

# Campastimes

Vol. 1, No. 2

IIT Madras, 15th September, 1962

10 nP.

## THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS

My dear Juniors,

The experiences of myself and my one hundred and twenty-nine classmates (the second Batch to be admitted to I.I.T.) when we did not have the pleasure of your company is something which you have all so badly missed. I shall not be egotistic enough to relate all those incidents which were personal in nature, but shall confine myself to those of them which all my classmates had the opportunity to come across. This shall, I am sure, make interesting reading to the present 1st and 2nd Year students.

To say the truth, I had not been aware of the existence of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras, until one month prior to the date when the Institute was unfortunate enough to admit me. I was more than surprised to see the newspapers carrying an advertisement entitled 'Admission to the I.I.T., Madras'. I was then a resident of Madras, and never having heard of such an Institution, was inclined to regard it a hoax. However, to satisfy my conscience, I replied to the advertisement, and was taken aback when I received an interview card.

Gentlemen, you must have heard of sons being under the care of the father or the mother, or some disabled men being under the care of a hospital, or, if you stretch your imagination too far, of some husbands being under the care of their wives. But ever heard of an educational institution 'under the care of' another one? I hope you will not refuse to believe me if I tell you that our great Institute was at that time under the care of the A. C. College of Technology.

The above fact was mentioned in bold letters on my interview card, and that was about the only indication I had regarding the location of the Institute. The next day I searched for it for two full hours in and around the A. C. College, the College of Engineering and the Central Leather Research Institute, and was just beginning to think that the whole thing was a big hoax when lo and behold! I saw a foundation stone coming up from the ground on which was written:—

**INDIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
MADRAS, INAUGURATED BY PROF.  
HUMAYUN KABIR ON 31st JULY,  
1959.**

I looked about eagerly, hoping to have a glimpse of the huge buildings bearing the renowned name of I.I.T. But try as I might, the only thing that came into my view was the cactus plant growing to my left. Finally, I gave up, and decided to have a cup of tea at the Leather Institute canteen and go back home. I heard a lot of noise coming from one room and concluded that that must be the canteen. Imagine my surprise when, on entering it, I found written on a piece of cardboard, 'The Indian Institute of Technology'.

'This is an Institute of National Importance,' I overheard a big shot tell another.

I looked round, and all I could find of this Institute of National Importance was one single room with some clerks and a telephone.

It was rather difficult for me to imagine that all the classes and other activities of the



All roads lead to (de) fence  
(See page 3)

## 15ths AND 26ths

R. PRABHAKAR

Another mock-celebration is over—the fifteenth Independence Day. All over the country countless speeches were made with no force of conviction behind them and these in turn were heard by equally uninterested people who care more for their own day-to-day affairs than for nationalism—let alone internationalism. As usual the younger generation was asked to be prepared to shoulder the mighty responsibility awaiting them—not that of future democratic administration but of repaying the monstrous foreign debts with interest; shackles are being forged for them in the form of heavy foreign commitments. In the name of democratic planning, not only the present generation is put to untold hardships but also the hands of future generations are being tied; bringing dishonour and loss of self-respect to the country in the process. 15th of August and 26th of January are said to be days of national rejoicing but few seem to bother about the precarious position we are in: our total begging of foreign countries big and small is rapidly increasing; so far our public sector projects have shown little profits and many have been running on loss. Let us remember that the more we are indebted to others the more vulnerable we become to their interference and ultimate occupation in the event of East-West relations becoming tense.

We have started large scale forced industrialisation without giving due importance to the development of business discipline. Today our businessman is notoriously dishonest, greedy and unscrupulous. The things he sells are mostly of substandard quality and he laughs at the idea of improving the quality of his product. What is more alarming is the public apathy. A recent survey showed that food adulteration was unimaginably rampant in the country and that this was largely due to public non-cooperation and official incompetence.

In the field of Education, at the time when other nations are advancing technologically by leaps and bounds, our standard of education is

(Continued on page 2)

Institute could be conducted in that single room. I asked all the clerks there, where the hostel and classrooms were, but they seemed embarrassed, and to a certain extent annoyed, by my questions. 'Why do you want to know where the Hostel is?' or 'You will be told when and where the classes will be held' or 'All you have to do is to assemble here

*Dear Reader,*

This now is our second issue of Campastimes, yes, 'our' issue and, unfortunately, still not 'yours'! We had thought it was sufficient that word went round, IIT Madras were to publish its own newspaper. 'A monthly, bah!' So what? It's still a newspaper, isn't it? And with some sort of a future, we hope. But hope is all we can at present, because it's only a matter of a very short time that the handful of those who make Campastimes now, will leave the Institute with 'B.Tech.' written all over their front and back. And then what? Well, that's precisely what we keep asking ourselves.

We know, not everyone of you is a writer of sorts, not everyone is able to put his thoughts on paper, not everyone is an artist. But do you, in all seriousness, want us to believe that there are no more than can be counted by the fingers of less than two hands who are capable and willing to contribute to Campastimes? Do you want us to believe that there is not one in I Year who has the ghost of a literary vein? Or—are you, by any chance—shy? Oh, come!

Campastimes No. 2 has eight pages. Not because—in spite of you! But how long do you think can a few fellows fill eight pages every month without your contributions and suggestions? And—let's not forget—your criticism? Or do you want us to splash 'Space Donated by Tom, Dick & Harry, Ltd.' all over six pages? Hardly attractive, don't you agree? Well, there you are.

So, let's have a sample of what you know besides B.Tech. After all, it's 'your' newspaper and not only 'ours'.

Yours etc.  
*The Publisher.*

*Campastimes*

*Campastimes*

*Campastimes*

*Campastimes*

*Campastimes*

**Birth of your "Camp"- "Pastimes"**

on the 16th of August (the reopening date). We shall take care of the rest' were the only answers that I received. I got the impression that the location of the Institute was a top secret, not to be divulged under any circumstances whatsoever. It was only when I paid

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### Those Good Old Days

(Continued from page 1)

my fees that one clerk took pity on me and told me, 'You see that Deer Sanctuary over there. Go in, and follow the main road—I mean the main pathway (Yes, Juniors, it was a pathway those days). After a distance of about 3 miles, you will meet the hostel.'

It was on this day that I met Mr. Sidhartha, the now renowned (or notorious?) character of our Institute. He gave me a good dose of his now frequent lectures, and by the time I left him I was wondering what sort of people I would come across in I.I.T. He warned me against visiting the hostel, and told me I would be subjected to ragging. Disregarding his advice I entered the forest one day all alone.

I had gone a few yards inside, when the pathway forked into two. I was wondering which one to take when suddenly I heard the bushes on my left move. I had just read one of Jim Corbett's books the previous night, and my heart leapt to my mouth. I was much relieved to find that it was only a deer.

After that, my mind was never quiet. What with the buzzing sound of the trees, the stillness of the air, the atmosphere of a jungle and the absence of human beings, I was fast losing my courage that I had, and I had just decided to turn back, when I came across a villager who offered to take me to my destination. The next three miles of my journey is easily the most tedious trekking that I have ever done. Finally, on reaching a village, my escort pointed his finger to the left and said, 'There is your Institute'.

My eyes followed his finger, but could see nothing.

"Where?" I asked.

"That one" he said, pointing to what was nothing more than a heap of bricks.

"That one?" I echoed, staring in that direction. I think I must have stood there stunned for quite a few minutes, for when I turned round my escort was no longer there.

On the 16th of August, the then Warden, Dr. Chowdhry, offered to transport us from the Leather Institute to the Hostel. A huge truck—of the type used for transport of heavy luggage—came and halted before us. Into it we were huddled, bag and baggage. There was a scramble to get in, and I fell down twice before I could get a foothold, I saw a huge plumpy figure trying to shove himself in (and thus obstructing three others from doing so), and it was only later on that I learnt that he was Mr. Anand Singh Bawa (Excuse me, Editor!)

