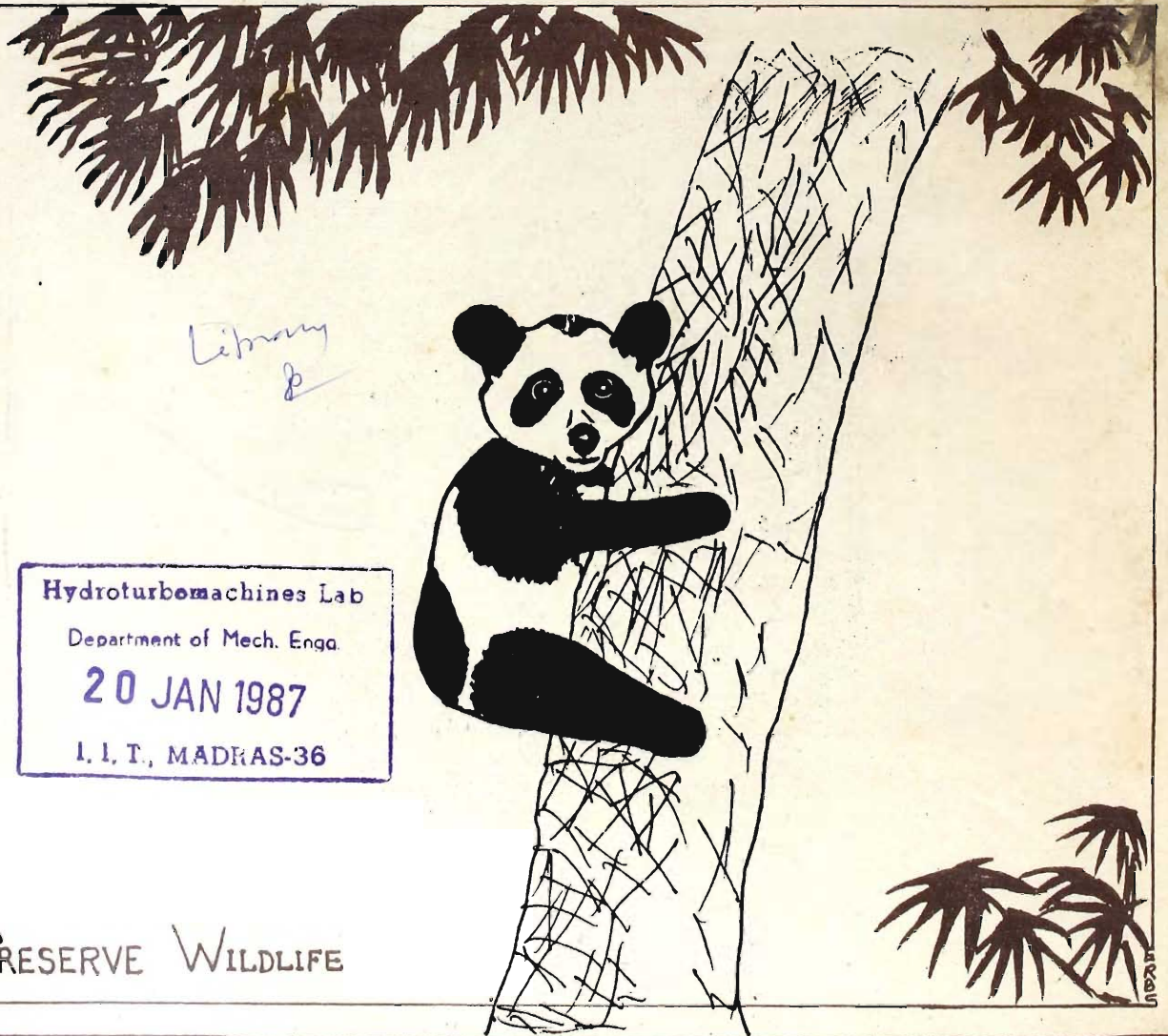


Campastimes

25th year {1962-87}



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PRESERVE WILDLIFE

1987

CAMPASTIMES

CONTENTS

	<u>Page No.</u>
1. PHYSICS LAB RECORD	3
2. CHESS - T.K. Mohapatra	4
3. LIFE'S LIKE THAT - Nandita Basu	5
4. ARE WE AN INDEPENDENT NATION?- Dr.T.T. Narendran	7
5. IMPURE MATHEMATICS	9
6. INTO THE FIRE - A. Sengupta (Institute Open Creative Writing prize winning entry)	10
7. A COOL BREEZE IN SUMMER - S. Ramadurai	16
8. BURNING ISSUES - Dr. M.S. Gopinathan	17
9. LETTRICKS	18
10. CROSSWORD	19
11. QUIZ - Prof. R. Vasudevan	20
12. AUCTION - Dr. M.S. Gopinathan	21
13. STOPPING BY THE WOODS ON A 'FROSTY' EVENING - R. Devanathan	22

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With

JOEL GARNER, MALCOLM MARSHALL AND MICHAEL HOLDING .

Surprised? You'll soon find out !!

PUBLISHED BY THE CULTURAL ADVISER, I.I.T., MADRAS

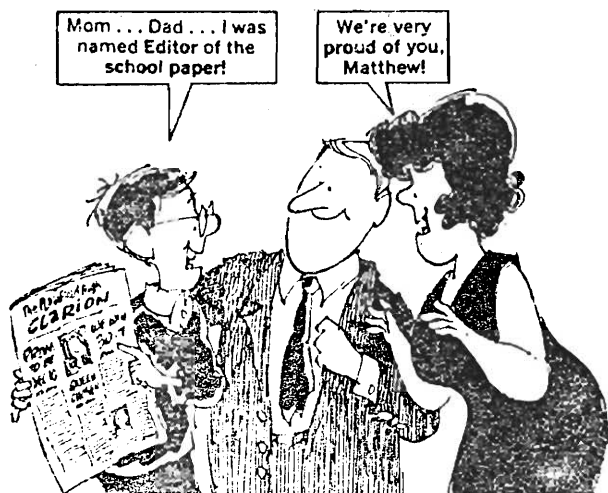
We thank the Reprographic section of the Central Library for
the excellent printing of this issue - EDITORS

CAMPASTIMES

EDITORIAL

As Campastimes enters its silver jubilee year we feel it is time for retrospection. We do not wish to comment on the performance of our predecessors. But after looking at some old issues of 'Campastimes' we are compelled to believe that the quality of the magazine has deteriorated of late as our cartoon subtly suggests.

