

Campastimes

Vol. I, No. 9

IIT Madras, 15th July, 1963

10 nP.

THE YOUNG ONES!

Before you start reading this, make quite sure you don't have a date with a senior. Now relax.

The Indian Institute of Technology (Madras-36) would like to shake hands with all of you gentlemen who have joined us to complete the process of filling up all the energy levels from first to fifth year. But it can't. A glance at the model of the Campus will reveal why: It's shaped like a boot!

If you are not allergic to lectures in the afternoon, can do a spot of work with your hands, and tolerate the mosquitos at night, you'll be just fine. If you think that 'Coovam' was a far more appropriate name for the hostels: so did we when we first came.

Your immediate seniors are a notorious lot. They weren't ragged enough! We are not

hinting, but you might as well take it. The I.I.T. has a reputation—and reputation is something you cannot efface. Debating, table-tennis and brilliance in general are synonymous with its name. Try your best to help keep the good traditions going, and please don't set up any bad ones! The All-India character of the Institute will bring you in proximity with a wide range and variety of ideas. Subscribe to any school of thought you like, but political ideologies, religious bigotry and culinary dogmatism should be avoided at all cost. The last trait, incidentally, will get you into a bad mess!

At the moment, extra-curricular talent is concentrated in the present third and fourth years. They will soon be leaving the Institute

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The joint entrance examination was conducted for admission into the four Indian Institutes of Technology at Bombay, Kanpur, Kharagpur and Madras and the College of Engineering and Technology, New Delhi, and interviews were conducted at the five centres on the basis of the results of this examination. Photograph shows a candidate being interviewed at Madras. The interviewers in the photograph are from left to right:—Prof. H. C. Parameswaran (from Kanpur I.I.T.), Prof. S. D. Seghal (from Kanpur I.I.T.), Dr. V. Ramakrishna (from Delhi C.E.T.), Dr. S. K. Srinivasan (from Madras I.I.T. and Secretary, Joint Entrance Examination Committee), Prof. S. Sampath (from Madras I.I.T., Chairman of the Com-

mittee) and Prof. B. Sengupto (Director of Madras I.I.T.). Others in the Interview Board were Prof. K. S. Sankaran (from Madras I.I.T. and Joint Secretary of the Committee), Prof. B. R. Sen, (from Kharagpur I.I.T.), Prof. G. S. Sanyal (from Kharagpur I.I.T.), Prof. C. Balakrishnan (from Bombay I.I.T.), Dr. G. Venkataraman (from Bombay I.I.T.), Prof. Chanda (from Regional Engineering College, Durgapur) and Mr. R. Natarajan I.A.S. (Registrar, Madras I.I.T.).

Two hundred and ten students were admitted into the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras—70 in Mechanical, 40 in Electrical, 40 in Chemical, 40 in Civil Engineering and 20 in Metallurgy.

PRESS AND THE I.I.T.

This is the last issue of this volume. Volume I was launched on the 15th August 1962 and except for issues interrupted by the vacations *Campastimes* has come out regularly though invariably late. Readers will agree that this is excusable as competition from 'Periodicals' other than *Campastimes* is very stiff.

It has certainly been a great pleasure to have been the Editors of a University newspaper which has met with greater success than what even the most plastic imagination could have dreamt of. Volume Two of *Campastimes* will be edited by a brand new board of Editors which will be a relief to both the present Editorial staff and the readers who have had to withstand considerable 'boredom'!

There have been good times and bad ones, but they have all remained at the height of controversy, perking things up when it seemed that life would settle down.

The regulars threaten to continue their contributions and though they happen to be members of the present Editorial Staff, they have abided by a code of conduct and blue-pencilled each others (as well as their own) contributions.

This board would like to state that the views expressed in *Campastimes* have been solely those of the authors and did not necessarily comply with Editorial opinion. Taking our cue from 'Foreign Affairs'; though we do not accept any responsibility for the views expressed we do accept that of having given these views a chance of appearing here.

As a result of our flexible (but never lax) approach, we might at times have had to print the names of people. We would like to categorically state that if anything appeared in print it was because we believed that the author of any humorously defamatory article meant no harm and that his victim would take things in the lighter vein (which never reached the heart!) To ensure this the Publisher had time and again invited criticism and also requested a very high authority to 'keep an eye' and let us know of any discontent in any quarter. We are happy to say that none was reported to us. On many occasions we have desisted from printing things which were widely known, not because they wouldn't be news but because it wouldn't be cricket. We apologise if we have been caught in any slips!

This is the proper place to express our gratitude and thanks to all our contributors. If this chronicle has attained a respectable stature all over Madras (in spite of its 'private' circulation), it has been in no mean measure due to the suggestions for improvement we have received from so many of our readers both within and outside the campus. No organisation can hope to prosper without criticism. *Campastimes* circulates only among those who can think for themselves and it is upto our readers to agree or disagree with the

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ELSEWHERE

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CLASSIFIED DIVERTISEMENTS

Ad. No. I.I.T./K.H./II-002/63.

ADMISSION TO KAVERI HOSTEL
MESS FOR DAY BOARDERS

Applications (6 Copies) are invited from such of the staff members (bachelors and married bachelors etc.) who are desirous of availing the opportunity of joining the Kaveri Hostel as day-boarders. The application should contain the following (All details must be given in words, and not in dashes or dots, as the morse code is not easily decipherable):

1. Name (in Block Capital Letters; Surname, if any, to be underlined);
2. Age (proof of age to be attached).
3. Designation and full postal address.
4. Permanent address.
5. Educational qualifications.
6. Social status.
7. Normal timings of hunger, appetite etc.
8. Conduct Certificate, preferably from a person under whom the candidate has taken food.
9. Clearance certificate from a responsible person, to the effect that the candidate has no debts, is to be attached.
10. Medical certificate to the effect that the candidate is fit enough to take food in the Kaveri Hostel.

A candidate, if selected, should be prepared to pay a security deposit of Rs. 30.00 or Rs. 60.00 (whichever is suitable).

Preference will be given to those who have perseverance and patience. Those who have previous experience will be preferred. Those who are in foreign departments (Post Office, State Bank, N.B.C.C. etc.) should send their applications through proper channel. Canvassing in any form will be a disqualification.

Application should reach the Manager, Kaveri Hostel, before 7th August, 1963. A copy of the rules and regulations of Kaveri Hostel Mess can be had by sending a stamped (15 nP.) and self addressed oblong size cover (23 cm. x 10 cm.).

The Asst. Warden/Kaveri Hostel reserves the right to entertain all applications or no applications, whichever is less.

(Sd.) ASST. WARDEN.

*To celebrate their Kharagpur Victory*R. A. VASWANI AND T. S. ANANTHU
invite you to lunch at

HOTEL DASAPRAKASH

P.S.: It is hereby notified that the date of the lunch is changed from the thirty-fifth day of the fourteenth month of the year Seven Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy Seven to the same day and the same month of the Year Eleven Thousand Eleven Hundred and Eleventyseven.

P.P.S.: Please bring your own lunch packages.

P.P.P.S.: Thank you.

Press—(Continued from page 1)
opinions expressed. After all if you (as the 'New Statesman' puts it) find yourself in constant agreement, the next issue will only be a bore.

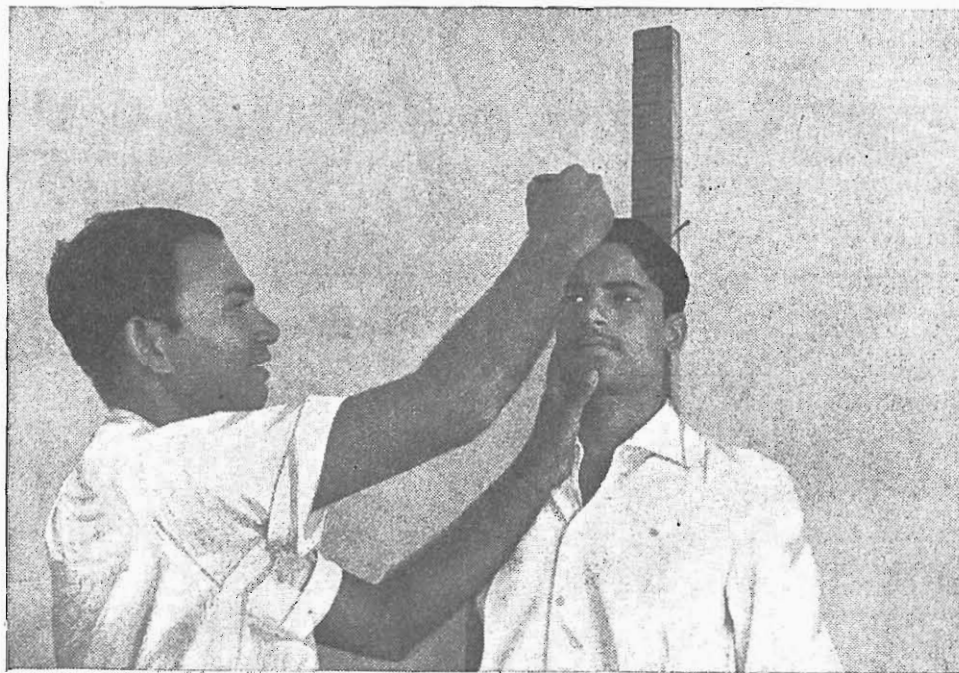
It should have been obvious to any one that *Campastimes* would have been an impossibility without Dr. Nikolaus Klein. The untiring zeal which he has shown in publishing this chronicle is matched only by his passion for making us learn Deutsch.

