you insist on it, what can we do? All we can do is to give you ideas knowing that you don't reign supreme in the realm of ideas. If you are bent upon ignoring them by calling us idealists we have no other go but to praise your vanity and subscribe to your ego and evolve a compromise in the larger interest. After all, compromise is better than complacency. We know you will realize the wisdom of the curves in the long run, but in the long run all of us will be dead and gone. Would you forgive me for saying that what you need is not ethics or economics but aesthetics?

V. ANANTARAMAN.

A short study of the nature, growth and troublesome behaviour of 'periodicals' during the period extending from the year 1959-1964.

(Probable thesis that might be submitted after the initiation of arts courses in the I.I.T.)

The records reveal that what had started off as monthly tests of the knowledge acquired by the students and humbly designated as periodicals had, within the space of a few months, acquired grim proportions. Soon the 'periodical' became an institution as inseparable from the I.I.T. as the N.B.C.C. cement went to make up its buildings. Its importance as a factor affecting the day-to-day life could not be too much underestimated. (Providing, as it did, frequent jolts that kept the students wondering: 'What next?')

Periodicals were, in essence, the window to a student's mind, revealing the extent of his study, the permeability of the material of his skull and other things in similar vein. At least this was the view held by those who were responsible for its creation and execution. But they constituted only a minority (there having been many defectors from this school of thought). Soon after, such a thing as a 'periodical' made its presence felt. A theory (haya, a law) was put forward that a 'periodical' did not admit of the rigid definition supplied above. On the contrary various shades of meaning could be attached to it, depending on its regularity of occurrence, its subject matter, its mode of correction and the like.

Thus one gentleman decided that it was 'a national emergency on a campus scale (whatever that might mean) to be met with the fortitude and courage of a Pancho'. The previous night he had read 'Don Quixote' and got his characters mixed. Another gentleman seemed to say 'Oh! come, come' for he came forward with the brilliance: 'A 'periodical' is something which can be faced even if the thinking apparatus exchanged places with the seat of one's pants'. (It came to be known that it was disgust and not lofty disregard which had made him say those words). Still another person who prided himself on always taking a broad view of matters piped out indiscreetly, a 'periodical', like lovers', 'parting tears, is bitter sweet', missing nostalgic memories and fond recollections—after graduation! The next day they dredged every lake and pond in the neighbourhood, needless to say, without success. He had gone home for the week-end.

Like a tumour developing gradually to completion in absolute disregard of the inconvenience and loathing caused to its victim the 'periodical' rose from importance to importance though its monthly frequency remained static, to the relief of many. Its growth was attended by strange phenomena. Many students who before entering the I.I.T. were apt to be easy-going became changed men (many didn't, of course). As often, sometimes, as four times a week they could be seen walking into the classroom with their noses buried deep in some text-book and piously muttering phrases of Greek and Latin (close hearing revealing that it to be vituperation, par excellence, unmatchable in its richness and mode of delivery).

At other times, for down in the corridor, it was possible to hear what sounded like the death rattle of a hundred poisoned men. This merely signified the arrival of the lecturer with a sheaf of paper under his arms. More often than not, there would emanate from classrooms sounds of an entirely different nature, sounds with a tinge of wild joy in them almost as they would hold the lecturer aloft in a chair of human arms and cry, 'Bravo! Well played! Explanation—the hour had not given birth to an expected 'periodical'. Sometimes such sounds bear no relation to a 'periodical' but merely indicate a longing for the great open spaces in preference to the didactic company of the lecturer.

The troublesome nature of 'periodicals' stands undisputed by either the students or the lecturers. On the students side records reveal that while one of them is peacefully

studying the aesthetic aspects of a glossy cover-girl (mostly attired in her birthday suit) another barges in and announces that a surprise 'periodical' is in the offing. The reaction is quick. There are no questions asked. How? Why? All these are immaterial. The cover-girl drifts into oblivion and the mind is occupied with matrices, Thermodynamics, Chemical Kinetics and sometimes—the admirableness of one Crickton. At certain times when caught off guard and the preparation time too little the night is spent in designing ways and means of reproducing the class notes verbatim. It was proved by the medical authorities that such sudden shocks and such exercises of the brain were deleterious to health.