THE SCHOOL PAPER...THEN...



...AND NOW...



We were planning to introduce a 4 colour printed cover. But since ours is a hamstring budget [yes, it hurts if we try to stretch it a bit] we had to settle for a two colour rotaprinted cover which is also new to Campastimes.

We hope that our readers show more enthusiasm when it comes to contributing to campastimes. In the next issue we will be devoting one whole page to letters addressed to the editors. We hope to get a free and frank response from you. Members of the staff are requested to send their suggestions through their students. We do not wish to detain you any longer. We wish you a happy New Year and pleasant reading.

CAMPASTIMES

PHYSICS LAB RECORD

(Without permission from an issue of COMPOSTIMES, U.S.A.)

14-8-67
Expt. No.3

Mirror Galvanometer

Aim: (a) To hook from the Lab before 2 p.m.
(b) To rush to ERDS theatre.

Apparatus: A senior's record + All the junk on the Table.

Theory : (a) When the circuit is opened for a millisecond there is a kick in the Galvanometer. Similarly, when the senior's record is open for 5 minutes there is a kick in your pen and readings from the senior's record surge into your record.

(b) $l.a.b + l.i.f.t = g.a.t.e$
 $g.a.t.e + 10p = E.R.O.S.$

Where E.R.O.S = Adayar + a small dist. ds.
all dimensions in Rationalised M.K.S. units
(Madras Knavery Society).