The Diocesan Press has been most helpful, at times producing the galley straight from the Manuscripts. We were lucky to have at our disposal the elegance which is characteristic of their printing.

As an introduction to our new readers and puzzled old ones A.S.B. was Anand Singh Bawa, Editor in chief (Nay, Editor at large!) T.S.A. was T. S. Ananthu. *Saha* (our cartoonist) was ofcourse C. V. Sahasranaman. V. S. was V. Siddhartha. M. V. R. stood for M. Vikram Rao. The other members of the board were S. S. Randhawa and K. M. Kripanarayanan. K. Mahesh will (we hope) continue to be staff photographer.

There isn't much point in mentioning outstanding articles of Volume I. You are sure to find it in *Campastimes* 25 years ago. It will continue to bring to you like the *New York Times* 'all the news that's fit to print.'

The Young—(Continued from page 1)



The Height of Freshness!

(that's for sure 'cause even curricularwise they are O.K.). We hope that you have in your midst untapped talent waiting to explode at the slightest provocation. The Open Air Theatre is meant for this purpose, and we hope to see an introductory preview in the near future.

You will be introduced to a very well-meaning system of tests and periodicals which you will find both new and refreshing. Apart from the cram routine just before the finals,

you will *also* have to keep your pencils sharpened throughout the year. All part of the game and if you follow the rules, you'll always be the better player.

Engineering is a practical discipline taking things in their totality and is in that respect closer to philosophy than many other sciences. Apart from a career, there's a lot of fun in it. And now a very practical tip: The young ladies of Madras, don't try getting fresh with them!

the complex has broken the emotional fabric of the individual.

AUTO-SUGGESTION

The commonplace lament of everyone is that he lacks some quality or talent, bereft of which he is in his present sad state. Most of us feel that had we been endowed with some more 'intelligence' one could have been much more happy. This myopic view of a really complex field in human behaviour really springs from a feeling of inferiority complex and repressions that it is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins. Such inhibitions have their malevolent effect on individuals to such an extent that not only is it a source of annoyance to the individual but what is much worse is nauseating to others around him. Dubois spoke of 'education of the will and reason' and recommended his patients to 'pass a sponge over their past and wipe out their phobias'.

Persuasions and convincing oneself of reality and one's capacity to face situations is very successful in suppressing neurotic symptoms disarming in its directness and pragmatic appeal. Among the various techniques of psychotherapy one of the most powerful is persuasion and auto-suggestion. As Coue, an eminent psychologist, effected many mental and emotional upsets by enforcing into his patient's mind that they *will* be all right. In his words a patient should feel himself convincingly that 'tous les jours,—a tous points de vue, je vais de mieux et mieux'—day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better. Many of us, indeed, are suffering from various complexes and the first way to overcome them is to understand them well—the primary cause and the cumbrous circuitous path through which

In essence, then, we could in a less dogmatic way assert that we could really be true masters of our own emotions and to harness them to right channels we must convince ourselves that we are really capable of determined action. Vacillation and hesitation should be summarily rejected as sob-stuff—not that this means an advocacy of precipitated hasty action—what it means is that we should know what we are capable of and do it with conviction.

Comparisons are odious and more so in emotional problems. The sycophantic hero worshipper raises his hero to transcendental heights failing to realise that it is his inhibitions—his feeling of impotency as regards his capacities—find a distorted outlet in seeking to wreak vengeance on himself by seemingly, paradoxically enough, attributing qualities which he feels he lacks. As Emerson wisely remarks 'Every hero becomes a bone at last' is very true as if he only practises auto-suggestions—convinces himself that he has talents and utilises them efficiently—his folly would be only too obvious.

Thus we see that the panorama of psychotherapy has become progressively wider, persuasion and auto-suggestion being yet one of its many techniques. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Hamlet's woeful lament:

'The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to get it right!' has become virtually a victory-cry for psychotherapists.

V. RANGANATHAN.

PERSONALITIES (9)



DR. SCHEER

'Komm, Pummel', murmured a voice and we breathed again. We had been to Dr. Scheer's room in the Turbo-Machinery wing (it was the day of the all, important and all-terrifying machine design examination) and upon knocking on the open door, were confronted with a large white dog, which came round the corner barking furiously. We all knew that 'barking dogs don't bite' but we wondered whether the dog knew it! We were luckily saved the opportunity of finding out.

Dr. Scheer is the soul of geniality though his cordiality is often hampered by his incomplete mastery over English, but yet, to hear him speak, one could scarcely conjecture that he didn't know a word of the language before he came to India. As it is, lisping and stammering through one hour must be quite an ordeal. His musical drone, aided and abetted by a warm afternoon, is an insomniac's dream. His sketches are in a class by themselves and one can say with absolute certainty 'This sketch is by Dr. Scheer'. His passion for drawing does not, however, extend to painting very much, although we have it on the Registrar's authority that he once painted a shark as a revenge for its nearly biting off his leg on the West Coast. He, however,

paints some weird figures on pottery and wood carvings. He feels that children should be encouraged to draw at a young age since drawing is a medium of expression of a child's subconscious thoughts.

Dr. Scheer served in the German Air Force during the war, gaining much of his technical experience there. He was then in Brunswick University until he was approached by Dr. Kraus. He then selected part of the equipment for the I. I. T. and was one of the first Germans to enter the Institute.

Dr. Scheer seems to have been impressed very much by Indian culture. His drawing room walls are adorned with paintings by contemporary Indian artists, and pieces of pottery and sculpture lie scattered all over the room. Even his curtains are made of khadi. Another of his hobbies seems to be gardening, since he can often be seen pottering about in the garden; though he maintains that he does gardening from the purely utilitarian aspect of counteracting the gardener's dubious genius!

He makes his presence felt, and feared, on the campus roads, roaring past in his little Volkswagen. It is, however, hoped, that the rumour that the roads will be safe once more is not true.

M. V. RAO

Success is relative—
the more the success,
the more the relatives.

IN THE NEWS

Madras Professor Gets

GRANT FOR RESEARCH
IN METALLURGY

MADRAS, July 10.

A new metallurgical research project which may prove to be of great significance in jet propulsion and spacecraft construction will soon be initiated in Madras thanks to an American grant to a Madras scientist.

Dr. T. C. M. Pillai, assistant professor of extractive metallurgy, Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, has received a three-year grant of Rs. 103,000 from the National Bureau of Standards (NBS), U.S. Department of Commerce, for conducting research on high temperature vapour pressure of refractory

materials. The grant will be paid out of U.S. Government's P.L. 480 funds in India.

Dr. Pillai's research programme aims at the intensive exploration of the availability of refractory materials to meet the ever increasing demands from higher temperatures needed for propulsion of jet engines, space rockets and nuclear reactors. Dr. Pillai said that conventional common metal and oxide-based refractories were now found inadequate to meet these demands. The location of sturdier refractories, therefore, had become imperative to maintain the progress in jet propulsion and the making of space vehicles.

Dr. Pillai will proceed further with the studies already made in this field by the American scientists, Dr. L. Brewer and Dr. J. L. Margrave. He will begin with a study of the vapour pressures and other related high temperature properties of the comparatively less understood sulphides, nitrides, carbides and borides with high melting points, hardness and other valuable refractory properties.

The NBS grant provides for all the necessary equipment, including pyrometers, thermocouple potentiometers; vacuum system, gauges and induction furnace as well as other items; research assistants and funds for travel.

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HUMANITIES AND US

On the evening of the 25th June, Prof. Chanda of Durgapur, a member of the Interview Committee, gave an excellent talk in the Narmada Hostel quadrangle. The talk was a general one; short, but admirably lucid, it held the attention of a normally unreceptive audience. It was spoken, as he put it, 'off the cuff'. He spoke generally on the usefulness of Humanities in fields other than its own and strongly supported its inception in technical colleges. He agreed that this was the age of the specialists, but, he pointed out, dealing with 'machines and mathematics' alone, is taking a parochialistic attitude. Humanities broadens the mind, narrowed down by science, and 'sharpens the knife edge of the brain'.

Democracy, he said, essentially consisted of the mutual give and take of ideas, not speaking of course from the political point of view. He referred to D. H. Lawrence's words that man's actions were governed by a mob, and an individualistic tendency. He added that the latter should be developed. He referred to George Orwell's '1984' in which there is stern regimentation under the 'Big Brother'.

He reiterated the importance of Humanities in engineering and said that in his opinion, the staff with their preconceived notions were more difficult to convince than the students. He spoke in this light vein for about twenty minutes and when he concluded, one felt that it was over all too soon.

Prof. Krishnamurthy then thanked the speaker and said that to comment on the same topic would be superfluous and to improve, impossible. Then in his inimitable style he calmly proceeded to comment on just the same topic, also adding that the Department was restricted by lack of time. Gopalakrishnan was, thankfully humorous.

—C.N.S.

FROM THE PAGES OF
AN IDIOT'S DIARY

By V. SIDDHARTHA

Dostoevsky—I have heard his name. In fact, I was asked to read a few passages from his books in a test. I couldn't read properly. I was crying while reading. I failed. They now call me an idiot. Will they listen, if I tell them that I was crying, not because of self-pity that I could not read properly, but because those passages made me cry? No—why should they listen? They are wise. They are logical. Is it not plainly illogical that anyone should cry to the extent that his senses should be blurred on reading a passage? I cannot say whether it is illogical or not. I do not know what logic means. How can I? I am an idiot, am I not?