The truck started at last, and soon took a turn to the left. All of us fell on one side, and I can still remember myself trying with all my energy to keep Mr. Bawa from putting all his weight on me.

The truck entered the forest (what you call the Campus, Juniors), and its front portion seemed to go down. I was just beginning to feel certain that it was a puncture in the front tyres when I felt the front half rise up again and the lower half go down. Only then did I realize that it was a ditch that we were passing. I was just contemplating on the size of the ditch, when people at the front shouted, "Duck!" I didn't know for what, and stared at them. The branch of an over-hanging tree precariously missed my head, and for once I thanked God for having made me so short.

After half an hour of this grand journey, we reached what was then known as Tharamani Hostel (the completed form of which is now known as Krishna Hostel). It had made considerable improvement since my last visit. The bricks, which were scattered at that time, were now so arranged as to form what some people called rooms. And into them we went—two in each.

I shall not go into the details of the water, electricity, transport and other problems that we faced. Suffice to say that to post a letter we had to go to the Leather Institute (mind

you, with no bus service or anything of that sort) and to buy any article we had to go to Saidapet.

The next morning the good old truck again arrived, and we were told that our classes would be held in the A. C. College and the Highways Workshop. So we underwent this adventurous truck-ride four times a day—plus some rides between the A. C. College and the Highways for changing class-rooms.

You may have been surprised, Juniors, to find that all of us possess cycles. The reason is that the truck service was stopped after some days, and we were compelled to buy cycles. And on them we went at least 12 miles a day—on all sorts of roads and in all sorts of weather.

I would be doing great injustice if I forget to mention the classrooms in the Highways where the 130 of us had joint classes. If you enter the Highways, about one furlong from the gate you will find a tin shed on the right. Not only the top, but also part of the walls are made of tin. Friends, this was once our classroom, in which the temperature never went below 105°F. There was a rush and a scramble every day to get into the first three benches, for otherwise you could neither see the board nor hear the lecture.

Under these circumstances, friends, you will excuse us if some of us had dozed off in some of the classes, especially when I tell you that one day I was about to wake up the person beside me who was fast asleep in Dr. Koch's interesting class, but was prevented by a friend who tugged at me and quipped, "No, don't! He is the Professor of Physics!"

In the next two years, we have come across so many interesting events, but all that we want you to learn by the method of practical experience.

Now tell me, Juniors, isn't it better to suffer a little due to an Entrance Examination and a bit of ragging (both of which we escaped), than to undergo these terrible experiences?

Yours seniorly,  
T. S. ANANTHU.

### 15ths and 26ths—(Continued from page 2)

being slowly but steadily lowered: The Punjab Government (as also some other State Governments) has directed technical and medical institutions within the state to give first preference to sportsmen by considerably relaxing the minimum percentage of marks qualifying the candidate for admission. The urge of a newly independent nation to strain every nerve and strive to advance with the maximum amount of self-help is totally absent in our country. Suddenly people have become patriotic (i.e. narrowminded) and have been fired with the love of regional languages with the result that in many a State the at present inconsistent and suicidal step of making the regional language the university medium, is being contemplated. There are many educational institutions—and one or two universities—which are run by typical businessmen and which should be nationalised without further delay, in the national interest; government grants are freely given to these undeserving institutions and are duly misused. The step to nationalise these may not be welcome to many top-people who are serving their near and dear by getting seats by their influence; it is simply stunning to think how low people holding very responsible positions will stoop to satisfy their selfish interests. Breath-taking instances may be cited but are not, as the reactions will not be in the form of remedial measures but suppression of evidence.

This leads one to the present pitiable plight of our Judiciary system. In spite of our boasting that law is within the reach of common man, it is an open secret that a respectable citizen can never prove his point against an influential top-man and that the rich are constantly evading the law in one form or other.

Coming to prohibition, the hollowness of many of our leaders' pre-independence patri-

tism is made evident by their still not coming to a decision on this all-important question. Gandhiji made this one of his 14 points—constructive programme and was of the unshakeable opinion that this should be carried out at all costs. On the contrary, a few states have openly refused to implement this and a few others have laid the condition that the Centre should make available to them funds equivalent to those that will be lost on enforcing prohibition. In our capital the government has let on lease a few shops from which it is deriving a big amount. Even in the so-called dry areas, it is only the poor distiller who is punished; the rich carry on with refined stuff.

This brings one to the core of the problem. Our leaders do not have the moral courage to tell wrong doers that they are wrong. They are ready to bow to mass-opinion in order to retain their position. Gandhi tells us: "Those who claim to lead the masses must resolutely refuse to be led by them, if we want to avoid mob-law and desire ordered progress for the country. I believe that mere protestation of one's opinion and surrender to the mass-opinion is not only not enough, but in matters of vital importance, leaders must act contrary to the mass-opinion, if it does not commend itself to their reason." Today the uneducated masses are continuously deprived of what little they possess—morally and materially by our film-industry, horse-races etc. which should be ruthlessly suppressed for their immoral impact on the people and for their role in diverting their energy from nation-building activities into non-constructive channels.

Thousands of square miles of our territory have been occupied by Red China and the Kashmir question is far from coming to a solution. Internationally we are applying the principle of non-violence (of the weak) and are hoping against hope that good counsel will ultimately prevail in our enemies' camps; whereas within the borders police and army are freely used to crush strikes and opposition moves. There have been too many killings due to police firings and as a matter of fact it is a common occurrence that two rival groups fight, resulting in a few people getting injured and the police intervene resulting in a few deaths. Hunting the Naga hostiles as wild animals on the principle that they are not amenable to reason also does not compare well with our rather unwanted patience towards aggressors; on the contrary, it merely exposes our 'non-violence-if-you-are-stronger' principle.

We are told we are governed by a democratic government but no evidence of tolerance towards the Opposition is seen; a State Chief Minister went to the extent of giving prior warning that 'the opposition move to demonstrate against new taxes will be crushed.' Our general elections are a crying disgrace to democratic principles: the ignorance and illiteracy of our masses are fully exploited in the manipulation of votes. Speaking on the eve of the Independence Day our President observed: 'The recent elections showed that the system of caste and feeling for groups—linguistic and communal—had not loosened its hold on the masses of our people.' The unfortunate fact is that it is in the interest of our politicians that these disruptive influences maintain their hold on the masses.

Let 15ths and 26ths be days of honest soul-searching; let us realise the fundamental relationship between ethics and politics and put an end to the self-deception—due to the impact of Western Civilization—that they are poles apart.

Why do you . . .

. . . feel frustrated

. . . feel lonely

## iitian cariCATures—2



ANAND SINGH BAWA

Anand Singh Bawa is a sardar (minus a beard) hailing from Delhi.

His ponderous bulk rolling down the corridor is a potential menace to anyone coming in his way. He has a characteristic swinging walk (can be likened to an ocean liner in a high sea) which is unmistakable, and if in the dim light (of the evening of course since Bawa is never abroad in the dim light of the morning) you see a barrel approaching, you can be sure it is Bawa in one of his lurid blue 'lungis'. His timings: Week days.—wake up 7 a.m. Attend 1st hr. of class if time permits. Holidays:—Wake up 11 a.m.:—Breakfast-cum lunch 12 noon:—Sleep again (Siesta) at 1 p.m.:—Wake up 5 p.m.:—Have tea—sleep at 9 p.m.

Bawa is a very useful inmate of Kaveri Hostel. His scooter is an easy means of transport and is more or less a public carrier. I have seen it in use by others much more than by him. Besides, he buys a large number of magazines regularly, which again is very convenient for people in his wing. Games and he are absolutely incompatible but he throws his weight around considerably in the shot putt item.