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

CAMPASTIMES

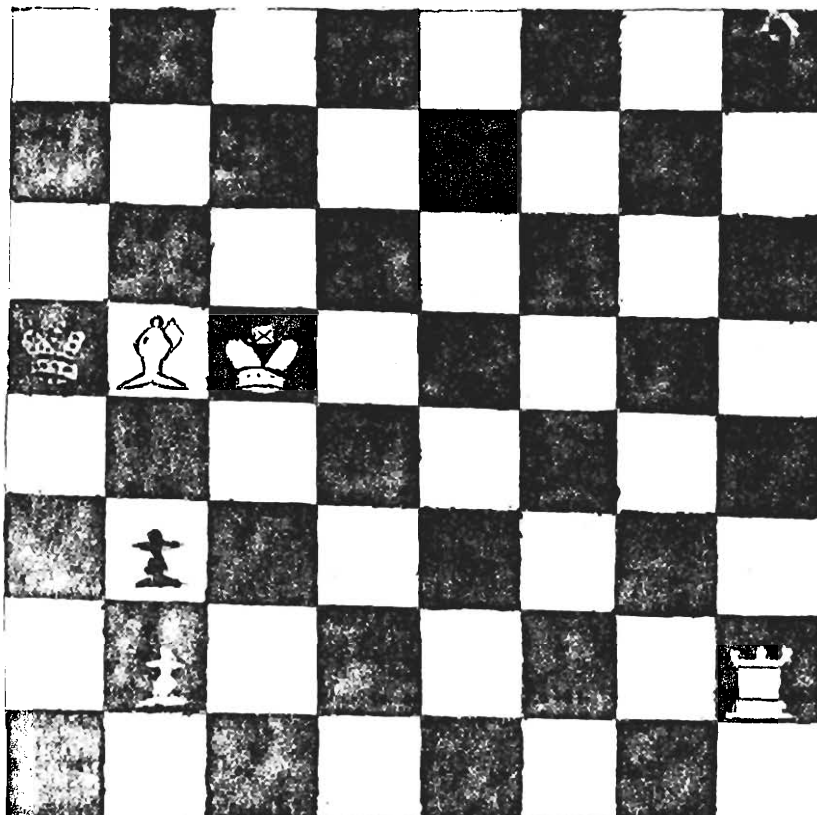
Draw a line between the Lecturer on one axis and yourself on the other. This line will intersect the origin only at the Lab. Now apply formula (b).

Precautions: The senior's records must contain only 'A' or 'S' grades(i)

Don't quit the Lab too early. Else the Lecturer will make you repeat the expt. 6 times or more.(ii)

Result : Meet the Lecturer at the Theatre.

C H E S S



White to play and win in 2 moves [Answers in page 8]

CAMPASTIMES

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

by Nandita Basu

'Everything that can go wrong, will go wrong'. This law of Murphy seems to be governing my life. I make a botch of things - rather I specialise in making a botch of them; get conned into doing things I had vowed not to (this article for Campastimes is one example). And to top it all, I have this incredible quality of walking slap-bang into situations worse than even those in penny fictions!

Oh yeah, all my adventures have a kind of kink in them. Not for me the heroics - the only thing I have ever succeeded in doing is in making myself look ridiculous. Like the time I was bitten by 'DADA', the big, bad, macho-monkey, who used to leave us trembling in our shoes. Poor, hapless me had to collide with him in a panic. He bit me on my finger. I shrieked. That's not the end of the story, mind you! Friends and well-wishes sent me to the Hospital. The Doctor, a mild-mannered soul, raised his eye-brows while noting down the case-history.

'What do you mean a monkey bit you? What were you trying to do young lady, feeding him or petting him? Don't you know better?'

Bereft of speech, he leaned back in his chair. And then, the extreme hilarity of the situation hit him. He guffawed - even my sympathetic friends (who came to extend moral support) couldn't conceal some noises that sounded suspiciously like peals of laughter. I seethed with rage. Why, oh why, does it have to happen to me!

I was once conned into being the Hostel Gen. Sec. The first decision the Hostel Council made was to try for an 'Open Hostel' once a month. We anticipated a lot of resistance but surprisingly, once the ball was set rolling, everybody seemed mighty enthusiastic. It was approved, passed - done with - so smoothly that I forgot all about it.

CAMPASTIMES

Then came the fatal Saturday. I was climbing up the stairs when an unfamiliar sight caught my attention. I saw a few boys (IITians ofcourse) lounging joblessly in our pristine corridor.