Yesterday, I went to the Art Gallery. Today, I stand in the Art Gallery. Tomorrow, I will be in the Art Gallery. Composition, structure, texture, fibre and on and on—I listen. Big words. They mean nothing to me. How can they? I am an idiot. I like some pictures. I go because I like some pictures. I don't like others. What right have I, an idiot, to like or dislike a picture? I don't even know the simpler of the big words. Nobody has asked me that question, because I do not and will not tell anybody what I like and do not like. (Because. Blasphemy. How can I, an idiot, use a word of analysis?)

I came home early today. I always come home when it gets dark. An act of idiocy. The world of intellectuals (the people who use the big words), they all go out when it gets dark. They enjoy music and dance when it is dark. I enjoy music too, but not in the dark. I am an idiot and I like music also. But they are not idiots. So! They go out in the dark. Supreme logic. But I am not entitled to it—so they say.

There are many trees and flowers in the garden. Why are there so many trees and

(Continued on page 6)

MEN OF PRINCIPLE

By Louis William Norris

[This article is reproduced from the July '62 issue of the *American Review*. It is a particularly pertinent article. At a time when courses are being shortened and more is being fed into the students only to be discharged in the examination, we are reminded that education is not that narrow field of human activity concerned with the accumulation of facts.

We do not believe that this article will change the policies of either this Institute or the Ministry of Education. But, if it is read, understood, and considered as being a brilliant contribution to the study of college curricula, it would have fulfilled its purpose. Louis William Norris, president of Albion College, Albion, Michigan, is the author of *polarity*, "A philosophy of Tensions among Values" and "the good new days". He has contributed several articles & reviews to philosophical and religious journals.—Ed.]

Fascinated perhaps by the importance of things that explode, many educators have proclaimed that there has been 'an explosion of knowledge' in this generation. When the American Association for the Advancement of Science, or the National Education Association, holds an annual meeting, there are dozens of panels, workshops, and addresses designed to amaze all present with the thought of what may happen next.

Behind the ecstasy inspired by these achievements stands a spectre which it is time to recognize. An explosion results in fragments, and this may be the result of recent developments of so-called knowledge. As examples, take the implications for new knowledge in psychoanalysis, quantum mechanics, and existentialism. Many an eager Ph.D. candidate has been working his claim to new knowledge in each of these fields.

Psychoanalysis proceeds by elaborating on the elements of consciousness, particularly those below the threshold of attention. What is the significance of dreams, especially the motives they contain? How shall images that recur in consciousness be construed? Do they fit a pattern drawn from the father or mother's influence? What does the forgotten name of a familiar person mean? Experience is read in terms of its fragments. These particles are given a new context and an elusive meaning is believed to be captured.

Quantum mechanics, dealing with subatomic elements, has been showing that electrons, protons, and other units of force follow an 'indeterminate' course within the atom. When atomic fission occurs, these elements scatter with violence in unpredictable ways. They are believed by many to penetrate the cells of reproduction in living organisms, so that offspring three or four generations hence may be affected. When physical nature is reduced thus to its fragments, and when these fragments are set free, a multiplication of fragmentation takes place.

Existentialism, in many versions, offers an analysis of the universe in terms of particles. Fearful of premature commitment to a dreamy idealism, or a brazen materialism, existentialists seek a simple description of psychological phenomena. By accumulating more and more information about man's experience of himself, nature, and God, it is somehow expected that this mass of factual information carries its own interpretation.

Impressed by this zeal for fragmentation, many contemporary artists have considered it stylish to present life in particles. Abstract painting may show a series of sharply drawn angles with no filled surfaces as the *true* building, or swirling curves in many colours as the *real* landscape when swept by an April wind. And what shall we say of dissonance in music? Here a hot trumpet tries in riotous desperation to prove it will have nothing to do with the frenetic oboe, or delirious drums. The more unrelated the notes, the farther out the tune!

Stream-of-consciousness writing, such as that of James Joyce, has made the reading of it a process in deciphering strange words, and accounting for unbelievable transitions. A sentence may move from a hen house to a

church sanctuary, or line in a schoolboy's arithmetic to a passage in Tannhauser with a legerdemain that baffles even a psychiatrist. A detective novel is perhaps the last word in demand for attention to detail. Depth of character, influence of history, brilliance of conversation, vividness of description, the usual features of good novel writing, are at a low premium. But if you miss the woman who put the hunting knife in the upper right-hand drawer of the desk, you have wasted your time completely!

Experimentation, originality, and invention belong to art, to be sure. But fragmentation of the subject by a partial use of the medium appears to be enough for many a well-recognized artist.

Sad to observe, a goodly number of our pedagogues have taken their cue from this fashion for fragmentation. Visual aids have been taken by some to be the magic drug that will open the eyes of the blind and set at liberty those who are captive to tradition. By presenting pictures of rice growing in Malaya, or Reuther talking to auto workers in Detroit, the teacher often glows with warm satisfaction that it has been a good class hour. It has been 'enriched'. But note that pictures are but fragmentary glimpses of a subject. What went before and after may be more important than what actually appeared in the picture. Interpretation of the picture is far more important than what is in it.

Testing, particularly in its so-called objective form, has become, to an alarming extent, reliance on fragmentary reports by a student. Presented with an incomplete sentence, or a set of complete ones, some which are phoney, at least in the orthodox view presented by the instructor the student chooses a word or a place to make mark. How these tests came to be known as 'objective' is a mystery, since several alternatives and several words are often true in some sense.

Most of us have been reared to believe that pointing was had manners, because it revealed an impoverished vocabulary and made one too conspicuous. Objective tests and visual aids are no more than pointing to the fragments of experience, leaving their articulation in verbal form untouched. It requires little more intellectual activity than just barely being awake. Until a student generates in his mind the vividness of meaning a term can possess, he remains an intellectual infant, dependent on a picture show for his thought.

The 'explosion of knowledge' does not mean, therefore, the multiplication of full-grown ideas. It has often meant the fragmentation of attention to some new particle of the same world man has confronted from the beginning of time. The metaphysician is often judged naive on the one hand, or presumptuous on the other, if he ventures to offer a judgment about the nature of the universe from which its parts derive their meaning. He generalizes too broadly, it is said. But he who looks for the meaning of life in its fragments is even more ignorant and vain.

Karl Jaspers, one of the best-known German philosophers of today, points out that 'the false is (the) scattered . . .'. To scatter the attention of students to the increasing fragments of knowledge, to open up a new course to survey more and more branches of so-called learning, is, therefore, to multiply their confusion. To offer a drowning man a drink of water would be as impertinent as to offer a student more fragments of knowledge than he knows how to assimilate.

Education in its deeper reaches consists more in generating principles of organization than in multiplication of fragmentation. This is what depth in education at college should mean.

Learning's task is the more clear when the haphazard, fitful, and untidy condition of our mental household is observed. Thinking is usually messy, repetitious, vague, even silly, yet illuminated by flashes of insight here and there. One doesn't know what he thinks until he has thought it, or better, written and mercilessly revised it. What may I ask, do you think about an afternoon concert? Do your thoughts go something like this? 'I'm getting sleepy. So he's the

director. Music, not bad, but too short. What a pretty girl! Where did I put the keys to the car? That time's about a green valley. Learning—why should I?'

To add fragments of knowledge to the typically untidy mental household of a student only adds more confusion. Many a student feels he has been given a large picture puzzle made up of so many little pieces that he cannot sort them out. Can it be that the picture could be put together faster if the pieces were larger? Or better still, would not the pieces fit together more readily if the student were helped by a professor to find the principle for their organization? Students are insecure, you say? It is more clear that they suffer from chronic indigestion due to their heterogeneous intellectual diet.

Can a college do better than help its students discover the basic processes necessary when they think? Whatever education is, it is at least cultivation of the power to think in an orderly and comprehensive way. Thinking is continuous pursuit of a given theme to a meaningful end. The mind is 'a fighter for ends,' as William James said. Random thinking that does not stay on the subject is only dreaming. Thinking provides, so to speak, a string for the beads of experience. Unstrung beads are easily lost.

Further, thinking is recognition of similarities among different phenomena, and differences in similar phenomena. This is the appropriation of ideas in Plato's language. 'Courage' applies to a mother yearning for a child with infectious disease, a soldier defending a city, a statesman espousing an unpopular cause before a council. He who would learn what 'courage' means will detect a common idea among those differing circumstances.

Again, thinking is relating experiences to more inclusive classes, the composition of wholes that can be dealt with meaningfully. Harry Overstreet set out in *The Mature Mind* that man is a creature who lives by and through relationships. His mind matures as he discovers relations to the tree of meaning. To admire an anemone blooming in the woods would be pleasant, but Overstreet's language 'immature'. But to locate the anemone is a floral family, to learn the climate favourable to the family, the soil where they are common, the geological stages that have yielded the soil, the geophysical conditions distinguishing this earth from others, is to 'know' the anemone.

Historians have scorned Marie Antoinette for her naive question during the French Revolution: 'Why are the people crying for bread when they can buy such nice little cakes for a cent?' And scorned she should be, for here was fragmentary knowledge unrelated by thinking of the hunger of the people crying in the streets, or of the luxury of her own royal household.

Knowledge, is not an absolute, homogeneous good, of which there cannot be enough, and any form of which is worthwhile. It should not be the purpose of a college to help its students catch up with knowledge. Rather must the college help its students develop skill in sifting, ordering, classifying, and evaluating what can be known. Jacques Barzun's assertion that 'a principle is the only thing worth teaching' a student may be an exaggeration. But it points out that to which everything else is prologue. The educated man is a man of principle. He has pushed his way through the jungle of isolated fact to the stream of principle that courses from some headwater of meaning.