In the year 1964, attention was drawn (by the students, of course to their failing health and feeble output). Duly a one man committee came into existence (as committees do on such occasions) and it summarized its findings in the form of a graph with 'time' on the Y-axis and 'number of letters written home' on the X-axis. The gradient of the graph was shown to be steep thus proving beyond all doubt, that the health of the students was being undermined. (They were so weak that they didn't have the energy to write home). Unfortunately, when all this was conveyed to the authorities, the suggestions of the committee were turned down point blank and it was severe; unreprieved—for the following reasons:

1. The committee appointed itself.
2. The sole member of the committee was a student.

The whole affair was written off as ridiculous by the authorities. Thus when the year 1964 came to a close, 'periodicals' were still going strong.

The Law of the Camp

The enthusiastic group of young N. C. C. riflemen assembled at the Madras Central was an interesting sight. The special train leaving for Combaratore enroute to Kottai waited in the platform with the eager expectancy of a seasoned campaigner. About fifty of us crowded and crammed ourselves into all available space. The scene inside the compartment was really a feast for the eyes. Luggage was strewn here and there. The heftier and seemingly stronger ones occupied the better seats leaving the younger and weaker ones to crowd on luggage. Some were sitting at the entrance, and as the lights of Madras faded away in the distance, the compartment came to life as sweet music emanated from the inmates. The tunes seemed to keep pace with the rollicking of the moving train. The train proceeded towards the destination at a very slow pace. The early interest of the journey having ebbed, people began to doze off. Many were the cadets sleeping with their outstretched legs on their neighbours and using the friend's shoulders as their pillow rests. With the stacked rifles on one side, it seemed as if a battalion was returning from the war front after a long struggle. As the train steamed into CMB it was nearly 12 at night. We had been too early for the next train to Mettupalayam after missing the scheduled train. And like unwanted brake vans, our carriage was shunted to and fro and finally cast off a little away from the main line. Not being satisfied with our strenuous journey in the train and forgoing our sleep, the U/os slept on the platform like lords after instructing some juniors to keep guard over the carriage.

Early next morning we left for Ketti and as the train finally came to a halt through hill and dale, the far-stretching plains came before us like a beautiful landscape. It was thrilling to be in the midst of Nature! We were expected to be in the camp site for lunch but the train was so punctual that when we reached Ketti at four in the evening, we were served

a cold plate of lunch (lunch in the evening!). But hunger knows no bounds and like famished lions, we filled our bellies.

A little after the initial commotion of our arrival at the site, the question of allotment of tents came up before us. The U/os found themselves in a happy state of affairs after obtaining for themselves a tent for just eight members, whereas all the other tents were filled to the maximum capacity of twelve. The tiring trip had its effect on the members. All of us went into peaceful slumber and it was early (about 5) when we were asked to get up and clean the tents for line inspection. Later in the day the commanding officer welcomed us in his official capacity exhorting us to believe that the life of a soldier in the Himalayan frontier was similar to ours (what a comparison!).

Many were the interesting incidents that happened in the camp, each so unique in its nature that it gave us an insight into the mental and moral character of people around us. The actions (atrocities?) of U/os were a matter of discussion. The topic, barring a few, was a question of type. Polishing the shoes and belts for these officers was the painstaking duty of some of the weaker cadets. When the rain water drainage was in the process of construction around the tents, I could see some officers lying in their cosy tents and give instructions to those around. Like slaves, we were expected to serve them but we refused to proceed ahead till they joined the majority in using the spade and the pickaxe. An interesting feature of the camp was a mild scrap between a senior officer and a junior sarge. Eating in tents was prohibited by law and when the sarge was found violating it, the senior officer pulled him up, but when the officer himself was found using the tent as his dining room, questioning him was found to be a violation of the law. Perhaps there are special laws for U/os and separate ones for willing cadets.