'Hey guys', I summoned up all my Gen. Secretary dignity and confronted them, 'What the hell are you upto? Don't you know that you are not allowed upstairs?'

They smiled at me - almost angelically, 'Why don't you throw us out?'

I spluttered - the sheer cheek of them! But finally managed to keep my voice level - talk about keeping your cool in a tricky situation!

'Listen, I can make things pretty unpleasant for you. So why don't you scoot? Just get lost, will you?'

They made no move to go however. I was on the point of calling a Security Officer when one member of the Hostel Council appeared on the scene. She took in the whole affair in a few seconds, shook her head incredulously and said, 'Bong, how could you forget? It is our first open Hostel Day !'

I spluttered again. Really, how could I ? I proposed the motion, set the date - and yet ! I turned to those guys apologetically.

'Look, I am sorry, but you should have told me' They were bellowing with laughter. One of them recovered enough to say with a smirk, 'Never mind, we quite enjoyed ourselves! You really are tunny when you are trying to be serious'.

That about sums it up. I suppose that's my fate. I am reduced forever to be a clown, a joker, a big laugh. So be it !!

(This story(!) is purely fictional. Any resemblance to any person living or dead (except DADA) is purely coincidental).

CAMPASTIMES

ARE WE AN INDEPENDENT NATION?

by Dr. T.T. Narendran

History says that India became independent on 15th August 1947. Time and again, however, one is forced to doubt if we are really independent.

Look at today's elite Indian male. Head to foot slavery to the West can be seen. Starting from hairdressing down to the pair of shoes they wear, every bit of them is alien to the soil they tread.

We don't stop at dressing our hair the Western way. We clearly look down upon the few old-timers who sport a tuft. We make fun of them, we consider it inferior, Why?

You go to any Office. If you talk in English with a Convent accent you get better attention. If you speak the native tongue you end up waiting longer. Even amongst the society, in general, ability to speak good English is always admired, while total ignorance of one's mother tongue is considered an added asset. Why?

It doesn't stop with the language. It applies to the dress as well. Pants, as a rule are respected more than Dhoties - A tucked-in shirt and a tie, still better, - a full suit never mind the inconvenience due to the tropical weather - you'll get a lot of things done quite easily.

And then, of course, your race counts. A white man is still considered a celestial being. You should see the speed with which the notoriously slow, bureaucratic government servants oblige them. As tourists, again, you'll find the white man the beneficiary of all courtesousness that an Indian can muster - Unfortunately, international tourists of other races are not treated in the same manner.

A few months ago, there were letters to the editor of a leading newspaper complaining about a club/hotel in Bombay

CAMPASTIMES

where the security guard at the gate insisted on passes for Indians while foreigners, particularly the 'celestials' were allowed to go scot-free. If even Indians cannot respect Indians, who will respect us?

What hurts is the fact that racial servility cuts across social strata, and even the educated people are no different. Universities in India have a system by which all theses submitted for the award of Ph.D., degree have to be examined abroad. One may accept the idea for areas in Science and Technology where, at least the West appears to be leaders in the field. What about other areas? A thesis on 'Tamil Literature in the Sangam Period' is sent to the U.S. for evaluation. What's the idea ?

I.I.T. Madras is no better in this matter. An Indian residing in the U.S. is rarely invited, as an examiner. An American-sounding name is enough.

So there we are, 39 years after Independence still looking to the West for everything, still aping Western customs and manners without pausing to think about their relevance in the Indian context and still adoring and worshipping the White man.

If you want a visa to go abroad, you are willing to take any amount of humiliation from the Consular Office. When you want to go to The Land of Milk and Honey, your self respect can be placed at the feet of the alien without any qualms.

WHEN, OH WHEN, WILL WE BECOME A TRULY INDEPENDENT NATION?

--- MAMA

SOLUTION TO CHESS PROBLEM

(1) RC2, PXR

(2) b4++

Impure Mathematics

Once upon a time (t/d), pretty little Polly Nomial was strolling across a field of vectors when she came across the edge of a singularly large matrix.