He was the Student Editor of last year's Institute magazine and is now the Editor of the Campastimes. Last year again he was the Hostel Secretary of Kaveri Hostel, and his *saave*, quiet manner got nothing done. His most (only?) enviable quality is his coolness on all occasions.

He is a member of the boat club and has managed to find a boat which stands his bulk. Unluckily for the horses he is also a member of the Riding Club.

Bawa would, I think, have made an ideal man for the Stone Age, since his two main pursuits in life seem to be eating and sleeping. (Bawa says he wouldn't have liked it, because he would have had to exert to get his food.) Right now he affirms, it comes in crates.

M.V.R.

## THOUGHTS IN A COFFIN!

Now! Now! I'm lowered  
Into a new dug grave  
Still cannot you see?  
Still cannot you feel?  
My truest love,  
My dearest wish  
I can but beat the lid in vain;  
And with what?

2



"An enclosure or barriers (e.g. a hedge, wall, railing, etc.) along the boundary of any place which it is desired to defend from intruders," that's how Messrs. Little, Fowler, Coulson and Onions define *fence* in their "Shorter Oxford English Dictionary on Historical Principles". And, by Jove, they are right! Arc they? Well, I dunno. Who ee gee defends himself against whom by erecting a fence—fence? hee, hee! Yessir, fence! Alright, fence—between the wings of Civil Engineering? We against cows and goats? Cows and goats against us? Saar, there will be gaaden! I see. But you wait till the goats have nibbled off that fence and the cows have discovered that there's a main entrance to yonder pastures.

And then there are fences around the future Staff Quarters, wooden poles and barbed-wire. Now, who defends himself against whom *there*? Staff against students? Students against staff? Horticulturists against cows and goats? Inhabitants against stray visitors? Neighbours against neighbours? Dogs inside against dogs outside? Someone is said to have detected a watch-tower under construction and become hysterical over the choice of various foreign models of machine-guns ("But the Nudelmann is so much easier to handle and can be purchased on Rupee basis!") To his utter astonishment and relief, however, it was found that the said contraption is to carry water-tanks.



Who against Whom ???

And then there is a fence between Raj Bhavan Park and I.I.T., a solid concrete-pole-and-wire-netting affair several feet high. You haven't seen it yet? Just take the "road" left to the workshops, miss the bend, and you'll run right smack into it. Now, who defends himself against whom *here*? Raj Bhavan against us? We against Raj Bhavan? No, we against the spotted deer. "The famished lion o'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold", says poet Dryden. Well, so far as we are concerned it's not the lion, but the spotted deer that o'erleaps the fences, and day *and* night, at that. (Suggestion: hire them the animals as coaches for the competitors of the next I.I.T. Intersports high-jump.)

Folks, let's move to the hostels where the fenceless plains stretch unimpeded—before they've put up a fence there, too.

D. J. NIRMAL.

But just a useless thought,  
A process in the mind;  
With no matter and no form,  
Just a frenzied fretting thought;  
That you have known,  
My most sacred wish.  
And even that, shall die;  
And even that, shall die;  
As this my body has.

N. RAMESH.

## On Prayer

BY KRIPANARAYANAN

When man like a rudderless boat was struggling in the unfathomable oceans of Despondency, when he was discarded and disowned by his loyal friends, when he was torn between his duty and his ideals, and when his mind was wavering to come to a reasonable decision, he found consolation in prayer. And on its broad wings, his mind and body has soared into resplendent regions of Providence, where serenity and silence have evoked his noble ideals. As the straw to the drowning man, is prayer to the man in adversity. A true, sincere and elevating prayer is like a rainbow to the storms of a man's life. 'Its like the evening beam that smites the clouds of sorrow away and tinges tomorrow with prophetic ray.'

The origin of prayer takes us back into the dark periods of History, when the concept of a power greater than himself was still in a state of evolution. The possible causes attributed to the origin of prayer are mainly twofold. The death of any member of a tribe aroused a sense of sympathy and bereavement which resulted in the people believing in the power of a Superior Being. Another interesting idea which culminated in prayer was the various facets of Nature and its innumerable wonders.

As man emerged from the barbaric age to that of a civilised one, the idea of a Being on a par with themselves was present, and so, their first mode of prayer was more or less a command. The Zulus of uncivilised Africa used to say 'Help me or you will feed on nettles.' The primitive savages of Australia prayed thus 'Guide me aright or I shall throw you to the dogs.'

Fear of punishment for immoral deeds done on earth resulted in the people praying with a zealous fervour. Sickness and diseases were attributed to the anger of gods and goddesses and the ultimate impact of this on society was a prayer due to Fear of a greater power. The next important stage in the development of prayer was the transition from fear to requests. Thus angry rebukes became gentle requests. The belief that the favour of a Superior could be won by entreaties increased to a great extent. And as time progressed, rituals along with religion made a farce of prayer. It became just a recitation of a few words and the idea of sacredness and sanctity was introduced. 'Mantras' were shelved for fear of losing its effectiveness.

The highest and perhaps the sincerest form of prayer is silent adoration. In the still solitude of bountiful Nature, a man often finds himself elevated. The snow-capped mountains, the glorious Sun rising on the horizon, and the young bud blossoming into its lovely hues often makes us sense a special kind of joy—an unknown feeling of happiness. Such moments of silent contemplation of the many aspects of Nature will make us realise the greatness of Providence, and in a way, fear of a Power unseen yet perceived, untouched but whose delicate touches beautify the very creations of Nature will make us understand the necessity of prayer.

Prayer is a powerless weapon without Faith. Faith is the very basis of sincere devotion. It implies complete confidence in things or beings unseen by us and unless we have faith in the Supreme One, prayer is devoid of all its merits. History has recorded many instances of successful prayer due to the invincible Faith, they had in the Almighty.

'Mira Bai' won the heart of her lord through sincere and ardent prayers. 'Andal' sang her way into the home of eternal happiness by implicit and unshakable Faith. And in our own times, we find Cardinal Newman praying for guidance in a storm-tossed ship. When waves were lashing at the sides of the vessel, when women and children were crowded together on the deck of a drowning ship, it was the faithful prayer of Newman that saved them. Even today this hymn 'Lead kindly light' is revered, adored and sung as

(Continued on page 6)



## EDITORIAL

### THE ROAD IS BETTER THAN THE INN

Like one on a lonesome road,  
Doth walk in fear and dread  
And having once turned round  
walks on,  
And turns no more his head.

Thus he cycled on, on the road that was the road of I.I.T. (Being a student of economics and fully well knowing the importance of monetary values, he had no cycle light.) The darkness, therefore, was not weird but awesome. The iitian coasted along warily and then suddenly, s-c-r-e-e-c-h. He had braked to a halt. Ahead of him was a sign that read, "Road Closed", and behind him a mile and a half to the next road of the IIT. He couldn't even argue with the sign, for it was guarded by prickly bushes instead of the conventional drums.

Of course, now there is an interesting road. Yes, interesting. It branches off the Adyar Road, takes a left turn, a right turn, left turn, right turn, left (in the proper NCC manner) and then there you are at the map of IIT. You look at it, proceed towards the hostels and land up at Shantikunj. If you know the way, you take the straight road to Krishna Hostel: and before you know what you are doing you start encircling it. You see, it has no road leading into it, only one around it.

By day, the deers (the four legged variety) recede to the privacy of their 'Raj Bhavanic' homes and the two legged ones come out. This, as life goes, is really rather nice. That doesn't mean, one needn't be careful to look out for the electric wires that are being held across the road (by the by, even if you did try, you couldn't see it; and if you think you're racing, forget it, and don't breast the wire.) 'Ditches without caution' is now an old fad. It is rumoured manholes without covers will be a future one.

Topographically, there is none to beat the Banyan Avenue. Soft mud, water, puddles, all churned by lorries and trucks shift under your weight when you walk. (Just like miniature earthquakes.) But, should you really care for exercise, take the Rue. St. Velachery. Peddle one, two, three bump, four, five bump, six bump, bump bump . . . . . So you come back and take your dinner.