During one of the parades, I was questioned on the smartness of my 'turnout'. I remember, I was wearing the last of three sets of uniforms they had provided us (first having been crumpled during travel and the second having gone to the washerman). The question was not a surprise at all, but what struck me as a wonder was the neat 'turnout' of the officers. To my surprise I learnt later that each had brought at least half a dozen sets (no wonder the stores were empty!).

But every cloud has its silver lining—the camp, too, had its nice moments. It was a tough experience to the younger (and junior) cadets but it was a thrilling one, too! Bawa managed to squeeze himself into the Mess committee and though food was not of a high standard, he provided us with buns and plantains every day 'at least once'. During the route marches, we really enjoyed ourselves trekking along the mountainous terrain, singing at the top of our voices in a melodious manner in harmony with the cool and pleasant breeze. Our group was the proud winner of the trophy for 'quand nous sommes'. The main strain of the winning squad had at least 4 cadets from our Institute.

It may be said in conclusion that the laws of the camp as well as its upholders were a little ungentlemanly—possibly that is the military attitude to the various aspects of camp life. An SU/o feels it his right to bully the juniors because sometime ago he was a victim. If he does not realise his foible and stop it, this cycle will go on—each set of officers victimising the junior cadets. Where a little courtesy would have obtained a good name, perhaps incouraging remarks, obstinate and selfish motives marred their otherwise good nature. A good officer should be a capable leader—not a harsh dictator. Hitler was admired because he was able to inspire his people to great ideas. Napoleon, though short, was liked by his soldiers because he was kind and just towards the weak. Courtesy blended with kindness and justice alone can make a good military or N. C. C. officer—not just brute force.

VICTIM.

His Last War

The soldiers returning from the bloody battle front were a jubilant lot conversing with each other of the happy home in their own motherland. The train carrying the returning battalion was slowly rattling along the battered and worn out track. Yes! They had been proud to go to the warfront to uphold the flag of UN in its many manoeuvres, but the sudden and cruel blow to their enterprising leader had created a void in their lives. Often they talked of his valourous deeds and went into silent reveries of their fallen leader. Some were absorbed in a game of cards but all their faces beamed with happiness at the prospect of a calm home.

Balwant Singh was sitting by the window and smoking a cigarette. The burnt ash of the cigarette was carelessly littering the soiled uniform of this sturdy soldier. He looked a man of might and the rough life of a soldier seemed to suit him. He had joined the army as a sepoy and by his steady and valourous services had reached the rank of a sergeant. The bandage on his forehead was still dirty and it looked as if the uncurd sweat had become septic. The dripping sweat across his forehead made the wound seem a hideous one. He was returning home after a period of nearly six years.



How were his sisters and parents? His aged mother would perhaps be waiting in eagerness to welcome him. After all! He was her only son to whom she looked forward to, in her old age. Perhaps these thoughts seemed to make him smile, but the tough life of an army man had made him more or less a machine—A man without feelings—nothing but brute force to fight and kill without caring that those whom he killed were his own brethren.

The train at last came to a halt and the platform was soon a mighty ocean of soldiers in their ruffled uniforms. With the rifles lightly swung across the shoulders, and the haversack behind them, they presented a fatigued picture of army life. And one by one the crowd melted away. Each soldier took to the path that led towards his home after reporting to the HQ and depositing their rifles and ammunition. Balwant Singh too walked slowly across the green fields looking here and there to notice particular changes. The odd hut of Ranjit was still the same. Ramlal was still sitting in his ancient shop and as he passed through the many streets of his little village, many thoughts came flooding to his mind. It was years ago that he had run through the very same streets with a feeling of innocent happiness. And when at last he reached his house, he paused for a moment before he knocked. The door was soon opened and from it emerged an old lady bent with age and supporting herself on a