Now Polly was convergent and her mother had made it an absolute condition that she must never enter such an array without her brackets on. Polly, however, who had changed her variables that morning and was feeling particularly bad behaved, ignored this condition on the grounds that it was insufficient and made her way in amongst the complex elements.

Rows and columns enveloped her on all sides. Tangents approached her surface. She became tensor and tensor. Quite suddenly, three branches of a hyperbola touched her at a single point. She oscillated violently, lost all sense of directrix, and went completely divergent. As she reached a turning point, she tripped over a square root protruding from an erf (error function) and plunged headlong down a steep gradient. When she was differentiated once more she found herself, apparently alone, in a non-Euclidean space.

She was being watched, however, by that smooth operator, Curly Pi (π). As his eyes devoured her curvilinear coordinates, a singular expression crossed his face. Was she still convergent, he wondered. He decided to integrate improperly at once.

Hearing a vulgar fraction behind her, Polly turned round and saw Curly Pi approaching her with his power series extrapolated. She could see at once by his degenerate conic and his dissipative terms, that he was bent on no good.

'Eureka!' she gasped.

'Ho, ho!' he said, 'what a symmetrical little Polly Nomial you are. I can see you are absolutely bubbling over with secs.'

'Oh Sir,' she protested, 'keep away from me. I haven't got my brackets on.'

'Calm yourself, my dear,' said our suave operator, 'your fears are purely imaginary.'

'i, i,' she thought. 'Perhaps he's homogeneous then?'

'What order are you?' the brute demanded.

'Seventeen,' replied Polly.

Curly leered. 'I suppose you've never been operated on yet?' he said.

'Of course not,' Polly cried indignantly. 'I'm absolutely convergent.'

'Come, come,' said Curly, 'let's go off to a decimal place I know and I'll take you to the limit.'

'Never!' gasped Polly.

'EXCHLF!' he swore, using the vilest oath he knew. His patience was gone. Cosing her over the coefficient with a log until she was powerless, Curly removed her discontinuities. He stared at her significant places and began smoothing her points of inflexion. Poor Polly. All was up. She felt his hand tending to her asymptotic limit. Her convergence would soon be gone forever.

There was no mercy, for Curly was a Heavy side operator. He integrated by parts. He integrated by partial fractions. The complex beast even went all the way and did a contour integration. What an indignity to be multiple connected on her first integration. Curly went on operating till he was completely and absolutely orthogonal.

When Polly got home that evening, her mother noticed that she had been truncated in several places. But it was too late to differentiate now. As the months went by Polly increased monotonically. Finally she generated a small but pathological function which left surds all over the place until she was driven to distraction.

The moral of our sad story is: If you want to keep your expressions convergent, never allow them more than a single degree of freedom.

(Reprint from *Scope*, Journal of the Federation of University Astronomical Societies)

INTO THE FIRE

—A. SENGUPTA

The music was loud - its notes
lay heavily in the air like
cigarette smoke does in any
closed room. Drink flowed
free - no glass was allowed
to become empty. The men
sang raucously anything
that occurred to them
to sing. Most

of the voices
were all
slurred
with the
effects
of intox-
ication
A few did
however
manage to
get the
semblance
of a tune into
their singing
laughter bounded from mouth to mouth

A
few
of them
danced, or
rather staggered
energetically about
the fire like puppets
jerked on their strings by
a madman. The fire
was a live creature. It
danced too. It shivered and
flared. It fluttered about like a
flag in a strong wind. It cast dark
and grotesque shadows about and
lined their faces with eerie
and unnatural clarity. Here
and there it fell on ones mostly
hidden - but always it showed
a flushed-red face rendered
hideous by the effects of
the chiaroscuro lighting.

But one face
it never fell on

The darkness that surrounded this visage
seemed to be so absolute as to prevent the
intrusion of the firelight. One felt the fire
were scared of venturing that way. The man
sat on a stone alone making no move to
join in the revelry.

He watched and waited.