Truck drivers, in the evenings particularly, imagine themselves to be on the Indianapolis tract. They come tearing down, not realising that the precarious curve at the end of the staff quarters is banked in the wrong direction. To add colour, some of them have 'fog' lights too.

A few days back, this particular problem of transporting oneself was felt rather acutely. Having inspected the 'to be auctioned dump' lying in the enclosure of the Civil Engineering block the surveyor found itself locked in by the fencing. The buffalo, rather ingeniously, then made its way through Room 105.

A last word about road signs. The authorities (for they are not to blame for these mishappenings) are contemplating negotiations with the 'Film Club' to teach (through films of course) the correct use of roads and road safety. Why? Because, at present, the road signs are mostly nailed on trees, at least three yards off the road (so that they do not get damaged.)

One does really wonder, if good old G. B. wasn't wrong in saying, 'Life would be tolerable but for its amusements.'

## NEWS AND VIEWS

SURJIT RANDHAVA

When Vostok IV went into orbit along with Vostok III, the world shouted with one voice, 'they did it again'. Dear readers, believe me, 'it happened again.'

This time the rendezvous was not at the airport but at the Narmada Hostel where they held an exclusive dinner for the high brows and low brows to the exclusion of the middle brows. Furthermore, it was not Dr. M. V. C. Sastry but Dr. R. R. Sastry who went in for the laurels but came out with an Oscar.

After relishing a dish of prawns, Dr. Sastry became quietly curious. 'I say look', he addressed an Asst. Warden, 'what is this vegetable?' The Asst. Warden with a broad smile told the gourmet that he had mistaken the prawns for a vegetable.

Mistaking Jung for Khosla, and fish for vegetables; quite a sequence!

As is learnt from unusually well-informed sources, it is planned to attach an Agricultural Research Station to our Institute which will concentrate its work on the cultivation of a select number of edible plants such as onions, cucumber, and the highly favoured pale beet-root known as 'Blushing Madras'. In search for a proper site for this Research Station the authorities have not only unanimously, but, indeed, enthusiastically selected the ground-floor of the new Science and Humanities Block, whose soil, as preliminary soil-tests have convincingly shown, promises to yield unprecedented bumper crops if only properly irrigated; a problem which we are happy to report, has already been solved ingeniously.

For a short while, it is further learnt, the absence of sufficient daylight had been posing a considerable problem. This difficulty, however, has already been met by the Physics Department's generous offer to instal in each room four specially designed reflectors to make up for the deficiency. Tenders for the necessary equipment have already been invited.

In view of these highly promising developments the authorities are contemplating not to invite vegetable-vendors to populate the future I.I.T. Market Centre, as it is felt that self-sufficiency in vegetables will be attained within a hitherto unexperienced short period.

Talking of the ScH Block, Antivox Mark II (see last issue) has arrived. This one takes the form of a healthy looking diesel tractor of some obscure Russian origin. It amused itself by keeping in tune with Prof. Sampath during the whole course of an afternoon's Electronics lecture. The result of course was that I could not grasp the value of something to do with Mr. Planck with disastrous consequences in a subsequent periodical.

Famous Madame Pompadour, as will be recalled, is reputed to have exclaimed in utter astonishment: 'Why don't they eat cake, if they have no bread?' Yes, why don't they? Well they will, don't worry! Not, of course, the poor people of Paris, but our students. 'Tasty Bakery' at Gandhinagar, run under the auspices of the Guild of Service, has taken up production of pastry and cheese-cake (not the female variety we regret to report) which, as is reliably learnt, will in future form the basic diet of I. I. T. Students along with the abovementioned vegetables. Some eternal fault-finder may foresee a rapid decline in I. I. T. sports activities, but, after all, this loss can easily be made up for by an annual paunch-competition.

In light of the all too frequent power breakdowns, Sarosh Talukdar most wisely remarked that the height of frustration and irony is studying for a Transmission and Distribution Examination by candle-light.

One half of the Gymkhana notice board in the Civil Engg. block tells me that I owe Rs. 1.40 for blueprints, that a symposium of Leather Technology was held in the first week of August and that on the third of the same month I was granted a day's leave. Since when, may I ask, has the Gymkhana extended its activities to all these fields?

Idea of the Month: How about sound-proofing the third year class-rooms?

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

Your leader in the first issue, and publication of 'Nirmala' in the same, are two diametrically opposed phenomenon.

Specifications provided in 'SHE AND YOU' couldn't be farther off from anything than 'Nirmala'

Author has selected a stupid theme and to top it has dealt with it—stupidly. His plot is hackneyed and has been quite badly thrashed by now by our venerable film producers both here in Madras and in Bombay. Even his phraseology reminds one of the dialogues in a cheap film.

Towards the end, he seems to have got an O. Henry complex by giving a twitch to the story.

But what does he achieve? nothing. If he wanted us to pity the lovers, he has failed. If he wanted us to be joyous at the 'fillum' type happy ending, excuse me he has failed again.

And lo—before you brand me as 'only a critic' here is the constructive part.

Such articles should not be written and if they are written i.e. if the first folly has been committed, then there is no point in committing the second one of publishing them.

'Two wrongs never did make a right' and there is no need for you to go burbling this fundamental axiom of human laws around the point.

Yours sincerely,  
R. S. SEHGAL.

How about a good story from you, then living up to your standards?—Ed.

Dear *Kaveri Bambol*

The message for the first issue from the Director has at least made one thing crystal clear.

If you haven't got the message as yet, the thing that has been made clear is that the Director is an ardent reader of *The Nugget* and an admirer of the the Editor of the afore-said magazine.

Will he in his magnanimity allow us to join the ranks of fortunate readers of the same, by getting it in the Library.

Yours,  
C. C.

P.S. The name of the Editor used above is a copyright of C. C.

DEAR EDITOR,

Do unto others as you would & c. I dare say for those who haven't read the Bible there must be an equivalent proverb (?) in their language. Treat us like prisoners and we'll treat the authorities like gaolers. If the high-ups expect the cream of Indian intellect to behave like responsible human beings they must treat us as such. Taking roll calls at half past eight and forbidding people to relax after that time is not, I assure you, going to help students to study harder or instil a sense of responsibility. If there is any other technical institution which forbids their 'inmates' leaving hostel premises after 8-30 p.m. I suggest you send them a copy of this.

ANON.

Wee Willie Winkie.  
Runs through the town,  
Upstairs and downstairs  
In his nightgown.  
Running through the streets  
Tapping at the doors,  
Are the children in their beds?  
It's past eight o'clock.

Ed.

DEAR EDITOR,

Stupid things have been known to have been done in the Institute by the students and staff alike, but the rules which the authorities think they can force on the peace-loving students of *Kaveri* have topped every thing done so far.

In they have marched with the dirtiest set of rules ever made.

(Continued on page 5)

## Letters—(Continued from page 4)

The D-Day notice found hanging on the notice board on the evening of 28-6-62 was nothing short of a deliberate massacre of the finer feelings of the students & as such a cold-blooded atrocity. The rules are in direct violation to every code of decent behaviour for adults.

They are unfair doubtlessly, but what is not only unfair but also despotic is the tone of the notice.

'No representations shall be entertained' was the way of ruthless rulers of the mediæval ages and can not be allowed to have any place in a 20th century democratic society.

But of course, if the authorities think they have the Time Machine invented in the imagination of H. G. Wells, I can assure them that the only fit place for them are the 'Marshlands of Venus' where they can make their stupid rules for all we care.

And in case this may appear a bit harsh they can go to a kindergarden and try to manage the children the way they are trying to treat us. I can bet anything they won't succeed even there.

Yours etc.