stick and looked at him with suspicion asked in a tattering manner 'Who are you?' Balwant could not restrain his tears. He had expected to see his mother much happier and stronger. He could not believe that Time was capable of such a transformation. How could a mother forget her own son? It was true that he had run away from her house to seek a life in the army against her wishes. And at that moment, he felt that the three stripes he had earned were nothing when compared to the great thing he had lost a mother's goodwill. He could not utter anything. He bowed at her feet and said 'Maji'. Words coming from the unknown depths of a sincere heart need no more explanation. The feeble hands of the aged mother were soon caressing the young and firm limbs of this soldier 'Long live dear son'. She said as both mother and son went inside the house and sat on a charpoy. And as he walked through the house, the past came up before him like a forgotten picture. All he could do was to feel sorry for his hasty action in running away from home and leave a mother alone with his sisters. 'Where are Sarala and Munnu?' asked Balwant. Tears came into the aged eyes of the mother as she said 'They are no more. The cholera in this village last year, claimed them as victims. At least you are safe, I am happy'.

To live long enough to see one's own children pass away is really the cruel

ness, I was in bed with a bandaged forehead and when I asked the doctor about Gyan he said 'He is no more'. I then felt that our ultimate success at that Bridge of Ladango was mainly due to his inspiring leadership.

'How sad!', said the mother, wiping away her tears on hearing such bitter news. And it was then that she said 'Dear son! What a nasty thing is war? What a ghastly sight is a battlefield! It separates a mother from her child, the husband from the wife and causes untold misery to millions. How many people did you kill during the battle? Were you not the cause of sorrow to many a mother in some other part of the world? How can you be so? A mother's affection for her son, is the same everywhere. Is it not? To rejoice in the fact that you have caused the separation of a dear husband from his beloved wife. 'How cruel...?'

Each question that his mother asked seemed to probe deep into his very nature and it were slowly he rose and walked out into the open fields even before the old mother could stop him. He went straight to the HQ and when he returned towards his home once again, his face was beaming with some unknown happiness. And as he traced the path back to his home, he heard the temple bells ringing in a solemn manner the commendations of the Buddha

"Buddham Saranam Gachami,
Dharmam Saranam Gachami,
Sangam Saranam Gachami,"

... Yes!! He had realised at last that peace on earth and goodwill among men was the very basis of a happy united and just world. He seemed happy in his civilian clothes. Many months later, when he was awarded the gold medal for bravery in the field Balwant had no hesitation in rejecting it. He had come to abhor the very name of war. He had renounced war and the life in the army for devoting the rest of his life to serve his aged mother.

KRIPANARAYANAN.

WIT AND WISDOM OF HOWLERS

The other day, some dailies published a news item by PTI reporting a few of the howlers produced by graduate candidates who appeared for the test examination for clerks conducted by the Kerala Public Service Commission during 1960-61.

Apart from the indisputable fact that howlers are not the privilege of Kerala candidates only for whatever examination they may appear, but are as widespread as appendicitis and flu (common or otherwise), apart from the further fact that they are an infinite source of merriment to examiners (whether they admit it openly or not) and the general public who, if examined, might not fare better (to say the least), apart from all that some of these howlers reveal—if you take the trouble of following the zig-zag of their reasoning—a state of mind which I am compelled to recognize as bordering wisdom. Of course, to make Kautilya the wife of Dasaratha is a bit thick considering the implications of such a marriage. Moreover, good old K. would have been too shrewd to meddle with the affairs of Ayodhya. But then: 'Wool is an ugly animal'. Nothing truer than that! Ever heard of a wolf in a sheepskin? Dozens are following your innocent steps day by day. And what is on top of a sheepskin, man? Wool! And is the wolf an ugly animal? You bet. Well, there you are (Follow me? No?) Read it once more!.

'Balanced diet is a diet to find out the diameter'. Diameter of what? My boy, that's the wrong question. Of whom? would be more like it. I must admit, it may be a

(Continued on page 10)

Despatch from Studentland

A STATE OF EMERGENCY

By T. S. Ananthu, our Special Representative stationed in Periodicalnagar, Capital of Studentland (heavily censored).