Midnight came and
went and there
was a subtle
change in the
mood. The loud
music that
had filled
the air
seemed
to begin
to float away
slowly, like a
dandelion caught
in a soft breeze,
it flew leaving behind
a vacuum of silence

The men one by one stopped clapping and singing

All
was quite
and then
the focus
shifted
to the silent spectator
He rose, and suddenly
the fire seemed to
be enveloped in
darkness. It shrank
and dimmed. The
man stepped
into the circle
of light, but
his back
was to
the fire.
To the men
he faced
he was just
a silhouette
to the others
a broad
back and
dark hair

Gently, cautiously, he began to dance. And, as he did, the music began again.

At first hesitantly, the tinkle of piano notes like first drops of rain, haphazard and distinct. Then, he went faster and faster so did the music and so did the fire vibrant again.

he jumped, he leapt, he
 He ignited, he leapt, he
 fire, he leapt, he
 routed, he leapt, he
 and he leapt, he
 soared; it flung out
 claws of flame, always
 always from the
 always from the

The percussion thundered
 rain
 cloud
 of
 music
 burst

and
 the
 notes
 stormed
 down

The
 men around
 stared in awe and te-
 rror at the sight and were silent.
 Not a muscle moved-it was as
 though all of them
 had been turned to
 stone by the Medusa
 like spell of his
 frenzy

They watched and waited for an end to this
 dance that they had no comprehension of,
 finally at
 the peak of
 a giant leap,
 the man tu-
 rned his
 dark face
 to the fire
 And even
 then, there
 was only
 the deep
 blackness
 of comp-
 lete sha-
 dow. No
 feature
 was now
 visible

And
 the watchers
 knew that Death
 had come to them
 in the midst of their
 bacchanalia to do
 his dance for
 their pleas-
 ure

as the fire burst about them all.

CAMPASTIMES

A COOL BREEZE IN SUMMER

by S. Ramadurai

His frequent trips to Adyar
And the infrequent Amnesias,
At the sight of a Maruti car
All told me the same thing-
My friend was in love !

I mustered my courage
And confronted him one day.
He flew into a rage
But broke down to say,
Yes, he was in love with a Maruti Girl.

Who is this unfortunate one? I wondered.
She comes in a red Maruti, I am told
To taste those delicious cakes, yonder.

God destroyed the mould
After she was made, he cried.

Curiosity drove me mad that weekend.
I dashed off after my friend.
That Maruti girl surely must be something!
Visions of Brooke Shields in rose Salwar Kameez
Sridevi and Jayaprada in the choicest of Sarees
Danced before my eyes,

The red Maruti came gliding like on ice .
SHE came out ...
I took a deep breath
A thousand lights exploded in my eyes.
My friend hopped like a rabbit after her.

He straightened his hair
And went up to her.

CAMPASTIMES

Just then, a Rambo-type figure
 Emerged out of the car,
 Took her in his arms and led her away.

It was a cruel blow to my friend's ego
 I chuckled to myself
 She indeed was a goddess
 My friend looked shocked
 I went up to him and patted his back.

She wasn't that good, not my style, he said.
 She came like a cool breeze in summer.

Rare yet refreshing
 Takes the heat out of you
 And fills you with warmth all over.
 My friend has changed a lot since then
 He avoids red Marutis and Adayar cakes.

BURNING ISSUES.

In their drawing rooms
 the women burn their bras
 Having never heard of Michelangelo
 And inside the burning bras
 burn the brides.

It takes several days
 of patient queuing for kerosene
 at ration shops
 and even bribing
 to collect enough
 to burn

a
 dowry-defaulting
 bride.

---- Dr. M.S. Gopinathan.

CAMPASTIMES

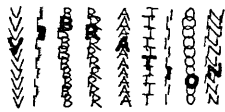
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YOUNG'S MODULUS ACCIDENT^X

$\sqrt{-1}$ MAG $\sqrt{-1}$ NARY CRICKIT

AUTOMATIC TICTICTICTICTIC...

SPARE PARTS



SPRING ©

ABSENT-MINDED

BBV BB (Hamlet)

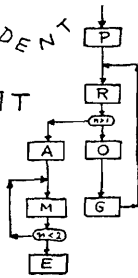


BY GNAN-CHANDRA.