If the educated man or woman be a man or woman of principle, scholarship must have a new aim. These principles are not to be memorized from a book or lecture. They need rather to be won from selected fact and the analysis of competing theories. The man of principle has forged for himself tools to deal with such fragments of knowledge as he needs, and developed courage to ignore what he may safely neglect.

Education to this end differs from and rewards more richly than the aims sought by many in our time. First, education for principle is more universal, less provincial, than education for citizenship. Where the schools and colleges have considered it their

task to educate for citizenship, this has often meant education for support of the regime in power, the Nazis in Germany, segregationist governors in the deep South. Contrarywise, education for principle provides judgment for the legitimacy of power, the efficacy of political organization and the worthiness of its ends. Principles of citizenships are more reliable than the specific pattern of citizenship a student so often is urged to adopt.

In the second place, education for principle carries more objectivity than education for adjustment and release of native interests. Education for principle too often assumes the uneducated child to be maladjusted. Education in this view is therapy, not cultivation of the mind. Adjustment, furthermore, may be dated and suited to local conditions, leaving the student in permanent need of the therapy a school can provide. Such gentle cultivation of personality remains a weak substitute for the rigorous training of the intellect, which alone will solve the largest problems.

Again education for principle is more inclusive and thus more relevant to every man than education for leadership. Education for leadership is usually set forth by those who believe history is made by great men, e.g., Carlyle, Emerson, Hitler, and who have not read Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. Defeat of Napoleon, and of Hitler in our time, before Moscow, has been the action of masses in Russia. The common man in Africa, Asia, and Europe, and the working man all over the world, is making history, claiming his rights as he goes. Education for the followers as well as the leaders must provide them with the principles that can order the conglomeration of fragments of their fumbling minds.

In addition, education for principle is more manoeuvrable, circumspect, and ultimately more timely than education for a specific vocation. Education in college that is explicitly vocational emphasizes specifics too soon and too exclusively. In mediaeval times a youth was bound to a master at an early age as an economic and social necessity. Since we have largely escaped the necessity for such early vocational choice, why should the privileges of breadth in choice be given up? To rush into the adult obligations of a profession before the principles are found that undergird all professions and the society in which each profession functions, invites an early boredom with the concrete problems of occupational life.

While we know nothing of any schools of engineering in Caesar's time, we do know a great deal about the schools of law and rhetoric. Yet without schools of engineering, roads and aqueducts were built that would still be in use if broader highways and pure water were not available. These public facilities were successfully built, though education was not vocational, but largely concerned with matters of principle.

Scholarship at a liberal arts college should have much to say of citizenship, adjustment, leadership, vocation, but these are not its chief aims. Its chief aim is to yield men and women of principle. The great books an educated man should know were not written for the specialist, but by a writer passionately concerned to break through the minute particulars to the general principles. The true scholar should know these books. He shall have depth in his learning because he has sewn together the fragments of knowledge by underlying principles.

A man or woman of principle has developed guides for his thought, but they are at the same time regulations of his actions. By persisting in a course of thought towards a meaningful end, the man of principle has obligated himself to seek truth and to accept it when he finds it. This persistence in pursuit of a valuable and the acceptance of obligation are traits of character essential to scholarship. Scholarship is also an evidence of integrity, for latter means interrelation of all experience to principles. Persistence, acceptance of duty to know more, and integrity are the character requirements of scholarship. Can a man be a true scholar and not also a moral man at the same time?

A high I.Q. alone does not make a scholar, though it permits one to become a scholar. Studies on record show that the most creative work in scholarship has not come from those who possess the highest I.Q.s. It has come rather from those of the soundest character. It comes, in short, from those with the greatest persistence, sense of duty, and standard of integrity. This observation does not counsel a return to the Socratic doctrine that 'virtue is knowledge'. It means that rather virtue makes knowledge possible. A man cannot be wise until he is at first moral. His possession of knowledge presupposes that he has already mustered the virtues of persistence, acceptance, of duty, and integrity.

If learning in its profoundest reaches stems from a man's character, a college has prime duty to look to the character of its faculty, as well as of its students. A professor who loses, or has never owned, a passionate persistence towards meaningful principle; or who has lost, or never owned a duty, know more and to accept the truth when he finds it; or who has lost, or never possessed, a yearning for integrity among all the fragments of knowledge, can make no claim to be a scholar. It is the man of principle who makes the profoundest teacher.

A student makes a good scholar also only if he qualifies in character. True qualification for admission to college and retention in college stems from persistence, the sense of duty to pursue and accept truth, and from facility in accomplishment of integrity. Scholarship necessary for success in college will follow from these virtues.

The church-related college, eager to turn out men and women of character and intellect, often seeks these ends as if they were separate and independent. Rigid regulations of conduct, strict and extensive requirements for worship, and close personal supervision are often taken as assurances of character growth. But such aids-to-character are external and suggestive rather than definitive.

There is grandeur that pervades the man of principle, because something greater stands above him to order his life. He participates in something noble and enduring. There emerges something timeless amid his timely pronouncements. The frustrated and despairing character of Ben in Arthur Miller's *The Death of a Salesman* excites our pity because he is a victim of himself. He had nothing to give himself, so suicide was the only answer. Glendon Swarthout, in his novel *Where the Boys are*, has a youthful character speak for his generation: 'We have pimples but no suffering, money but no wealth... delinquency but no evil, television but no insight... I.Q.s but no intellects. We have everything but the one thing without which human beings cannot live... something for which to die slightly.'

This groping for something greater than themselves is what drives the student to his studies, and what will eventually save him from himself. As the William Pitts and Winston Churchills in England, the John Quincy Adamses and Woodrow Wilsons in America, have thrilled the world by their political principles, so the true scholar may thrill his generation by being a man of intellect, and thereby a man necessarily of moral principle. He will participate in the grandeur of truths that are greater than himself.

"Educational Supplement"
Saturday Day Inc.

*The Man
Worth while
is the man
who can smile
When everything
Goes dead wrong.*

Beginning a new Serial

SUPPRESSED LOVE

by
SHAH BUKHT

'Well when are you coming over?' asked the manly yet faint voice over the phone.

'I don't know,' replied his friend from the other end, 'I say...'

'Yes,' said the voice patiently.

'Please give my regards to Suzie.'

'O. K. But the last time I told her that, she was delighted and insisted on knowing your name. But I didn't tell her.'

'Thanks a lot.'

'Bye now. I have to visit someone special.'

'Bye. You don't have to tell me that you are in a hurry. I can feel that from your voice. Why, is she that important?'

Michael Cooper hung up the receiver and reflected a few seconds. Just a few minutes ago he had gone to the phone booth with a downcast heart but when he emerged he was radiant and happy; the same happiness that we ourselves experience when by chance everything turns to our advantage.

Back home he enquired from his brother whether the car would be free the next day. 'Sure,' his brother said, 'do you mind telling me where your friend lives.'

'About fourteen miles outside Calcutta. You see I would like very much to meet him before he leaves for school.'

Under the starlit sky and the serene surroundings of a starlit countryside he drove thinking of nothing in particular, but perhaps this was because too many thoughts crowded in. But as he neared the row of familiar houses his heart began to beat faster and faster. The thought of Suzie Fritz came rushing into his mind and he wondered how she would react to him, for though for the past three months he had been sending her his best wishes he had never actually met her. Had he made a mistake in sending her his regards? Momentarily he was confused, but it was soon dispelled as the car came to stop before the friend's house. The name plate at the door read 'Thomas Jener.' He rang the bell and waited for it to be answered. It was his friend who answered the call. 'Well now, isn't this a surprise! Why didn't you ring me up?'

'I am glad to see that I have surprised you Frank. You always think I am making some excuses when I tell you that I am unable to come. I hope I am not upsetting your Plans' replied his friend as they were seated in the room.

'On the contrary,' replied Frank enthusiastically, 'I was hoping that you would come because...' he paused and a twinkle came into his eyes and then he continued, 'because there is a dancing lesson to-night.' Frank was taken aback at what he had just heard. A dancing lesson. That certainly would be the last thing he would go to. 'Don't try to pull my leg sir. You know that I don't know how to dance. No, no, I am afraid I will not be able to go.'

Do you think most of the people that come in there know how to dance properly? It is not any official stuff. The people just come to practise. Besides you have to begin some time, and since the opportunity is here you might as well take it,' replied his friend with a slight smile on his face.

Frank grew nervous. He felt that he would never get off this mess. No, he did not have to begin sometime, in fact he did not have to begin at all. His environment was such that they did not require such 'nonsense' to help them to get on in their business. He did not want to begin a future that would only last for a day. He was in a state of indecision. 'Look Mike,' said Frank, 'you will really disappoint me if you don't come.'

Michael thought for a few moments and then finally consented to go. 'All right' he said, 'I won't disappoint you.'

'That's the spirit,' replied his friend in a cheerful voice, 'besides don't you want to meet Suzie Fritz?'

(Continued on page 10)



EDITORIAL

Another year has rolled by. Rolling stones, they say, gather no moss. But this one has to the extent of 30 in the first year, 26 in the 2nd, 20 in the 3rd and 2 in the 4th. The failures have been unprecedented this year. It was more or less tacitly assumed by the optimistic School of thought that the emergency would make the 'emergence' easier from the whirlpool of the Annuals. A certain high up is rumoured to have said that no student unfit for the emergency would pass. This is another facet to the problem, the other being that failures are a waste of Man Power (as Dr. Shrimali put it). Any questions on this score are met with the bland reply: Look at the University of such and such. Its pass percentage is just 65%. But the students here are supposed to be a selected few, the best of the 65% that have passed the Intermediate, and so should be compared with those in a parallel position such as Kharagpur.