Periodicalnagar, November 12 (Campastimes News Service)—A State of Emergency was proclaimed throughout Studentland following the invasion by the Terminal Examinations. The invasion was expected only in December, but in order to avoid the snow that the Lökbe clouds would bring, the unscrupulous enemy strategically preopened it to November.

The attack began when the First Division of the enemy forces led by Maj. Gen. R. Natarajan, I.A.S., shelled the notice boards in the Kaveri, Krishna and Narmada outposts. Our forces fought gallantly, forcing Maj. Gen. Natarajan to enlist new recruits, particularly in the extremely weak Physics Garrison, as well as to promote T. S. Rajagopalan to the rank of a Brigadier. But our forces had to withdraw in the face of the brutal attacks made simultaneously on all parts of the country—the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd as well as 4th Years. The brunt of the attack was particularly felt in the 3rd Year, where the enemy forces were led by the experienced Second Lieutenant G.V.N. Rayudu who forced the student prisoners he captured to design guns, artillery and other military equipment (Rumours assert that he could not do it himself). All the lecturers and professors quickened their pace of attack. Further aggression was committed by tutors who made sporadic raids with their tutorial sheets and homeworks.

The President of Studentland immediately declared a State of Emergency. Under emergency laws, production of military articles like notes was stepped up. Students decided to donate blood in the form of their night's sleep in order to preserve the integrity of their country. The Inter-Students Daily Evening Sports Meet was cancelled.

The enemy declared an all-out war on November 12th. But the brave students did not panic, but instead decided to seek help from all available quarters—particularly from their neighbours—during the Terminal Examinations in order to meet this national calamity ('Unity is the call of the day', the Prime Minister of Studentland declared in a nationwide broadcast). Aggression is continuing at the time of going to the press.



1. Chinese forces invaded Indian territory simultaneously from three sides in the Ladakh and NEFA areas. The President, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, proclaimed a State of Emergency throughout the country, Oct. 26. All parties in the country, including the Congress, Communists and P.S.P., stood solidly behind the Prime Minister. Emergency steps were taken to meet this menace to our nation.

2. President Kennedy of the United States ordered a naval blockade of Cuba following the discovery of the stationing of Soviet missile bases in this little Caribbean country. The Soviet Union protested that the U.S. had bases in as many as 35 countries around her. The situation seemed to precipitate into a major war, but it was averted when Prime Minister Khrushchev agreed to the dismantling of the bases. Bertrand Russell hailed Mr. Khrushchev as the saviour of humanity. Americans expressed relief that there would be no missile bases so close to their country.

T.S.A.

How the Red Dragon lost his Tail or How she put the Fire out

FOREWORD: My heartfelt thanks to Tahudar but for whose timely help this story would never have ended.

Once upon a time in the land of Dong there lived a dragon. It was not a bad dragon (as dragons go) and since it was not very big nobody paid much attention to it. This lack of attention made the dragon sad. But as time passed this sadness turned to anger, and as it grew the anger grew too and with the anger came frustration and what was worst of all was that it developed an inferiority complex. Now this dragon with its inferiority complex lived a very strange life. It used to eat whatever it could get and it used to spend most of its time going to the public library and reading. But since it had no guardians or friends it read all the wrong sort of books and finally decided that the only way to become noticed was to read the books on communism.

Now, as time passed, the dragon read more and more on the subject and became more lonely than ever. But though the dragon didn't know it, there was one person who cared for it. This was the shy little girl who sat behind the desk and gave him the books on communism. She really felt sorry for it and against the wishes of her friends and relatives gave him little tidbits to eat, and, when her parents were out, let him listen to music. But the dragon wasn't intelligent enough to realise that the little girl cared for him. Although she didn't ask him for anything he thought she had an ulterior motive for her actions and so he didn't pay any attention to her deeds and words of kindness.

Then one day the dragon got an idea. He would make the little girl help him to get noticed! So he tried to get the little girl to introduce him to her friends and make him a member of the DONG Recreation Club. The little girl, thinking that the dragon was trying to be friendly canvassed for him in the club.