GRADEs
BY PRADEEP

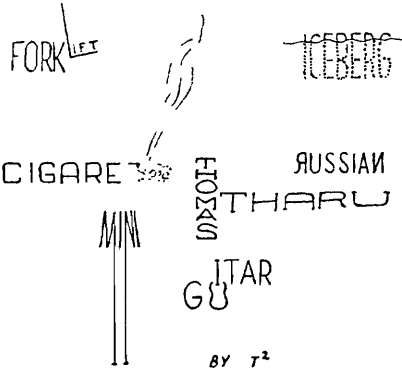
ROONESPISM
BY RAMAJAYAM.

DIET MARTYR
BY PARAMESHWARAN



ΣATH

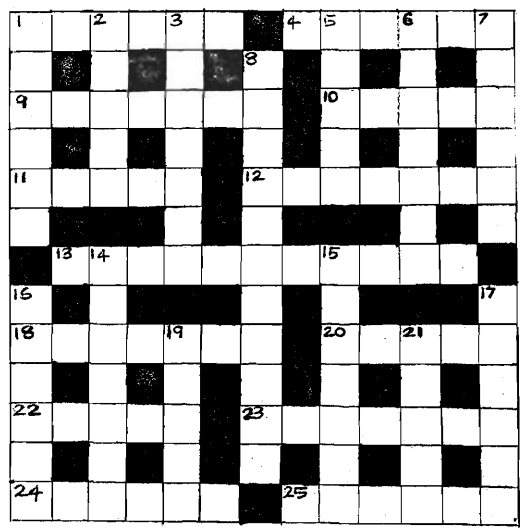
CLASS-ROOM
BY DR. HANS WAGNER.



TAKEN FROM AN
'EARLIER ISSUE OF
'CAMPASTIMES'

Integration
BY R. SAMPATH

X - WORD



ACROSS:

- 1. Cherishes the rewards (6).
- 2. Victim found in a mine (6).
- 9. This is central in the oval pit, perhaps (7).
- 10. Perhaps it met the cat in the loft (5).
- 11. Grub - not the kind we eat (5).

- 12. Give it now (7).
- 13. Nicaraguan rebel armed with small dictionaries negates his claim (11).
- 18. Mark made in right direction by a little fellow (7).
- 20. Clown found in a pack of cards (5).
- 22. Music made by a west-bound gnat (5).
- 23. It's sweet when you rub off Canterbury (7).
- 24. Paused in the desert (6).
- 25. Rise to make a point about the dance (6).

DOWN:

- 1. These students help in vision (6).
- 2. Endless raving about metal used in pendulum (5).
- 3. Essence obtained from a hundred extra teas (7).
- 5. A practice concerning the American era (5).
- 6. Withdraw to entertain again (7).
- 7. Hundred hasty people rush into pleasure boats (6).
- 8. Enormous like a Jumbo (11).
- 14. Harps on the topic of the destitutes (7).
- 15. Infuses medicine ? (7).
- 16. On returning regret lifting the percolator (6).
- 17. Fool yelled when ray was focussed on bed (6).
- 19. The French gin causes the fire burning on the hearth (5).
- 21. Weaken the scoundrel by making him lose direction ? (5).

(Answers on page no. 24).
* * * * *

CAMPASTIMES

Q U I Z

Compiled by Prof. R. VASUDEVAN

1. Dewitt Wallace brought out a magazine in the 1920's whose subscribers have increased from 1500 in 1922 to about 100 million today. Do you know this magazine?
2. An astronomer and mathematician by profession he supervised a calendar reform for the Sultan Rabik Shah. But above all, he is best known as a poet. Who is he?
3. Why is the 'Hat trick' so called?
4. Who was the first woman medical graduate of Rome University who later became an educationist?
5. Which event is commemorated by the burning of effigies called "Guys" in England?
6. What were the most important documents in the U.S.A. which were safely locked up in Fort Knox (Kentucky) during World War-II?
7. What is the profession of Paul Neal Adair better known as Red Adair?
8. What is Bush cricket?
9. How long did Napoleon rule between his return from Elba and defeat at Waterloo?
10. Lloyds insures many things from happiness to hurricanes - but not one commodity. What is it?
11. What are Cleopatra's needles and where are they?
12. How much money did Hyman L. Lipman get for putting an eraser at the end of a pencil in 1858?
13. The true name of a well known comedian of yester years is Joseph Levitch. How was he known to the cinema fans?