Another major issue is the percentage for 1st class. In all the other I.I.Ts. it is 65% and here we grimly hold on to our originality and keep it 70%. To say that it is an incentive to work harder is a fallacy. Those who are capable of getting it, are the type that would in any case have tried their best. Others, who can't aspire for these heights, get discouraged and try for a pass. Furthermore, when you pass out they ask you whether you got a 1st class and you certainly can't answer 'No but 68% (that too being possible only if the authorities give you that information). Perhaps there are justifiable reasons for this policy, but as a student, one feels that the pursuit of learning in one of the best institutes in India should at least culminate in a "class"!

Idiot. (Continued from page 3)

flowers? I do not know. I do not want to know. I am an idiot. But they are beautiful. All the trees are green, but the flowers have many colours—why? Blasphemy! How can I, an idiot, ask such a question? The answer will contain many big words. I do not like big words. I use them only when I am sad. I use them only when I feel that the world will go to pieces. I hear many big words these days. So the world is going to pieces. The flowers, the colours are so lovely. The smells are so good, and the sun is so nice and warm. Does the sun know I am an idiot? Maybe he does, that is why I feel hot sometimes. The others, they do not feel hot. They think hot.

My English is so bad. Dostoevsky is so good. He was Russian, I am told. He wrote about an idiot. I have not read his book. I know already what is in this book. After all, it is all about me.

She is so warm and gentle. I run to her every evening before it gets dark. (Idiot! Idiot!) She is not very young. She is very beautiful. I like her very much. She hugs me, kisses me and caresses me. She runs her fingers through my hair. She says I am good-looking. It is only the inside that is so rotten. At night, I sleep next to her. She sings to me. She likes me very much. Does she know I am an idiot? She must. She is my mother.

FROM HERE AND THERE

SURJIT RANDHAVA

Poor Freshers! They don't know what they're in for. Five years! All the departments in the Institute are going to try their best to grind them into paste (And most of them will succeed at that). Since the newcomers don't know what a final examination is like, and I do, having taken four of them, I think it's my duty to tell them a few home truths. On the average about fifteen days are given as preparation leave. Once you manage to collect the notes for the whole year's work you get down to it and lift your eyes off your books only on the morning of the terrible Monday. It is advisable for the sake of personal comfort to take a few minutes off here and there for bathing and food. This, however, varies from individual to individual. Any 'mugging' that may have to be done should be kept for the last night otherwise one succeeds only in making a delicious Irish stew of all the subjects—which as any well informed senior can tell you, does a person no good.

The time for the paper to begin is heralded by the famous siren. Again one should be careful not to expose one's ears to this remarkably unmusical sound unless absolutely necessary. Apart from tearing one's nerves to shreds, it has a wonderful property of making a person's head devoid of most of the important facts and figures that had been industriously stacked up the night before. Two answer books are given for every paper and if a candidate can manage to keep his answers in the correct books—why, half the battle is won! Other minor hurdles like perspiration, lack of ink, erasers, and broken pencil points, can be easily combated by a careful count-down procedure.

The last homeward train journey was to say the least, boisterous. At Nagpur some person who boarded our train made the fatal mistake of placing a few baskets of oranges near the public address system console. They were extremely fresh and tasty. The average IITian is a master in the art of dubbing. For the sake of easy identification a Sikh gentleman with an oddly shaped turban was labelled 'The Flying Saucer'. Similarly, a rather unfriendly girl, whose only other fault was a slightly excessive poundage was referred to as 'The Locomotive'. Sid was missed badly on that trip. For those of you who probably don't know it, he has an expert's touch for borrowing comics from hesitant juvenile fellow passengers.

I spent the greater part of my summer vacations in Kashmir. Apart from the hazardous car-drive it was really enjoyable. This beautiful part of our country is a valley eighty miles long and surrounded on all four sides by snow-topped mountains. The valley itself is dotted with numerous picturesque lakes and criss-crossed by numerous rivers and well stocked trout streams.

A few days ago, the first Air-India Boeing flew low over our Institute. With engines on low throttle and with wing flaps and under-carriage down it really managed to make its presence felt. For the sake of technical information I may point out that its four engines develop a total take-off thrust of 68,000 lbs.; it has a maximum cruising speed of 590 miles per hour; a range of 5000 miles, a capacity of 140 to 162, a crew of eleven, and an hourly fuel consumption of 2,100 gallons of kerosene. It is 153 feet long from its nose to tail (which incidentally stands 42 feet above the ground—about as high as a four-storey building). Fully loaded, the plane weighs 311,000 lbs. This plane's hourly consumption of fuel would be sufficient to send a Volkswagen scooting over a distance of 62,000 miles, i.e. approximately two and a half times around the earth!!

The first impression one gets upon looking at the two new wind-turbines installed in our Institute is that of Holland. A few tulip fields, a couple of frozen canals, a KLM bill-board or two, and of course some flaxen-haired Dutch girls wearing ice-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

INSTITUTE GYMKHANA

Dear Sir,

With reference to 'Aan's' letter in the last issue of *Campastimes*, I would like him first to verify the facts before he makes any statement. He has been writing on absolutely wrong premises and does not know in the least what he is talking about. I would like to point out that neither Bawa nor I received a semblance of a prize in our capacity as Editors of *Campastimes* and the Institute Magazine respectively.

Further I would like to know what qualification Aan has to pose as an authoritative critic. I may point out that the Editorial Board of the Magazine was, and is, infinitely more competent to judge articles (which possibly Aan never even read before hastening to put his comments in print!)

And since when, may I ask, was the worth of committees measured by the number of meetings held? It is not futile and vain deliberations which count but some positive actions which matter.

And finally is the colour of Aan's eyes green?

Yours etc.
SRINIVAS NAGESHWAR

VANAVANI PRIMARY SCHOOL

Sir,

The speedy action of the I. I. T. authorities in commissioning the excellent School building on the eighth instant deserves praise from all Campus residents. The Institute is also to be congratulated for its foresight in entrusting the running of the school to such an able educationist as Father Murphy.

However, the school seems to be meant to cater for the children of only the top few in the I.I.T., as the fees charged are beyond the means of many fathers in the Campus. Would it not have been fairer to the poor sections of the staff if a school suited to their pockets had been provided first? After all the financially better-off sections will manage to send their children to good schools in the city without great difficulty.

I hope the Institute will take note of the very real difficulties of the lower-paid staff members and their consequent resentment and find a suitable solution to this problem. A suggestion worth considering is the subsidising by the Institute of a large part of the school fees of the poorer children on the basis of paying capacity of the parents. Let not 'VANAVANI' for some be 'VANARODAN' for others.

Yours faithfully,
T. RAMACHANDRAN.

July 10, 1963.

skates/wooden clod-hoppers, are all that are required to complete the picture. After having had one year of instruction in turbo-machinery, some of us with superior smiles on our faces and a faint sparkle of knowledge in our eyes, made a thorough top to bottom inspection of these aggressive looking wind-choppers. Dr. Scheer will be glad to know that we did not come across any doubts about the working principle of any of the parts.

Idea of the Month: How about using a battery of the above-mentioned wind mills for pumping water into our hostel tanks?

BON VOYAGE

1. Dr. D. V. Reddy of the Applied Mechanics Department will be leaving shortly for the University of Illinois—USA, as Asst. Professor. He will be conducting research in certain aspects of Structural Engineering.

2. Mr. Johnson Victor of the Civil Engineering Department will be departing for the University of Texas by the end of this month. He is on leave for higher studies and Research Training in Structural Engineering.

3. Dr. Satyanarayan Rao will be joining the University of Berkeley, California, for research in the field of Chemical Engineering.

We wish them all luck and success in their respective fields.

—C.N.S.



All speculations as to what the pseudo to roof asbestos contraptions being built in Cauvery and Krishna are about, have ceased. They are not, as rumoured, cowsheds or monorail termini but cycle stands, and the bent metal projections are not hitching posts. To 'sell' the idea to the students, all amenities are being provided. A pukkah fence is coming up to close the open side and ramps are being built to facilitate the process of bringing and taking away cycles to and from the stand. We have enough noise in the hostels already. We don't want people ramping about, do we?

An archaeological society recently formed in the two senior hostels claim to ancestry from the times of R. L. Stevenson and Long John Silver. Admission is restricted to the fourth and final year students. However, unofficially, certain staff members are also enrolled. Those who have had experience in digging (into old records, for instance) are preferred. It seems (according to one newspaper headline) that 'Rs. 6 lakhs lies buried deep in the B. S. (alias C. E.) block'. Dig that, man!

A Yank who visited the Institute a little while ago, felt that the I. I. T. 'School' wouldn't be completed on 'skedule'. He was wrong. It's there, all nice and shiny. Designed by a Brazilian architect, the counterbalanced main door is supposed to swing upwards like a trap (mind your heads, folks!). Father Murphy is managing principal. Some of the staff members are moving over as teachers. Better pay is the reason given.

The Three Years B. Tech. Course for graduates is to be 'equivalent' to but not 'identical' with the Five Years B. Tech. Course. One group knows a lot more about nothing and the other nothing about a lot more. Both statements are 'equivalent' but not 'identical'.

I would like to quote from a technical book written by a so-called 'standard' Indian author. But the flap says that 'this book or part thereof may not be reproduced without the permission of the publishers'. No wonder!

It seems the M.E.S. promised only raw materials to generate power for feeding the Campus. In our case it happens to be the wind. The windmill erected near the B. S. Block is a prototype machine. No doubt designed by the National Aeronautical Labs (with foreign collaboration) for the explicit purpose of providing the right amount of power for the Institute siren, there is more to it than meets the eye. It will be noticed that the building blocks off the wind in one direction. C.S.I.R. has apparently just heard of diodes. It is officially called 'Spasmodic Electrical Noiseless Generator Utilising Pulsed Thermal Operators'.