Sir,

We read in the papers of a National Association for Scientific Hobbies in Bangalore. The only way Technologists can get the hang of things is to work on small projects themselves. The number and variety of these projects is very large. Almost every issue of any scientific publication has some interesting field heading further investigation or on the practical side some new types of machinery to be experimented upon. It is high time, this Institute had a Hobby Club or Association of its own devoted to the development of Amateur Scientific Research. The machinery in the workshops are anyway lying idle and if these can be put to use on Saturday afternoons or Sundays, it would be ideal for the students interested in using their hands. However, there are two-pitfalls to be avoided. Haphazard mismanagement and what is more injurious—excess of Red-tapism. Any organisation that is officialised and subjected to audit control will only be a showpiece, or worse, a liability. The best way to go about it is to assign those who are interested in projects to the head of department under which the project broadly falls into and workshop facilities be freely available together with the materials. The head of the department can supervise the theoretical work and the emerging project can be the property of the Institute. If the individuals want the project they can be asked to make a duplicate and pay the cost of materials. In this way some genuine research can be conducted and this infuses a sense of partnership with the Institute in the students. Already one hears, 'It belongs to the Institute—why the h- -l do I have to bother.'

Another thing—there is a lot of fabrication work going on in the Institute—from the Hydraulics Lab. to materials handling and so forth. Why not let some of the students who don't mind dirtying their hands help in the fabrication? They could learn a lot. The only way to infuse confidence in us is to make us realise for ourselves that what we learn in the class-room is not just so much nonsense but is really applied in practice. A B Tech. from this institute will know nothing and will feel extremely jittery if given the responsibility of designing, say a distillation column. However, if he helps out in the fabrication of the pilot plants to be set up, he will have confidence and that is the important thing.

Yours etc.  
V. SIDDHARTHA.

## LITERARY ACTIVITIES

The Literary Activities Committee inaugurated its activities for the year with an interesting debate on Independence Day. 'Resolved that India's policy towards China should be one of peaceful negotiation and not war' was the subject of the debate. The motion, as one would expect, was defeated. R. A.

## Over A Cup of Aye Aye Tea

Luminous flux (never mind the definition) is represented by f, l, q etc. One alphabet for each day of the week. Each Lecturer uses a different symbol for the same quantity. A typical example is acceleration represented by f, a and x with an umlaut (how does one pronounce it?).

As the number of subjects increase and many lecturers have to take different aspects of the same subject the trouble with nomenclature will get out of hand. It would be a good idea if all the departments agree on a standard set of symbols, subscripts etc. to represent the various physical quantities. The problem is discussed briefly in a recent issue of *Physics Today* and a set of symbols recommended. Or if this Institute insists on being unique why not have a conference of our own in Tamil or *inter lingua*!

The Physics Department holds seminar lectures (cum tea parties). The timings of these have been so adjusted that it is almost impossible for any student to attend them. We hope the department will have at least one lecture on Saturday afternoons to enlighten the students on the fields of research being investigated so secretly. (Tea is not essential!)

The Department of Chemical Engineering has found a most efficient, resonant cavity in the form of room number 105 in the Civil Engineering Block. Vibrations transmitted through the roof drown the other noises in the room, much to the relief of the students, but too much of anything can be a bore. By the way—how about black chalks—why? To write on white boards of course!

The library is in the news again. This time the situation is worse than the item in the last issue indicates. Cybernetics (spelt with an 'S' in the card) That Science which deals with information theory and computers is classified

Vaswani was declared the best speaker with T. S. Ananthu second, and V. Siddhartha third.

On the 30th August '62, Prof. Thangaraj of Madras Christian College conducted a delightfully absorbing Quiz programme. R. Venkateswaran, as always, bagged the first place. Vikram Rao was second and V. Siddhartha third.

We justified our existence in the external literary world, too, when Venkateswaran and Vikram Rao took part in a Quiz programme on All India Radio; and Venkateswaran stood third in the Presidency College Quiz programme. R. A. Vaswani participated in a Group Discussion on All India Radio, the subject being 'Youth and the Nation'.

along with 'Carpentry' under 'Useful Arts'. Maybe Carpentry is Norbert Weiners' hobby. (He is Prof. of Mathematics at M.I.T. and author of 'Cybernetics').

Rumour has it that the Auditorium will be ready in time for the 1984 'International George Orwell year' celebrations.

A printing press together with a composing machine is lying in the Port Godowns. When is the expert from 'Unsere Zeitung' coming to set it up?!

Anybody seen the I. I. T. Supermarket with the 'Ye olde shopee' look. I believe they took the design from a cover of *Which* magazine.

V.S.

## THE GROWMORE HAIR CAMPAIGN

The latest craze in the hostels right now is the shaven head. Bald pates are in view everywhere. To my query as to his reason for the shave, one boy told me that a shave once in a way promoted better growth of hair. Ah well! Best of luck to them I say.

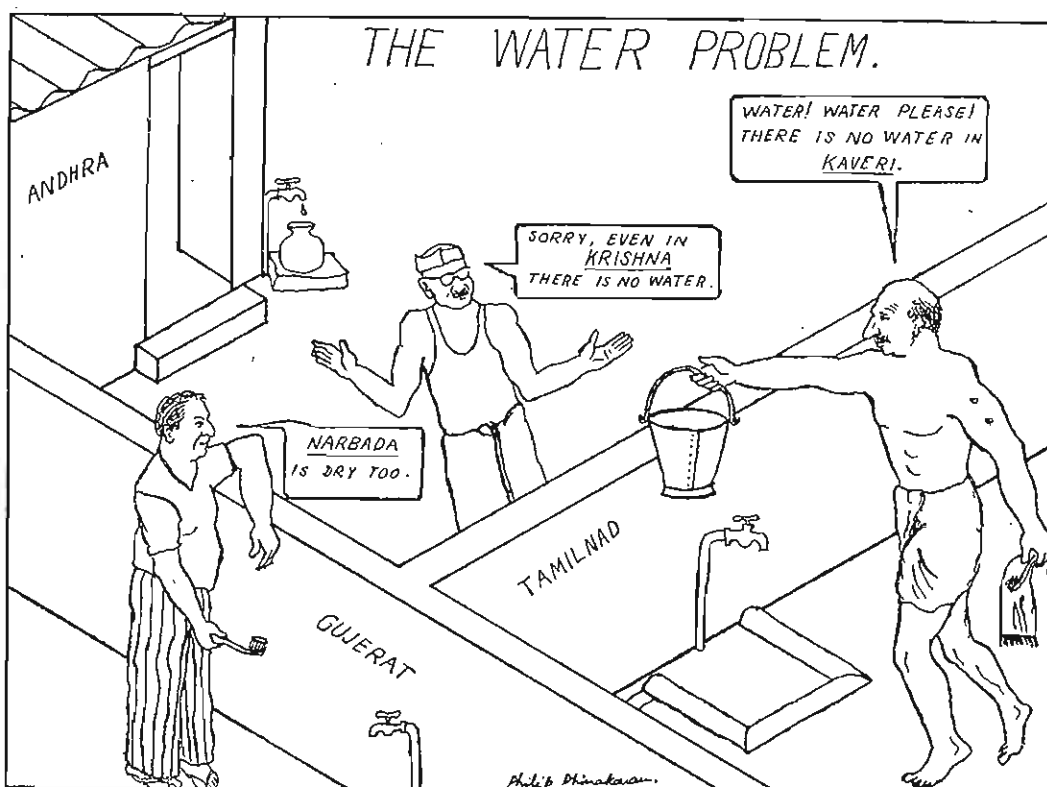
A mysterious power failure at night is now steadily becoming a regular feature. But what is surprising is that only certain wings experience it. Our budding electrical engineers attribute it to faulty wiring.

Dr. Klein washed up the front of his car on Mount Road. (A road hog backed into him; at least so he says!) He is sending to Germany for a new grill.

Mahesh's 'Go-Kart' is only a memory now. He is back on his scooter which is still in good shape even after its sojourn with Nutty.

