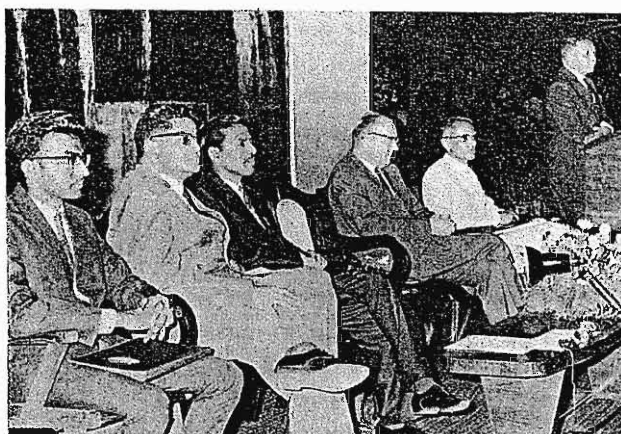


Campastimes

Vol. VII, No. 4

IIT Madras, Summer, 1969

25 P.



Photos : Kubendran

Above left : Sri H. V. R. Iengar addresses the gathering. Seated are : K. S. Loganathan, Prof Sampath, Prof Dr Ramachandran, Prof Dr Klein, Prof C. V. Sethunathan.

Above right : The Chief Guest releases the Gymkhana Brochure.

On the twenty-second day of March, 1969, a gaudy rose-pink light atop the projector room at the OAT blinked 'INSTITUTE DAY'. Nothing much for the general lot, but a great day for the top notchers.

Sri H. V. R. Iengar was the chief guest. Dr N. Klein, President, Gymkhana, welcomed the gathering with his usual sparkles of polished wit. The more light-hearted were disappointed to find that he had cut down on humour in favour of suggestions for making the services of the Gymkhana more easily available.

K. S. Loganathan, the General Secretary of the Gymkhana, reported the activities of this ear focussing on certain major changes in the constitution of the Gymkhana and his recommendations for the coming years.

Dr Ramachandran, Director, spoke in detail of all activities and achievements of the Institute. One could almost detect a sense of pride in him as he elaborated on the various new courses introduced, and the plans for the future.

In his address, the Chief Guest optimistically referred to the progress our country had made since independence. He warned against our being influenced by the bad news in the newspapers ; for after all the press is interested more in focussing on our failures than in glorifying our success.

The prize distribution, and then a vote of thanks by Dy Director Prof Sampath, was followed by a variety entertainment.

—Campastimes.

AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY OF INDIA MEETS AT IITM NEW AERO BLOCK INAUGURATED

IIT Madras played host to the Aeronautical Society of India during their 21st Annual General Meeting held on the 4th and 5th of April. Scores of delegates from all over the country and even abroad took part and presented papers.

At the Inaugural function of the Meeting on the 4th, when His Excellency Sardar Ujjal Singh was the chief guest, Sri H. V. R. Iengar formally declared the Aeronautical Engineering Block open.

The Nilakantan Memorial Lecture was delivered by Dr Harold Liebowitz, Dean, School of Engg., Washington.

Among the features of the 2-day Meet were Exhibitions from IAF Tambaram, Thumba, Atomic Energy Commission and BAC ; Film shows by courtesy of USIS and BAC ; stage show ; and a re-union dinner.

Prof Pandalai, Head of Aero and App Mech dept., thanks all who helped in the Meet.

—Campastimes.

Rs. 25 LAKH BUILDING FOR CHEMISTRY

To be ready in 18 months

The foundation-stone of the new Chemistry Block was laid by Shri H. V. R. Iengar at a colourful function held on the 20th March at 12.30 p.m.

Despite the rather inconvenient time, close on 500 guests including many from outside the institute were present. Sri H. V. R. Iengar, in his speech, referred to the need for establishment of closer liaison between industry and academic institutions like IITM which, he said, would go a long way in making IITM a centre of excellence and usefulness.

Based on the plans originally drawn by Dr Robert Kerber of Technical University, Berlin, and by Dr M. V. C. Sastri, Head of Chemistry

Department, the new block will be three-storeyed with two wings of 100 ft. and 370 ft. length. The shorter wing, for measurements, will be air-conditioned.

According to Dr Sastri, the building, when completed, will be one of the finest laboratories anywhere in the world and undoubtedly the most modern chemical laboratory in India, with facilities for the working of 500 undergraduates, 50 to 60 PG's, and about 70 Ph.D. registrants and other research workers.

(see also page 20)

IITians Discuss the Student Unrest Problems in India and Germany with Visiting German Professors

Three professors from the Technical Universities in Germany, Dr Ing. W. Panknin, Dr Ing. H. Brauer and Dr Ing. J. Ruge, were here for a few weeks in February. Having been in the middle of the welter of confusion in Germany last summer, they wished to meet a few student representatives from the institute to exchange views on a common problem.

The discussion opened with a spotlight on the language problem. Almost everyone agreed that the language problem in India was a genuine one but the approach made by the government to solve it was wrong. We all agreed that for national integration a link language is essential and very soon international integration would demand a language common to all the people of this world. (It is with such foresight that the Germans have introduced the English language as a compulsory subject in their schools).

In India today 5-7% people speak English,

35% speak Hindi and the rest odd 60% speak a variety of the 13 remaining languages. The government at the centre, strongly influenced by the Hindi speaking sect, thought it appropriate to establish Hindi as the national language. This obviously came as a shock to the non-Hindi speaking Indians, particularly people of science all over the country ; Translation of scientific knowledge into a language like Hindi, would indeed amount to the creation of a totally new

(continued on page 12, col. 3)

Name-it-yourself

Hey fellas! Are you starting a new beat-group?