The Fifth Year Mechanicals are rather annoyed that statements to the effect that the fans are switched off when the Director lectures on airconditioning and refrigeration, should be attributed to them.

Finally, I feel like the captain of a training ship who overshot his time limit for the evening lecture. Along came a dutiful steward and said something like 'Aye aye Sir, your cup of tea is getting cold.' I quit. —V.S.

With the fame of our Institute spreading in a nationwide avalanche and the two Is and one T causing a happy smile of recognition almost everywhere—the puzzled brow and embubbled question mark cartoon style to be met only in such remote rural areas as Velachery—gone are the times when bewildered postmen distributed Institute mail equally among the other colleges of Madras. Today, a letter addressed to XYZ, I.I.T. P.O., M-36 will reach its destination without delay (this has been tested!), and even the weirdest and most morbid imagination will no longer be able to lead P & T off the track. Those Calcutta book-sellers who slyly addressed an order list to 'Indian Institute of Technology, c/o A. C. College of Technology, Guindy, Mysore State' will have to swallow the bitter pill that their practical joke has miserably back-fired. The book list reached the addressee within five days.

Who would have expected that our Auction Notice published in *Campastimes* No. 2 (September 1962) would eventually meet with some response, late though? After all, it's never too late, the dump at B. S. Block apparently having become a permanent feature. However, what ambled into Diocesan Press the other day revealing such keen if belated interest in old crates, was by no means a prospective buyer but the Law in the shape and size of a Police Inspector. Not that the Law turned out to be a regular subscriber to *Campastimes*. It didn't even know of its existence, as soon became obvious. All it knew was that 'some publication' printed at Diocesan Press had advertised an auction sale, and that auction sale had not been legalized by the Government! One can't but admire this neat piece of detective work, especially when considering the surprisingly short time it took to collect all this extremely accurate information.

Some people think they can afford not to take us seriously. We may have to disappoint them one day. On the other hand, it also doesn't pay to take us too seriously, because we may be the ones who laugh last and, therefore, best.

D. J. N.

AND, THERE . . . COMES SHE - - !

'THUDA, THUDA . . . !'

Just listen to the thundering. Oh, how dreadful it is! The clouds have done their work. It is damn dark now. Is it day or night? Of course, it is day. I hope so. No one can expect a day to be so dark. 'Oh, hell!' see the people rushing by pushing each other for shelter. It has started raining. It is raining cats and dogs. No noise except that of the rain is heard. Oh! - - See there. No. You can't see. Our eyes are closed—terrific lightning indeed. Wait for the thunder now. Yes, 'Thuda, Thuda'. Has my heart stopped working? No. Then. . . so dreadful it is. But the rain is going on doing her work without caring for anybody.

I hope the schools and colleges will be over by this time and it is time for the rain also to stop. Then why is she late? The time seems to hang heavily on my hands now. It is just drizzling. People are stepping out. The school boys seem to enjoy the rain very much. Oh! see there, the 'college dames' with books in one hand, umbrella being on the other, stepping slowly towards their houses. What about her! It is ten minutes past five now. I can't wait. No, no, I have to wait. I should wait. Yes. Now, see there. She comes, I hope, I wish, and she is coming there actually, swinging the umbrella in her left hand. What a sweet smile it is? Oh! she is trying to be faster. Her dresses and all are wet. My eyes are fixed. I began to breath. 'What happened to her?'

She slipped down there in the road. Oh, God! I ran to her. With an arm twisting her, and with the help of a young lady from the next house I managed to get her home.

'Mummy! Mummy!!' — I cried 'What happened.' 'Oh, don't worry, you, just a rainy fait'—She replied. And I can never forget such a rainy day.

GOPAL RAMACHANDRA.

*Mr. Anand Singh Bawa has announced
his resignation as editor of Campastimes.*



GUESS WHAT—3

If you happen to be at Elliot's next Sunday and see a strange creature darting up and down with the waves like Daffy Duck, you can be sure of IT. If you hear strange noises like 'Wow-ee-oh! Vath! Vath!' uttered in the weirdest of accents, you need entertain no further doubts as to the owner's identity.

Tennis is IT's grand passion among games. Red basketball shorts (borrowed, of course) and an undersize 'tee-shirt' is invariably the outfit. This, we believe, is the true Bangalore fashion. Talking of fashion, IT is setting up the latest modes in IT's Hostel—white jeans stitched with green thread worn with brown slippers and a green shirt with black and yellow checks is strongly recommended. (Model can be seen on display at times in Room 106, Krishna Hostel.)

The auctioneer of Krishna Hostel relates the following episode: A year old (empty) Rosogolla tin was the precious objet d'art, and IT was very keen on acquiring this very attractive piece of art imported all the way from Das's at Calcutta. The bidding started at 2 nP. and IT had the courage to raise it to 8 nP. Imagine IT's plight when Pixie bought the tin for 10 nP. 'But this is unfair! I swear there is no mug in the 'bogs,' IT protested. 'Chah! What luck!' And so it happened that Pixie, moved by compassion, gave the tin away.

The Don Quixote of yore and IT of today, we feel, are one and the same at heart. IT's companion Sancho Paul, however, has changed completely in mood, though not in looks. Fighting with windmills was quite remarkable, but lighting the wrong end of a filter-tipped cigarette in front of the Three Aces is really an achievement.

IT is a seasoned actor—on and off stage. Those of you who are observant, would have noticed a resemblance to Rajni Nimbupani's pet in the last issue of Filmfare. Other extra-curricular activities are playing the harmonica, (enraptured by Edmundo Ross) sings like Sammy Davis with a Sachmo touch and does the twist (like P.L.K. doing the Bhangra!).

If you ever go out on a dinner date with IT, you'll notice something: After two numbers from the jukebox and a plate of chips (tomato sauce unlimited), one notices the cornered-dog-look in IT's eyes—time for the bill! And man, you sure are baffled when IT reaches into IT's shirt front and begins groping around. You're the guest, so you wait thinking may be IT's got some itch or something, when, lo and behold! IT pulls out a custom-made patent leather purse ('27) and peels off two grubby notes! Only then you wonder why on earth tailors cut hip-pockets at all. Or maybe IT stayed too long in Australia (pouches made to order)?!

Your picture of this creature will be incomplete without an account of IT's benevolence and hospitality. December is usually a gay time in B'lore, and a few of IT's friends wanted to go over. Naturally, they expected to stay in IT's house. They broke the news at breakfast one fine morning... the result? A fit of depression for a whole week! Not even Pancho could cheer IT up. Alas! the mouth-organ was silent, melody was absent, in short, IT's spirit was quite dead. This caused not a little concern, and hands were wrung in despair, but wait. IT got a brainwave! 'Hey, fellas, I'm not going to B'lore for these holidays!' Vath! Vath! all smiles and wow-ee-oh! Came the reply, 'So what! We're going all the same. Tell your people to expect us.' IT's relief was turned off short. IT was possessed by the old fever once more, and this time IT had to be told that the trip had to be cancelled (cause attributed to the Emergency).

A kind and gentle heart had he
To comfort friends and foes.
The naked everyday he clad
When he put on his clothes.

These lines are very apt when we think of Herr IT.

By way of physical exercise
With weights IT does perform.
30 lbs. made IT wise,
So IT still has a skinny arm.
Once again a reference.

IT distinguished ITself recently by receiving guests from outer space. It was 7.30 I.L.T.S.T. when the whole hostel resounded with 'Beep! Beep!' What's this? A huge blue tin can with windshields here and there complete with head and tail lights descended in front of the mess. Soon, after IT's parley with the visitors, it rose again and vanished. We later learnt that this was a secret rendezvous of the Big Four. Further investigations revealed a concealed passage connecting the landing strip and IT's room on the first floor.

IT's brain works on IT's feet. Recently, when sugar was 'limited', IT used to go around with a small cylindrical container (in which films are usually packed) and filch sugar from the mess, a teaspoon a day. An idea if IT's patience can be had when we tell you that IT pays the mess bill out of the proceeds from the sale of accumulated stocks of this filched sugar. As a mark of respect to IT's inventive genius, we offer anyone who can guess correctly the true identity of IT the original aluminium container with which IT earned IT's pocket money (autographed by IT on the sides!).

Clue: I.T.'s got a nickname which rhymes with 'put'.

MY JAUNDICED EYE

BY D. J. NIRMAL

It all began in the hills of Mysore. Not at one of its many attractive hill-stations to which I am somewhat allergic. To any hill-station, for that matter, as I personally feel that vacation should not only mean a change of climate, but even more so of people. That, however, invariably turns out to be a vain hope when after not more than twenty-four hours at one of those queens, princesses, duchesses, and countesses of the hills one has bumped into at least ten people one has the pleasure of anyway meeting regularly during the remaining eleven months of the year.

It was while roaming through Mysore State from north to south visiting familiar and unfamiliar places, not knowing what the following day would have in store, not even caring, but enjoying the suspense of what would lie around the next bend, behind the next hill, or would be at the end of a day's journey, experiencing, in short, that sweet uncertainty and independence which being so exactly opposed to the treadmill routine of everyday life and work, to my mind is the very essence of vacation.

To be precise, it happened at Bandipur. Of course, doctors will disagree with me and claim it happened much earlier (follows a learned discourse on incubation, primary and secondary symptoms, the merits of a certain patent medicine in particular and of medical practitioners in general, and now I am really ill), but then doctors will always disagree, won't they? ('Young man, in my long professional career... I know.') Whatever their theories, it happened at Bandipur so far as I am concerned, and, boy! am I concerned!