Independence Day celebrations went off with a bang. A rather interesting debate in the morning was followed by a special dinner and variety entertainment in Krishna Hostel at night. The German staff was present in force. Dr. Klein came in an unusual get up and caused general hilarity. He got a consolation prize for the Fancy Dress while G. Verghese knocked off the 1st prize. A few boring songs, a quiz of sorts & a half finished game of 'housie housie' comprised the rest of the entertainment.

M.V.R.





## SEVENTH INDIAN STANDARDS CONVENTION

### TRAINING AND EDUCATION OF ENGINEERS IN METRIC SYSTEM

INDIAN STANDARDS INSTITUTION  
Manak Bhavan  
New Delhi.

Dear Editor,

As you are perhaps aware, the Seventh Indian Standards Convention will be held at Calcutta from 28th January to 2nd February 1963. . . . . The Convention will have nine Technical Sessions which will discuss matters of topical interest.

. . . . . it has been decided to hold a special Session entitled 'Training and Education of Engineers in Metric System'.

As the subject is of considerable interest to your readers, we are sending herewith a press note giving details of this session, inviting papers for discussion. . . . .

Yours faithfully,  
for Organising Secretary.

### TRAINING AND EDUCATION OF ENGINEERS IN METRIC SYSTEM

Under the Standards of Weights and Measures Act, 1956, metric system is being progressively introduced in various fields in the country. Metric weights are already compulsory throughout the country, and by the end of 1963 only the metric units of weights, capacity and length would be legal in the whole of India.

Metric system has been adopted by various undertakings, both in public and private sectors. In the field of engineering, however, the changeover to the new system has to be gradual and carefully planned. For this, there is an imperative need for education and training of engineers so as to effect a smooth changeover in planning, designing and production.

Metric system has not yet found its appropriate place in technical and engineering education, but more and more attention is now being paid to this important aspect of the metric reform. At a conference called by the Union Ministry of Commerce and Industry, the question of adopting metric system in higher technical education was fully discussed by the principals of technical institutions in India and it was unanimously recommended that the metric system be introduced in higher technical education by stages so as to complete the changeover by the end of 1964-65.

With a view to highlighting the importance of training and education of engineers in metric system and disseminating information on the subject, the Indian Standards Institution has decided to hold a Technical Session entitled "Training and Education of Engineers in Metric System (S-9)" during the Seventh Indian Standards Convention to be held at Calcutta from 28th January to 2 February 1963. About 500 delegates consisting of engineers, technologists, scientists, and research workers, business executives, policy makers and others concerned, drawn from industry and trade; research; technological and engineering institutions; Government departments and others are expected to participate in the Session.

The Technical Session will discuss important subjects related to training and education of engineers in metric system, including among others, conversion of curricula to metric system; writing and publishing of new text books, re-editing of old books and teaching notes. Discussions will also take place on the need for training engineers and teachers of engineering to think in metric terms, to

become familiar with metric materials, and adept in the use of designs, codes, methods of conversion, etc., and on ways and means of promoting such training.

The following topics will illustrate the scope of the Session :

- (i) Adoption of metric system in engineering education
- (ii) The problem of text books in metric system
- (iii) In-plant training programmes for engineering and supervisory personnel, particularly those engaged in design offices
- (iv) Standard specifications and availability of metric materials, tools, etc.
- (v) Conversion of designs to metric system

Organizations and individuals interested in the subject are invited to attend the Session and to contribute original and thought-provoking papers not exceeding 2500 words. Further details are available from :

*The Organizing Secretary,  
Seventh Indian Standards Convention,  
Manak Bhavan, 9 Mathura Road,  
New Delhi-1.*

## SPORTS

I.I.T. is coming on the map at last, and with a vengeance! Subba Rao swept through to the final of the Bertram Cup without dropping a game. It was a different Subba Rao, however, who played the final. His scintillating shots though absent were amply compensated by a sound defence. He beat Prasad of Loyola by 3 games to 1 and the issue never seemed to be in doubt. He was the winner in 1960, runner-up in 1961 and is now the winner in 1962.

Gopalkrishnan and Subba Rao walked off with the doubles trophy. The match had its thrilling moments and they survived four match points. They lost the first two games and came into their own in the succeeding games. The combination, however, was more impressive in the previous matches.

One point to these cups: We have at present at least six cups and they *might* be put in a show case in the Institute building.

In the Jain college tennis Tournament Lionel Paul entered the finals and was beaten 3 games to 1 by N. Srinivasan of A.C. college. In the Bertram Tournament our doubles pair R. P. Shetty and Lionel Paul reached the semi-finals and were beaten by a strong doubles combination from Coimbatore.

## AUCTION NOTICE



### Sub.: INSTITUTE FURNITURE

An auction will be held during the first week of October in connection with the observance of the National Cleanliness Day of thoroughly seasoned Institute furniture (imported wood!) in the quadrangle of Civil Engineering Building.

The bidders are warned that this highly valuable piece of Central Government property is already guarded by watchmen and fence.

Those interested may inspect it at their leisure.

*Dept. of Garbage Disposal, C.G.W.D.*

## BEGINNER'S LUCK

By M. VIKRAM RAO

There was a sharp knock at the door and a cry of 'Post'. I rushed to the door and my soaring spirits fell away when I saw the familiar shape of the package in his hand. Failure again. It was my magazine essay coming back like a homing pigeon—rejected for the nth time. It had seen the inside of every magazine office in town and in each case had returned like a speedy boomerang. The usual note accompanied it "Owing to lack of space, . . . ." Editors, I mused ruefully, had no originality in their refusals. 'Ah well' I thought, the next one will do the trick (optimism being my weak point!)

At that moment Satish came in and said 'Hallo Ramesh, what's wrong? You look very much down in the dumps.'

'Hah!' I snorted, 'read this'. I handed him my essay without the offensive note.

I'll say this of Satish—he is patient. He read through it laboriously and said at length 'I say, this is quite good. Why, you should send this to a magazine.' This well meant comment rankled all the more. I replied bitterly 'For your information, this wretched manuscript has been returned by every editor in town!'

He was surprised into silence by the vehemence of my answer. He murmured something about that not being a criterion and all that.

I showed him the notes some kinder editors had written. They said that essays were out of date nowadays and that the public preferred stories—especially mystery stories. Moreover, they added, my essays were too rambling. The more humane (or should I say indulgent) ones observed that my style could be moulded into something good.

Seeing all this Satish observed, 'why don't you try your hand at mystery or detective stories? I mean to say it shouldn't require much doing.'

'But,' I countered 'I've never written one in my life. I can't just write one out of the blue and expect it to succeed.'

'Pessimism is your main failing' he answered.

'Nothing of the sort, I'm just facing facts.'

However, the outcome was that I decided to write a mystery story, or rather attempt to write one. I outlined my plot to Satish and it received a reserved and cryptic 'Okay'. Not much of a testimonial; however, I penned it out without trepidation.

The great day dawned when the story was sent. I was on tenterhooks ever since. One day the long awaited reply came. Satish being with me at the time read the letter first. As he read a variety of expressions chased each other over his face. At last he handed it over, and I took it with an attempted air of nonchalance. In it was written "We are glad to inform you that your very humorous short story has been accepted and shall be published on . . ." Next week it appeared with the heading—"A humorous short story by K. S. Ramesh".

Later Satish consoled "It was accepted anyway".

### On Prayer—(Continued from page 3)

a masterpiece of complete surrender at the altar of the Almighty. Through that prayer, he understood God as his guide, philosopher and friend.

Prayer should be an essential virtue of our daily lives. It would be a truer companion than flattering friends who crowd round us in times of prosperity—The power of a sincere prayer is invincible, if we have faith in Him. Its miracles are many, if our belief in Providence is unshakable. But if the concept of Prayer brings to our minds only the chanting of mantras and hymns, it can only be said that we have yet to understand its uniqueness. And if our efforts are not sincere enough to understand the 'Mahima' of Prayer, Lord Tennyson would pity us and say:—

'For what are men better than Sheep or Goats,

If Knowing God, they know not lift hands of Prayer!'