CAMPASTIMES

14. Who said 'Spaghetti is no food for fighters'?
15. What was found in the sleepy hamlet of Titusville on Aug. 27, 1859?
16. A well known literary personality once autographed his photograph with the words 'Be good, you will be lonesome'. Who was he?
17. How is Michel de Notredame better known as?
18. What was the most exotic thing ever drycleaned?
19. Identify the genius who said 'I use my body just to carry my brains around'?
20. Identify the institution defined by Ambrose Bierce as 'A community consisting of a master, a mistress and two slaves - making in all two?'

(Answers on page No.23)

A U C T I O N

My country is not so poor
as the racist western press makes out.
Here every man has a very high price:
every university degree
every job
every admission
has a very good price.
My country is worth a fortune
An antique culture
going on auction.

----- Dr. M.S. Gopinathan.

CAMPASTIMES

STOPPING BY THE WOODS ON A 'FROSTY' EVENING

This evening I did race,
On my bike at a breezy pace.

A thorn lying on my path,
Has punctured a tire and earned my wrath.

I began to think it queer,
To stop without a cycle shop near.
Between the gate and the hostel zone,
Beyond the reach of even a phone.

I give my head a nervous shake
And wonder if there has been a mistake.
But the only sounds I can hear,
Are of noisy chain and rusty gear.

The bike is a heavy and cranky affair,
Which makes me sad and I despair.
Oh! I have miles to go for a repair
And miles to go for a repair.

---- R. Devanathan.

(We're sorry if we have taken
Robert Frost for a ride - Eds.).

L I M E R I C K

One day this iron gave me a blister
And mischeivously told it, 'Don't look so lonely mister'.
With a naughty wink
Before I could even think
Promptly gave it a sister.

---- Deepa Ramaswamy.

CAMPASTIMES

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. "Reader's Digest". Originally it was pocket sized and unillustrated.
2. Omar Khayyam.
3. In olden days, bowlers who performed this feat were entitled to a new hat at the expense of their club.
4. Maria Montessori.
5. The Gun Powder plot by Guy Fawkes.
6. (a) The original declaration of independence.
(b) The constitution with the Bill of Rights.
7. Extinguishing oil and natural gas fires and runaway wells.
He has said 'The greatest freedom I enjoy is the freedom from Life Insurance salesmen. They are afraid of the risk'.
8. It is an insect.
9. 100 days.
10. Human life.
11. They are Obelisks. One is in London, another is in New York.
12. \$100,000.
13. Jerry Lewis.
14. Mussolini in 1930's.
15. Oil by Edwin Drake. It became a boomtown and was nicknamed 'SODDEN GOMORRAH'.
16. Mark Twain.
17. Nostradamus (1503-1566). He is supposed to have predicted the fate of Napoleon as well as the abdication of Edward VIII (1936).
18. A live elephant in Massachussetts. It was originally painted glorious pink and subsequently restored to it's normal grey colour after dry-cleaning. The main advantage claimed was: It did not shrink.

CAMPASTIMES

19. Thomas Alva Edison.

20. Marriage.

ANSWER TO X-WORD:

ACROSS:

(1) Prizes (4) Quarry (9) Pivotal (10) Attic
 (11) Larva (12) Present (13) Contradicts (18) Imprint
 (20) Joker (22) Twang (23) Nectary (24) Rooted
 (25) Ascend.

DOWN:

(1) Pupils (2) Invar (3) Extract (5) Usage (6) Retreat
 (7) Yachts (8) Elephantine (14) Orphans (15) Injects
 (16) Filter (17) Brayed (19) Ingle (21) Knave.

If you are wondering how the Windies' quickies got into our production team - Well, you see, this is a 'BUMPER ISSUE'.

THINK IT OVER

Everybody has anatomy. But it looks better on girls.

The man who has everything is envious of the man who has two of everything.

There is nothing common about commonsense.

- ALFRED. E. NEWMAN