There are people who may have the cheek to maintain that I looked yellow even before. It simply isn't true. Just think of all the trouble I went into to acquire that lovely bronze tan which holiday resorts are in the habit of advertising as one of their major contributions (mostly their only one) to the well-being of their respected clientele—and then call me yellow. The audacity! I resent it.

It all began at Bandipur. I hope I have made myself sufficiently clear. At dinner, to be exact. The afternoon I had spent walking about the forest all but crashing into an elephant, an aged gentleman busy taking high tea. If you could possibly call that busy. Whosoever is fond of seeing 'action' like cricket fans, leaders of opposition parties, and newly appointed managing directors, is here-with strongly advised against watching elephants. It will give him the creeps. The only time an elephant really gets down to action, it's wiser to watch out and stop watching it.

As I said, it began at dinner. Over a plate of roast chicken, to be precise, prepared with

loving care (and at an exorbitant rate) by the chef of Ranger's Lodge. We stared at one another and finally decided it was no use. It wouldn't agree with me, I knew, so we parted amiably.

Amiably or not, that did it. For I know that much: When it comes to the point where even chicken disagree with me, it needs but little further proof to convince me that I am booked for the stretcher. And that little further proof wasn't a long way off either. Packing up and leaving Bandipur, elephants, roast chicken and all, I got as far as Mysore, a hot bath, a cosy bed and—a bottle of beer. I shall say that much: I had my misgivings about this latter item. I was almost certain it would fall in line with Bandipur's chicken and start an argument. Still. Mind you, I am not particularly inquisitive. 'There are people who are much more talented in this respect than I am. If talented is the *mot juste*. Condemned perhaps? But then if something rouses my interest, I, like a dachshund, pick up the scent and follow it right up to the badger's hole, because, well, I just want to be absolutely sure. And I was never surer in my life. Afterwards. The moment it stood there on the table, I knew I was in for trouble, I knew it was only too eager to start an argument: It was yellow. The impertinence of this vile liquid! I took the challenge just for the sake of it, but I loathed it thoroughly.

That, as I said, was the final proof. I desired no more. The rest was mileage and a bunch of bananas. Green ones, to be on the safe side.

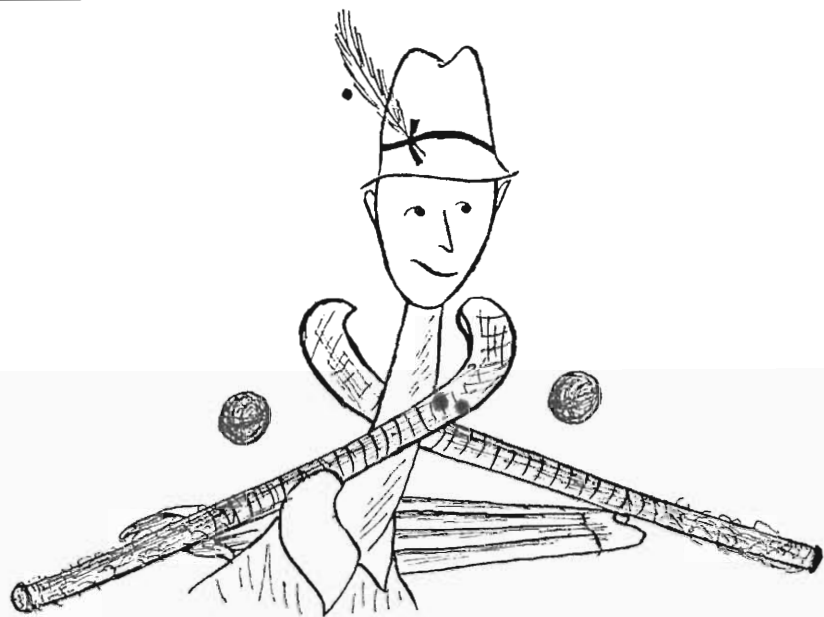
I must confess that I have a fairly pronounced aversion to the eternal red floors our architects seem to be so deeply in love with, I haven't the foggiest why. I find them an infinite source of botheration because, whichever way I treat them, they invariably give me a kick in the small of my back. Metaphorically speaking. Either I don't treat them at all and they look blotchy, or I have them treated and everything else looks blotchy. Including the dog. She used to be white. She is pink now. Since I do not yet master the art of levitation and in all probability never will (I tried once and still can feel it), I necessarily have to walk on these floors dancing around the carpets or reverently removing my shoes, if I can't help stepping on them. After all, such equipment is not meant to spend half its existence at the dry-cleaner's or to be kept rolled up like a mummy in some corner.

As I said, I have an aversion to those red floors, and I think I have made my point perfectly clear. However, one more thing has to be added: There is always the possibility to have at least one room painted in a different colour. It helps to restore one's equilibrium when on the brink of St. Vitus's dance after a prolonged sojourn on those ghastly red floors. I had one painted yellow. I admit I had been a bit rash then, but how could I possibly have foreseen that I would enter into a competition with it some day? Anyway, this was the terminus of mileage and bananas.

The doctor seemed slightly puzzled, fairly vexed, visibly perturbed. Was I yellow? Was the floor yellow? Did I reflect the floor, or the floor me? Or were both of us yellow? We were, in sweet harmony. I didn't tell the doctor. After all, the patient, too, is entitled to a little fun. But then further investigation was conducted at the window, and when the light filtering through the trees didn't reveal anything novel, the verdict was pronounced triumphantly, 'Jaundice!' And driving the point home, 'Yes, jaundice!' And rubbing it in, 'Clearly jaundice! You see his eyes? All yellow!' The congregation nodded solemnly and awestruck. Who fathoms the infinite depths of joy a doctor experiences when, at last, he has nailed down a poor devil? Incubation, primary and secondary symptoms... I didn't listen. I was already ill, he couldn't make me iller. I put on a yellow pyjama and resigned myself to the onslaught of sweet lime and glucose.

And in my memories I shall forever look upon Bandipur with a jaundiced eye.

Sportfolio



FACE TO FACE

SANKAR LAXMAN

PIARA SINGH.

Like all good things, India's supremacy in world hockey came to an end in 1958 at the Asian meet in Tokyo. This defeat, apart from being unexpected, was most unfortunate—a shock to most of us in India, a morale booster to those in Pakistan. We were beaten again at Rome and more recently in Jakarta. What was our possession—as it were for 26 years, had slipped from our hands. Can we acquire it again and if so, how is the question now under dispute? Is it proper spirit—or is politics affecting the game? Talent of course is available in abundance. The recent Rangaswami Cup



matches which captivated large audiences in Madras bears witness to the fact. That our tactics require a drastic change, there is no doubt. A robust game has to be resorted to to overcome the Pakistanis. In more familiar terms, our players have to develop a little of the 'Basu-John-spirit' in them. I do not mean by this that the hockey ground should be turned into a parking lot for ambulances, but that apart from the wrist and the feet, a little of the elbow and the shoulder could be used to advantage. Piara Singh and Laxman of the services seemed to have the same opinion. *Campastimes* interviewed them in the Army Barracks at Fort St. George.

S. LAXMAN.

As a boy, Laxman was hardly interested in hockey. His favourite games were football and volleyball. He played these with great zeal and vigour in school at Mhow in Madhya Pradesh. He joined the army in 1947 and was posted to the 5th Maratha Regiment of the Eastern Command, in 1953. It was only then that he started playing hockey. Even then he said that he had a healthy fear of the hockey ball and it was only by accident that he became the Services'

custodian. His rise to prominence has been meteoric and now he is almost indispensable to the goal. Laxman represented the Services in '55 and also India in the Olympics in 1956. '57 found him touring Afghanistan as a member of the Central Secretariat team. Ever since, he has been devoting a great deal of his time to hockey. In the European tour of '59, in the '60 Olympics at Rome, and in the Asian Games at Jakarta, India could not possibly have done without him. He was chosen to be the vice-captain of the Indian team and led the Services in the series of matches beginning with the Rangaswami Cup.

Despite all his work and responsibility Shankar Laxman, now 32, has found the time to attend several coaching camps. Old stalwarts like Harbail Singh, Swami Jagannath, Gurcharn Singh and Balbir (Sr.) have all appreciated his talents and held him in high esteem. He felt that the Indian team as such should have more practice—at least 5 to 6 hours a day before the major tournaments. When asked the reasons for the Services defeat in the Rangaswami Cup, he said that they had not much time to practise because of the emergency. 'The Railways are a very good team' he added. He praised the hockey association here for conducting the tournament so well and for the excellent playing conditions.

One could not however have said much of the barracks where the Services team was obliged to board and lodge. It was sparsely furnished, overcrowded and it seemed a pity that such talented sportsmen should have to stay in such places when on tour-playing. Laxman himself pointed out that the Pakistanis were encouraged with more facilities. It is hoped however that this tough formidable 'goalie' will do exceedingly well in the coming Olympics.

PIARA SINGH.

24 years young, the Sardar was in high spirits when Laxman introduced me to him. He was quite interested in the Institute and



wanted to know all about the games we played here and particularly about hockey. It is so surprising that this excellent defender who won so much praise in Madras has not been selected to represent our country in the Tokyo Olympiad. He was of the opinion that the Pakistanis were rather slow and was quite confident of our victory over Pakistan at the next opportunity. Unlike Laxman, he started playing hockey in his home town in Jullundur while in school. He represented the Punjab Schools in '55 and All-India Schools in '56. Hockey in the Punjab was influenced and encouraged a great deal by Mr. Ashwini Kumar.