## Messages from the Top

This is Pavel Popovich reporting to you from outer space. I have great pleasure in announcing that the space ship launched to commemorate the first publication of 'Campastimes' is functioning smoothly. Below me I can see students of the I. I. T. snatching copies of this magazine from members of the Editorial Board, and above me I can see the people on the Moon and Mars running to get a copy of this magazine from the paper vendor. Eagerly awaiting to land back on Earth so as to be able to read a copy of the 'Campastimes'.

I remain,  
Your astronaut,  
PAVEL POPOVICH.

The only journal that I was allowed to read during my term in jail was the 'Campastimes'. I must say that the paper was excellent, and the printing was good. But I cannot say the same thing about the material. How is it that you did not carry an article (or an Editorial) stressing the need for the establishment of a Punjabi Suba? And how can you ever be excused for not declaring explicitly that I am the undisputed leader of the Akali Dal?

MASTER TARA SINGH.

The Revolution must spread. It has reached even the Adenauer-controlled Indian Institute of Technology, Madras. The people's voice has expressed itself in the form of 'Campastimes', as is evident from the article 'Suitable Government for Under-Developed Nations'. The eternal friendship between the peoples of India and the Soviet Union has been further enhanced by Mr. Venkateswara Rao by his honourable mention of the Russian mechanical engineer and the language of the Soviet peoples. My only suggestion is that the ultra-capitalist crypto-fascist publisher be replaced by Mr. Poornanjaneya Sastry.

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV.

### SNAKES GROW FAST IN RAJ BHAVAN

Madras, Aug. 20.

Snakes in Raj Bhavan Estate have become a menace now, a spokesman for the Governor's Household said to-day.

A snake charmer who has been specially appointed to catch the snakes, succeeds in killing about 50 snakes a month, but the snakes appear to be multiplying at a faster rate, the spokesman said. The snake charmer is paid 50 nP. for every venomous snake and Re. 1 for a cobra.

Another problem confronting the Household administration is the shortage of grass in the 200-acre estate for the rapidly multiplying deer population. There are at present over 2,000 deer in the park.

After handing over some portion to the Indian Institute of Technology, the rest of the estate has been fenced and the deer find themselves in an enclosed portion. The authorities are now considering steps to grow grass in plenty.

From "The Hindu"

### SNAKES AND BACHELORS

The latest fear in the Campus is that snakes and bachelors will prove a menace to the families of the staff when they move into the Campus Quarters. How to protect against the double venom of snakes and bachelors—This is a poser that requires to be answered.

I have even heard it lively debated that of the two the more dangerous are the bachelors. My blood curdles (being a bachelor myself) to hear such an outrageous complement paid

to our innocuous tribe. I can visualise many a 'moral' eye-brow being lifted to hear the epithet 'innocuous'.

My simple solution to the problem lies in the observance of the following commandments by the fraternity of the wedded:—

(a) Thou shalt not suspect thyself, thy wife and the bachelor.

(b) Thou shalt not close one window against the bachelor and open another window to thy married neighbour.

(c) Thou shalt not seek immoral immunity through your armour of matrimony.

(d) Thou shalt not moralise to the bachelor of 'hearts'.

Violation of any one of these injunctions will drive us to form—the S.P.C.B. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Bachelors).

As for the peril of snakes, I hear that those reptiles have already fled their haunts and occupied Raj Bhavan.

I do not know who had molested them—the bachelors or the married ones?

'BACHELOR'.

## ALI BABA'S CAVE

KURUVILLA THOMAS, K.

Life certainly seemed to have been good to me as I entered the Common Room that day. The bubbling waters of the Cauvery had cooled my nerves (it was mostly bubbles alone). I found my favourite chair under the fan, sank into its cushioned comfort, and it creaked with good nature. I pushed my feet into the luxury of the newspapers heaped up on the floor and my best pals, the Bugs, gently stroked me to sleep.

I woke up with a start to find someone climbing down the wall—I mean the red spider who lives at the right-hand corner near the door (not the one who stays behind the Radio) and being one of those friendly types, I said 'hello'. He didn't seem to mind, and tottered off to his favourite corner.

Some sort of a vocalist was croaking over the big Phillips Novosonic. I searched for the big Novosonic under the pile of magazines (it is so big that you can't find it between a couple of School-books), found it and turned off the switch. The Lamenter was still going strong and so I put the Novosonic in my lap and gave it six of the very best. That did it. The Lamenter gurgled off as though someone had pulverized him.

The 'guardian of the law' in Cauveri (Sampath) then came and swept the newspapers and magazines into a huge sack, and hauled it back to his room. Right then I thought that he might have found the Bulldozer useful.

I went off to sleep thinking about how sweet it was of the Hostel to provide such a nice abode for our little pals.

From: "MACHINE DESIGN"

Near the Computer that works for the Atomic Energy Establishment at Los Alamos is a sign:

### ACHTUNG!

Alles Lookenseepers

Das Komputenmaschine is nicht fur gefingerpoken. und mittengraben. Is easy schnappen der springwerk, blown fusen, und poppen coken mit spitzensparken. Its nicht fur gewerken by das dummkopfen.

Das rubbernecken sightseeren keepen Händen in das Pockets—relaxen und watch das Blinken Lights.

Das ist ein zebr gut examplen fur Die foriegn returnen. Ist das klar? Ja !!

V. S.

## ON BEING ONESELF

V. RANGANATHAN

The inevitable problem that often confronts us is whether what we do is acceptable by others as reasonable or not and consequently the restrictions laid down by an effete society hampers our behaviour. The purpose of education as envisaged in the light of modern psychology is to stimulate and guide self-development. More than often most of our actions could be said to form a stereo-typed pragmatic pattern which suppresses our originality. The dangers of blind imitation of others cannot be under-estimated—fear of obloquy leads to frustration and mental stagnation.

As children we have often been chided and reproached for 'not being upto the mark'—that we must come first in the class like Jack or Tom. Thus the insidious idea that we must be like someone else is slowly inculcated in us as children and they are the root cause of an inferiority complex—a malady too common in everyday life. Thus such people enjoy a vicarious delight in seeing their 'idols' performing deeds par excellence.

It is imperative that we realise that our human personality is a distinct entity quite unlike any other and Shakespeare's dictum that 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus and that our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners... either to have it sterile with idleness or manned with industry, why the bower and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills,' is worthy of note. We all have talents and paradoxically enough, the proper cultivation of it still seems to be an esoteric one. Elusive though it may seem, if only we stopped imitating others, concentrate and decide irrevocably on what we feel is right will go a long way in solving our difficulties.

Comparisons are odious and more so to bring in ideas which are basically extraneous to human personality is sob stuff. The more we strive to perfect ourselves in an individual fashion the better it is. Human beings are not and can never be mathematical

(Continued on page 8)

## Go-Kart!! Cart!

Centre of many an eye  
Supposedly made by

The Great one.

Envy of many hearts

Belongs to the man

'of spare parts'

If you don't know

It is the Go-Kart

Which is more often

'Not go'

But the Great Engineer

Realises it not,

And to take off

Defying the eternal 'g',

But if not careful he shall find himself

In the open Gutters

Of IIT.