She was such a nice girl that she didn't even speak harshly to him when he made a pass at her or when he tried to convert her to his way of thinking. When the dragon snatched away her friends' sandwich one day during the lunch hour she was the one who explained to her friend about the dragon's difficult life. This unfortunately made the dragon think that the girl was a weakling who would submit to anything. He did not stop to think that her behaviour might be due to her ingrained breeding and kindness. And so like all people suffering from inferiority complexes he started to show off. He used to stomp into the reading room uttering loud oaths and was most careless as to the way he swung his tail. He used to breathe fire and tear pictures of movie stars from the magazines and make himself as obnoxious as for a dragon to do. And still the girl didn't do anything.

But everyone can only stand so much and when the dragon tried to leave his cave and move into the library the girl put her foot down. She first reasoned with him and found to her surprise that he didn't protest but apologized and shrank off. Then one morning when she came into the library she found to her surprise that the whole place was in shambles. The books were torn to shreds (all except the books on communism which were being used as a pillow) and the magazines had been burnt thro' the night to keep him warm. But what really made the little girl angry was that he had used her favourite magazine as a night cap to cover his ears. That combined with the fact that he had deceived her by breaking thro' the back wall made her see red. She grabbed the nearest fire extinguisher and started it working by fashing the knob on its nozzle. Then she proceeded to direct all the foam into his

nostrils. The dragon woke up with a choking feeling and tried to breathe fire but all that came out were smoke rings. In the meantime the girl grabbed the hatchet and chopped off his tail. He jumped out of the library and cloved the road. He couldn't even make a smoke ring any more. The people on the road were not sorry for him, he had made himself offensive to all of them. Eventually he came upon a group of merchants he had particularly annoyed by tearing up their wall street bulletins. They decided he didn't look good as a dragon any more, what with his tail gone and no flames to decorate his nose. The dragon protested, but he hadn't paid much attention to all the protests that had been made to him and he didn't know quite how to express himself. By the time he had thought up something to say most of him had been made into . . . little dragon skin handbags.

NUTTY.

National (Dis) Integration

I am an Indian; every Indian is my brother . . . The ignorant Indian, the poor and destitute Indian, the Brahmin Indian, the Pariah Indian is my brother . . . The Indian is my brother, the Indian is my life. India's society is the cradle of my infancy, the pleasure garden of youth, the sacred heaven, the Varanasi of my old age . . . The soil of India is my highest heaven, the good of India is my good.

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

. . . Autonomy does not and should not mean disunion or that heretofore provinces could go the way they chose, independent of one another and of the Centre. If each province began to look upon itself as a separate, sovereign unit, India's independence would lose its meaning and with it would vanish the freedom of the carious units as well . . . It could be fatal if it led to narrow provincialism, mutual bickerings and rivalries—between Tamil and Andhra for instance, Bombay and Karnataka and so on . . . The world outside does not know them as Gujaratis, Maharashtrians, Tamilians, etc., but only as Indians. We must, therefore, resolutely discourage all fissiparous tendencies and feel and behave as Indians.

—MAHATMA GANDHI.

Gentlemen,

Excuse me for deviating from my usual topics of discussion and my usual method of presentation. The reason is that I have come across a much more serious issue—so serious that I feel I must put it before you immediately.

I went as one of your representatives to one of the Colleges in the City to attend the 'Seminar on National Reconstruction'. What I saw and heard there simply shocked me and my colleagues. The seminar, which was supposedly on National reconstruction turned out to be one on National disintegration.

I knew all along that separatist tendencies did exist among certain sections of the people in this part of the country, but I didn't know that they had penetrated this deep into even the educated class—who, Mr. Nehru says, are going to decide the destiny of the Nation. You just can't imagine the views held by the students whom I came across. Unrepentant parochialism, downright provincialism and dogmatic linguism are the only words which can describe them. Their only aim was to shout for a separate nation at the top of their voices. They refused to listen to anything that anybody of even a moderately nationalistic attitude had to say. Anything reasonable was just beyond them. Here are a

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National (Dis) Integration—(Cont.)

few samples of the conversations that I had with some of the other delegates :—

1. Myself (during a discussion on Dr. P. V. Cherian's reference to the lingua franca of India) :— 'You say that Tamil should be the medium of instruction in Madras, even if this meant isolation from the rest of India. This is practically equivalent to having a separate nation.'