Piara Singh joined the Navy in November 1956 and represented the Services in the same year. He played in the National in 1960 and represented the Services in the same year. He played in the National in 1960, and represented India for the first time at Ahmedabad in '62. He went to Jakarta the same year to attend the Asian Games. He felt that the Indian team needed to combine better if they are to do well in the future.

After the Navy and hockey, Piara likes Basketball best. It may be mentioned that he represented the Punjab Schools in Basketball in 1955. Let us hope that Tokyo where we lost first will not have the same story to tell this time and will bring us luck for now and for the future.

C. N. S.

DOCTOR AT SCHOOL

On hearing that Dr. Reddy had been to school during the vacation, our correspondents rushed to investigate why he had been forced to do such a thing. But they found to their dismay that it was not as bad as it sounded! Dr. Reddy had only attended a summer school on 'Modern Developments in Engineering Structures' held at Srinagar, as a representative of our Institute. In an interesting interview he gave us some idea of the session at Srinagar, an account of which is given below.

Question :—What is a summer school and what purpose does it serve?

Answer :—A summer school is essentially a meeting of teachers and research workers to exchange notes on a chosen field of study during the summer season. Its main purpose is to provide a forum for the presentation of individual research contributions, reviews of current work at home and abroad and discussions. The participants benefit considerably from the wide opportunities for the cross-fertilization of ideas.

Question :—At a time when 'travel less' is the motto we cannot understand the reason for the school having been held in Srinagar and not in a more central place. Could you comment?

Answer :—As a principal city of the 'Switzerland of the East', Srinagar has its charms for all of us. The Ministry of Scientific Research and Cultural Affairs, which arranges Summer Schools for Scientists and Engineers, makes every effort to hold the sessions in places with salubrious climate and tourist attractions. Most of the participants, who are teachers at Universities and other institutions, have to sacrifice a part of their vacation and residence in a nice place is a bit of a compensation. Also, many of us in the academic world cannot afford to travel to far-off places like Srinagar and are grateful to the Ministry for giving us such an opportunity, which is really an incentive for hard and sustained work.

Question :—Tell us frankly what prompted you to go to Srinagar. Is it the idea of a cheap holiday or the pursuit of learning?

Answer :—Well both! Your question sounds intentionally provocative. However, I can assure you that the end results were promising.

The atmosphere of the summer school was so conducive to learning that it had the same effect as that of the Village Preacher in Oliver Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village'—'Fools who came to scoff remained to pray.'

(Continued on page 10)

Love—(Continued from page 5)

His friend gave an uncertain smile as though he would let things take their own course.

'The girls aren't here yet,' said Frank as they reached the factory Club. 'Let's play Billiards in the mean time.' Life is made up of small surprises both delighting and depressing, it depends on how we look at it, for they occur in the times when we least expect them. Michael was playing hard to win the losing game, so taken up was he with his games that he had completely forgotten about the girls. When he suddenly turned around after having got a 'Canon' he was confronted by a host of girls, led of course by no other person than Frank.

'This is a surprise,' he muttered as they came towards him. At first he wanted to talk to Frank but he was careful to avoid meeting Michael's eyes. Yet Michael was certain that he saw a laugh in his face. Frank began introducing. Michael was so excited in the beginning that he was unable to catch the first few names. Automatically he uttered the greetings. Finally when he became a little more calm he wondered who Suzie was. But she had been introduced to him in the beginning. What a fool he was not to have listened properly.

He had been introduced to most of the group. Frank must have guessed what Michael was thinking about because every moment he was playing on his feelings. He wanted to keep Michael expectant till the last. 'Oh, Mike, I almost forgot,' he said, 'please meet Suzie Fritz. Suzie! this is Michael Cooper.' His heart slipped a beat. So this was the girl. She was a slender girl of medium height and he guessed that her age was about sixteen. She had a full round face with fine red natural lips to match them. Her cheeks were smooth and were flushed extra pink with excitement. As he extended his hands to greet her, he gazed into her blue round shaped eyes. They were the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen. He had never seen such clear blue eyes anywhere so pure and shining with innocence. As he looked into them he was lost in their midst. It seemed to him that he was on an ocean of blue water. The sea was calm and peaceful and somewhere from its depth shone a strange light. Suddenly the expression in them changed and this change brought him back to reality. Wait now those eyes seemed to be saying something. Yes they were saying. 'So you are my silent admirer.' All this happened in the fleeting of a second.

After the meeting his heart was no longer in a state of passionate tension, it was rather calm. His love became peaceful. But it had also changed. From that of lover it had changed to the love for the creature of God whose innocence he felt his duty to protect.

The introductions being over the two friends continued playing their game of Billiards while the girls sat at the far end of the room.

'They are waiting for us to finish the game so that we can go to the dance,' said Frank as he bent down to take an in-off.

Now that the moment had come Michael felt his courage going and said rather half-heartedly, Frank, I can't possibly do it. I will make a fool. . . Frank cut him short by saying, 'The girls are waiting for us.' Sometimes when Michael bent down to take a shot he could meet the crystal blue eyes gazing at him from across the table. As soon as those eyes saw his they would quickly turn to some other direction. Then Michael would look up where Frank was looking and to his surprise he would find that he was smiling at him.

The game being ended the girls joined the two of them now, there were four now; two more of Frank's friends had joined the group. 'The girls are ready to teach you to dance,' said Frank quietly to Michael. 'Are you ready?'

'No,' he said abruptly and then as though to change the topic he suggested to the girls, 'How about going for a drive?' Saying this he walked towards his car half-afraid that no one would come. But Frank by now had guessed that it was useless trying to force his friend to learn dancing. So he took three of the girls who were willing to come. Suzie was amongst them.

(to be continued)

Grant—(Continued from page 3)

Dr. Pillai, who comes from Momcombu in Kerala, has already done much work on the subject in the United States recently. He went to the USA as Fulbright Scholar in 1955 and was a post-doctoral fellow at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology during 1958-59. He worked there with Dr. John Chipman, head of the MIT metallurgy department. Later he was an assistant research engineer at the University of California. Subsequently, he joined the University of Wisconsin as a project associate. He returned to India in 1962 to join the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras.

—Extract from *The Mail* dated July 1963.

AT THE CROSS ROADS

Through the window,
Half open,
The moon pours in
Its blissful rays.
Everything is so calm,
Still and pale,
Bathed in the silvery light.
It lures me
To those open patches
Of milky azure
Where none shall be,
None other than I.

But—
From the chair
I look back,
A shadow,
Semidark,
In the oppressing darkness
Of the room,
Hardly discernible,
That is my past.
It breaks up.
Splits
Into a number,
Countless,
Of Shadows.

Here my dejections,
Here my passions,
There my affections,
There my downs,
Here my ups—
And so many more,
All waiting,
Moving,
Dancing
In a turmoil
And calling me back.
I resist.
They are furious,
Revolted,
Rebelling,
Whirling at a mad pace.
That is all behind me
In the darkness of past.
Though, what contrast,
In front of me.
Through the half open window,
Partly visible,
Moon,
Solitude,
Calmness,
Beauty
Which I love.

I get up
To move.
There is a howl.
I look back.
They are still calling.
I advance
And close
The half open window.

T.S.G.

THE SQUARE DANCE

No. 5 Solution

Across

4. Spangled.
8. Shiner.
9. Vanquish.
10. Osculate.
11. Tether.
12. Catsmeat.
13. Entering.
16. Plantain.
19. Tabulate.
21. Anoint.
22. Honestly.
23. Bassanio.
24. Resettle.
25. Exiled.

Down

1. The Star.
2. Incursion.
3. Crease.
4. Seventeenth Hole.
5. Annotate.
6. Grunt.
7. Eastern.
14. Realistic.
16. Castanet.
17. Lineage.
18. Stalker.
20. Banner.
22. Issue.

GUESS WHAT—SOLUTION

A. K. SHENOY

Doctor—(Continued from page 9)

In fact, I am reminded of a famous British Professor (a fellow of the Royal Society) who insists that it was the fine tea and not the lectures themselves that induced him to attend meetings of an Institution of Engineers.

Question:—Did you present any papers at the 'School'?

Answer:—Yes, three papers—(1) Analysis of Grid Frameworks, (2) Testing of Grid Frameworks and (3) Plastic Analysis of Plates.

Question:—How do summer schools help the students? Students often feel that teachers with a considerable interest in research do not devote as much time as they should to teaching. What do you feel about the matter?

Answer:—Summer schools contribute a lot towards improvements in both the methodology and contents of regular courses of instruction. Knowledge of the most recent developments often leads to a revision and re-orientation of old ideas which is bound to influence instruction even at the undergraduate level. Awareness of fields of current research helps a research guide to plan his projects for post-graduate and research students without duplication of work. This leads to a considerable saving of time and money.

I cannot agree with you that research takes time away from teaching. Every research worker partakes in the 'creative process' in his own humble way and young minds are bound to be inspired by teachers who have some desire to advance the frontiers of knowledge.

Question:—In conclusion could you give us your general impressions of the 'School' at Srinagar?

Answer:—It was a very pleasant and useful experience and I enjoyed every moment of it. I was most impressed by the high calibre of research in Structural Engineering in our country during recent years. In spite of many hardships, which are inevitable in a developing nation like ours, I notice a considerable enthusiasm for research work which augurs well for the future.

More than anything the session at Srinagar made me, and I have no doubt certain other participants, aware of our own areas of ignorance. Any experience which is a pointer to one's own deficiencies is extremely valuable and I am glad Srinagar afforded me such an opportunity.