R. S. SEHGAL.



## Why don't you . . .

. . . Join the Film Club

for details contact

P. L. KAPUR.

## THE FIRST NIGHT

D. D. SAMUEL

I switched off the light; paused a moment. The shallow waters of the gentle stream reflected the silvery rays of the moon: I could observe the tiny ebbs through the window. So were ebbs in my heart. There was a whirl in that river; so was a whirl in my mind. I moved towards the window; rested my chin on the bar and looked in between. The cool and slow breeze told whispers in the trees around. There stood the bridge. I saw a beam of light and a faint roar. Yes, it was the last Express to pass the bridge. The light grew brighter and the roar wilder and made a thundering noise at its terrifying speed over the bridge. Again the noise grew weaker and weaker until at last it died and was forgotten. I couldn't see clearly; my eyes were moistened. Alone I stood in that deserted Guindy Hostel of the Indian Institute of Technology for the first time away from home. My memory went back to those days which I had happily spent at home for 16 years. I was so sorrow-stricken with no one around me to talk to; and threw myself into the bed and burst into tears; after a while I was calm and entered into a deep thought.

Yes, that was homesickness of course! This is a sickness common to both sexes as most of the others. The origin of this disease is that when one has to accommodate oneself in an entirely new surroundings for the first time after a considerably long period of time at home. By home I mean with parents and not with the better-half in which case that particular sickness takes another name and obviously requires a different treatment!

The intensity with which this effects a particular individual is dependent on so many factors. Firstly it depends on the condition under which he lived at home. If he is one of so many, say a dozen, only one-twelfth of the total affection of the parents would he have received, so from his sisters and brothers and hence this man will be less affected than an only son or an only child who would have experienced a better proportion of motherly love. The kind-hearted father will always receive letters from his son who always writes that he is homesick. The stern-hearted father will never receive such a letter. Stern-heartedness is a virtue in this respect.

Secondly the psychology of a man contributes a major part in developing this disease. If he is of the type who thinks more of the past rather than face the future I am afraid his immunity will be much less and hence he will be most affected. Only a minority are affected due to this particular reason.

If a man is of a reserved type who can by no means make friends with others on any grounds he will experience a very severe attack. His temperament is so pessimistic that he only catches the bad qualities of others even though they are in a minor proportion and he is never able to appreciate the good in them. I must call them self-centred because it may not be far wrong to say that they consider themselves as a symbolism of all virtue which, they think, must be found in others. It is impossible in this world for two individuals to be identical in all manner of behaviour however identical they may be in physical form. Hence it is foolish to expect a similar mode of behaviour

## "HAIRCUT, PLEASE!"

BY R. A. VASWANI

It was very disconcerting to wake up from a night's slumber and, on looking into the mirror, find an unruly crop of overgrown hair engulfing the head and, in fact, weighing down upon it as it were. Sikhs and Elvis Presley fans are, of course, oblivious of such a feeling—the former due to an ancient religious binding and the latter due to a binding which they seem to have made a teenager's religion. In sharp contrast are the Yul Brynner fans who prefer to go around with bald tops. (Incidentally, we have quite a few in our Institute.)

Be so as it may, it is strange that even though there is a strong feeling of dislike for that magnificent growth, it is not so pronounced as to place me at a barber's mercy right away. It is only after hearing repeated complaints at the breakfast-table—when one is more interested in the China border than on the fringe of hair surrounding the ear—and after a guilty feeling of personal uncleanness has set in that I can make up my mind to go for a haircut.

The modern saloon is a gaily-lit, mirrored affair and looks, for all the world, like a room of an Oriental palace on the sets of a Hindi film, but for the rows of swivelling chairs and meticulously dressed barbers, deeply engrossed in their work. Most of the saloons provide a variety of women's magazines so that you can read about the forty two year old debonair falling in love with a nineteen year old girl and then asking for advice from a feminine columnist as though his forty two years were not enough for him to make his own decisions. Some saloons are air-conditioned and have soft tape-recorded music thrown into the bargain. All these embellishments, however, appeal to me only as a conspiracy amongst barbers to avoid the customer paying undue attention to their actions—and slips, of course—while they wield such dangerous weapons as a cut-throat razor, etc.

"Haircut, please!" and you are seated, and almost immediately driven out of breath by a tight knot around your neck. At this juncture, I always pray that the barber has not had a row with his wife in the morning, for it invariably leads to an uninhibited wreaking of his vengeance on your head—result: only a few cuts here and there and probably a sprain in the neck.

After half an hour, the cutting part is over. The barber beams at you and asks in a 'you-can't-say-no-to-me' tone 'Shampoo, Sir?' Say yes, and the bill shoots up two times; say no, and you go down in his 'opinion' scale by ten points. I always resort to the latter course and make amends by tipping the blighter an extra coin or two.

You step out in the street. Ah! What a light and cool feeling in the head and what an itch all over the rest of the body! A nice, long bath and you are feeling fine till you glance in the mirror of course, you are not a Presley anymore, but a—a typhoid victim!

from others and base that as the foundation of a friendship. Of course a man with a few friends feels more homesick than one with a number of friends. It should however be remembered that friends alone will not cure this disease. If a man finds pleasure in games, reading, writing, to him they serve as best medicine.

Now the question arises, should one feel homesick at all? If he should, what should be its order of Magnitude? Every man, I think, ought to possess a certain degree of homesickness at the beginning because this reflects his reaction to the affection shown to him by his parents. Blood is after all thicker than water and every man will love his home to a certain extent, in fact to a large extent. The amount by which he manifests, this is homesickness.

The time factor plays a very important role in this particular disease. There are certain

## IN LOVE'S HOLINESS BURN

Along the widened road I walked,  
Ah! the wish of perfume lingers,  
Breathe deep, the enchaining charm!  
Let it, the warmth of live heart,  
In blossom through thy mortal nose seek,  
Pollute it not, with whispers false!  
Thoughts of everlasting purity aught  
In pious age bread.  
But Then! the dear Miss is gone,  
A brief moment in life's toiling vain,  
A turn of the womanly shoulders,  
The flowing grace of the dress so fine,  
Matching the curls of spread out hair,  
The fading sunlight on the shining hair,  
Like a summer ray, lighting drops of rain,  
On the silken gossamer thread  
A halo of softness radiant,  
In poltic contrast with the milky white-  
ness  
Of the oval face!  
Blushes! so thin, and delicate, on  
cheeks,  
Of the juicy apple speak,  
Strifed with the rosiness of a sinking sun.  
Oh! let me be feeling thy fingers long,  
'They, the Artist brush so delicate,  
To mortal shame they put,  
Thy ankles, so slim, and soft,  
The freshness of a flower suggest  
Should I, this ecstasy of my love,  
Further on paper pen,  
Or in deeds before the world  
In love's holiness burn.

N. RAMESH.

people who can make themselves at home in any surroundings within a very short interval of time. This demands a broadmindedness and an ability to do what he wills. One of the effective ways of making friends is by self-introduction and not through a mediator. It is an art and only few master it. Some are quick in getting it and some are slow. The critical case is however in between the two. Statistical analysis shows the distribution follows a normal distribution and the majority belong to the critical case. The other two cases are very few and nothing can be done by any external agency. It is their-earned lot.

\* \* \* \*

I lay on the bed thinking of those Complaints made by the newly wedded grooms about the homesickness of their unmatured brides. The problem which they are confronted with is highly delicate. I smiled as I thought I am going to be an Engineer in five years! A sense of manlihood dawned on me. Imagining a bright future ahead, I wiped off these tears. I fancied quite a lot of 'other things' too. I was filled with joy, happiness and hope. . . in a few seconds I sank into that sweet momentary oblivion.

## ON BEING ONESELF

(Continued from page 7)

identities. To have common ideas and working together is not to be deprecated—it is the blind yes-man type mentality that is to be avoided. The Laissez-faire philosophy in everyday life doesn't necessarily pronounce chaos—it only implies that we must not become dull and that new ideas must be welcomed and tolerated. Plato's statement has a signal importance in this context that 'experience takes away more than it adds; young people are nearer ideas than old men.' Thus we could avoid many pitfalls in our life and lead lives worthy of ourselves remembering Aesop's fable—the sad fate which overtook the crow which imitated the peacock in vain.