Delegate :— 'In that case, let Tamilnad be a separate nation. In fact, if there is a particular language spoken in a particular place, it should form a separate nation.'

Myself : 'But there are 648 languages spoken in India.'

Delegate : 'Then let there be 648 nations.'

2. Here's an extract from a delegate's speech :—

'The Gujaratis, Bengalis, etc. in Tamilnad are foreigners. If they do not adjust themselves to the circumstances prevalent here, they must be kicked out. They can't be allowed to spoil the progress of my nation by forcing us to learn another language.'

At this stage, I interposed, 'What do you mean by "my nation"?'.

'Tamilnad, of course,' he barked angrily, and I was too frightened to continue the discussion any further.

3. One member was vociferously declaring that as no common national language could be found for the entire nation, the four Southern States should secede from the North. When I remarked that it would be equally difficult to find a national language for the South, and that the other three states may want to secede again, he replied, 'We can prevent that by force.'

'But it will lead to civil war,' I protested.

'Let it', was his answer.

4. One delegate was insisting on having regional languages alone as the medium of instruction, and when I asked him what a person who migrated from another State to Madras would do about the education of his children, his reply was, 'He needn't migrate.'

'And what do you do, if you go to the North?'

'I needn't go.'

'Then how are you going to promote National Integration?'

'Needn't promote it.'

5. Here's an extract from a speech made by the Chairman of the Conference on National Integration. (Incidentally, he made it in Tamil) :—

'If we are to be forced to learn languages other than our own, there is no necessity for national integration.'

If all this is not the height of parochialism, then what is it?

I thought such mean mindedness and narrow-mindedness existed only among certain people in the North.

In fact, even the conveners of the seminar were not broadminded in their outlook. Many of the speeches arranged—supposedly to make us understand National Reconstruction better—advocated separatist principles—some of them were deliberately delivered in Tamil for this very reason. I wonder what would have happened if I.I.T. had sent some representatives who did not follow Tamil.

I was shocked to find that more than 75% of the delegates—coming from M.A. Economics, History, Politics and other classes—could not talk a single sentence in English. All the discussions were mainly carried on in Tamil. Their knowledge of any subject—including politics and other Arts subjects—was less than the barest minimum that can be expected of a student even in a Technical Institute. To crown it all, they refused to listen to anything that we had to say, or to think calmly or reasonably. One of them was vigorously advocating the principle of

secession, and 'If 51% of the people want to secede, they must be allowed to do so'.

I asked 'You mean 51% of the people of Dravidanad (that is how they insisted I must call South India) or 51% of Indians?'

He looked highly embarrassed, gave an angry grunt, and sat down. In another group when a similar incident occurred, the member walked out as a protest against being asked illegitimate questions—defining illegitimate questions as those which he could not answer.

In fact, the whole attitude of most of the delegates was one of intolerable arrogance coupled with absolute ignorance.

I am not, by any chance, trying to condemn South India or South Indians—I am myself a South Indian. I have lived in the North for a long time, and I know that such fissiparous tendencies are even more prevalent there. All I am trying to suggest is that it is high time we put an end to all this and start working eagerly and sincerely for doing some reconstruction work. At this juncture, we just cannot afford to waste our energies in these petty quarrels. We are now a nation of 400 million people, and are therefore respected all over the World—no matter what our economic and other conditions be. But do we realise that if we break up into different nations, this respect shall be shattered to pieces, and we shall just become a pawn in the political game of the Big Powers? Why is it that all nations give aid to us in spite of the fact that we are in no way aligned to them?—It is because we have a population of 400 million, and they can never neglect us when considering their strategy. They shall certainly not continue to do the same if we break up into small countries. Let us not be shortsighted enough to pretend not to realise the innumerable and unconquerable problems—e.g., the biggest refugee problem that can ever be created—that shall spring up as a consequence of the disintegration of our nation.

It is only in places like the I.I.T.s, where people from all parts of the Country meet, that the seeds of National Integration can be sown. Let us all rise up to the occasion and crush the various forces of disunity that are spreading like an epidemic in all parts of the Country. It is no use pretending that the epidemic does not exist at all. It does exist, and if we are not able to nip it in the bud, our great, grand, good old nation is doomed—doomed to misery, chaos and ultimate destruction, and only the miracle of miracles can save it.

UNITED WE STAND, DIVIDED WE FALL.

T. S. ANANTHUS.

Howlers—(Continued from page 8)

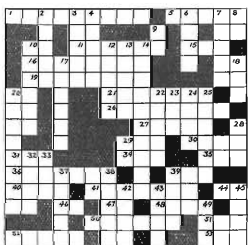
trifle unusual to measure a weighty personality's diameter instead of his/her circumference, but this procedure has the doubtlessly pleasant result of running into a less revolting number of inches—sorry, centimetres. Blessed be the diameter I.

'Chlorination is a celebration of Princes. It is celebrated when they come to the throne'. No, not 'coronation', that's something different. Chlorination is the *mot juste* alright. I only have my doubts whether we are justified to call a common experience as this a celebration, let alone of princes only, since democracy has lifted all of us to the lofty heights of chlorination. But otherwise it's an undeniable truth that when we come to certain thronges we are heavily chlorinated—at least, to judge from the odours that emanate from those thronges.

'Injection is better than fever'. Profound words, these. At least, than hundred doctors and their pills—and bills?

'Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of'. (Shakespeare).

D. J. NIRMAL.

THE SQUARE DANCE
No. 2 Clues

Across

1. Shakespeare gave him a twin. (9)
5. A Man-servant who attends. (5)
11. An alloy of copper and zinc or tin. (6)
15. Of Little Jack Homer. (3)
16. Submerge. (8)
19. A jolly companion. (8)
21. The Kings and Lords of old were more so. (7)
26. To make a meeting-place of lines, roads or parts. (8)
27. Making up for one's deficiencies. (5)
29. The past of which appears hunger. (3)
30. You may find it useful for next years ragging. (1,3)
31. Don't be a . . . (3)
34. Once the prefix of a priest. (5)
35. Convulsive catching of breath in distress. (3)
36. A part of it made Tea famous. (7)
39. Very much May. (3)
40. Similar to one associated with the name Gandhi. (4)
41. Generally associated with 'to pull'. (7)
42. Associates the horse and rider. (2)
46. When pronounced tells of pairs. (2)
47. Possibly the Gestapo. (2)
48. It deals with travel agencies. (4)
50. Secure your seat belts. (6)
51. The proverbial uncle. (3)
52. Such bread is sour. (5)
53. There is a similarity to pigs. (3)

Down

2. Air ships for scouting. (5)
3. Vestment for the shoulders. (5)
4. Meteorological satellites I, II, III of NASA. (5)
6. From all and so ever. (4)
7. One who eats or corrodes. (3)
8. Serves as a sign of the infinitive. (2)
9. She had to, well ask him. (2)
10. The daily nap is sweetest during the afternoon . . . (6)
12. The sardars are fond of it but the sages won't touch it. (5)
13. Same as gaps. (5)
14. Also due to weather. (10)
17. One of the four humours in Physiology. (6)
18. Famous from 38 down. (3)
20. This animal has an effective spray. (8)
22. Relative to time. (5)
23. More commonly so than Hello. (3)
24. Could be Nina. (4)
25. Beware of this fly. (6)
28. When times retire. (3)
29. 'Wine, Women and Song'. (4)
37. It is rural. (5)
38. Rugged terrain, oil and rain. (5)
39. Such a mentality cannot be helped. (4)
42. Certainly not cordial to 36 across. (4)
43. A fashion among women. (4)
45. You are called by it. (4)
49. Stubborn and foolish. (3)

A.S.B.