You would like your group to be very popular, like the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Shadows etc. You would definitely want a JAZZY & JUICY name for your group. This is where we come in. We will help you select a suitable name for your group. Our latest list is designed to suit your profession, or your course (or your natural features).

Please help yourself to any of these:

The Alkalies	The Armatures
„ Fruit Salts	„ Bus-bars
„ Phantoms	„ Electrons
„ Viscounts	„ Positrons
„ Apollos	„ Ignitrons
„ Cosmonauts	„ Thyratrons
„ Cashewnuts	„ Diodes
„ Peanuts	„ Heptodes
„ Nuts	„ Toads
„ Bolts	„ Frogs
„ Drill-Bits	„ Horses
„ Tit-Bits	„ Carpet-Baggers

The Lignites
„ Martensites
„ Tube-Lights
„ Turbans
„ Urbans
„ Suburbans
„ Drain-pipes
„ Chimneys
„ Cock-Tails
„ Pig-tails

We are always at your service

For further help please contact us personally

THE BALSUBS & SRINIVAS.

CHEMISTRY OF THE MUGPOT

Occurrence: Mugpots, also called bookworms, are generally found haunting libraries and reading rooms. When found in their own rooms, they are usually in a peculiar state termed misery. Chronic mugpots are not influenced by the nearness of the exams.

Preparation: Laboratory method. By the direct combination of students and books, with merit scholarships as catalysts and the President's Medal as promoter.

Student + n books = Bookworm + Gas.
(Skeleton Equation).

Manufacture: They are obtained on a large scale when a class is well brainwashed and steamed through lectures at high temperatures and pressures.

Physical Properties: Taste—They have no taste for subjects other than books. Colour—They have a pale colour, but evolve a reddish gas when irradiated with questions or otherwise induced to precipitate what they have crammed.

They often have a skeleton-like appearance, but this is not reliable enough to be used as a confirmatory test.

Chemical Properties: They are inert in nature and do not combine with easy-going people.

They become unstable when brought into the field of action. As soon as they come into big halls, they decompose, evolving gas, heat and disgust.

They have a great affinity for books, and are generally found with them (hence the name).

They are bleached when touched with a glass rod dipped in humorous acid. They are reduced to tears in a medium of trying circumstances. Acid comments induce violent decrepitation. They do not absorb pyrophoric tobacco.

Uses: They're absolutely useless except as a source for tutorial cog-sheets.

(With apologies to whoever thinks this applies to him).

VARGHESE GEORGE.

Dr Bieger Hates Mosquitoes!

'But for these mosquitoes' said Dr Bieger, 'I am having a very nice time here.'

Professor in Structural Engineering at the Technical University, Hanover, Dr. Bieger was here for a month under an invitation from the department of Civil Engineering. During his stay here, he gave a series of lectures supplemented by slides.

—Campastimes

ANNOUNCING ONE GLORIOUS AND COLOSSAL EXPEDITION

The Outdoor Club will organise a geological-cum-zoological-cum-just-for-the-heck-of-it expedition for the thorough exploration of a newly discovered mountain range.

The range, named after Sir Joseph Q. Thiskundiah, its discoverer, is at a location approximately 1,50,000 mm. due south of the nesting place of the famous Ganga geese.* Since this range, believed by some to contain the source of the Alakananda river, is in a reservation exclusively inhabited by a strange troglodytic tribe, extreme precautions are being taken for the expedition. Members will be provided with table fans, flame throwers, sub-machineguns, photocells, portable laser units, triangular files, nylon fishing lines, ping-pong bats, and, as a last resort, Mad magazines.

Campastimes has in its possession the original sketch map that Sir Joseph made. It is not being published since no one is able to understand what it represents; however, we hope to get more information from the expedition. Anyone wanting to join the expedition can contact S. Gopal for details.

Secretary,
Outdoor Club

* Now extinct.

FANTASTIC!

There is a move afoot to change the rules of that great gambling game of Flash—on grounds of probability of random distribution. A colour run, we maintain, should be considered a better combination than a trio.

It is seen that the chances of obtaining a trio are one in 425. The odds of getting a colour run are also one in 425, but this includes the unacceptable combination of KAz. The odds are then increased by a factor 13/12, bringing down the chances of picking up a colour run to around one in 460.

Should the rules be changed accordingly, it is also suggested that a minute's silence be observed at all sessions in honour of those who laid down their life savings defending a run against a trio.

—S. VISWANATHAN.

NCC CAMP, — REGARDING

All cadets are hereby informed that it has now come to our notice that no NCC Camp was held in the Winter Vacation.

Hence all the cadets who did attend the camp are required to meet the undersigned and explain how on earth they did so.

(Sd.) RAMAN REDTAPE.
Clerk-in-Charge of threatening letters and warning notices.

Is Mike Dead?

The Concise Oxford Dictionary might give a number of possible meanings for the word 'death'. The word 'mike' has only one meaning and that, as all IITians know, is the public address system in our campus. The chances of a physical death for a mike are ruled out for we have never seen a live mike moving about places, talking to other members of the same species. By 'death' we only mean the stoppage of the flow of electrons at the right moment, which is noticeable almost on all occasions at the OAT or CLT.

Everything seems to be alright when Dalton and D. R. K. Naidu subject it to rigorous tests and make it count from one to ten and ten to one nearly ten times. The trouble starts only when the actual function begins. It is difficult to say whether the failure of the system is due to the decision taken by the man in charge of these arrangements who wants to have a 'power cut' at this very moment, saving something for the institute, or as a mark of protest by the mike itself when it doesn't well agree with the views expressed by the speaker.

We arrange All India Debates thinking that they will serve as a guidance to our students and help some of them become future politicians. The mike plays its role here too. It knows one cannot become a true politician in India, unless one masters the art of crossing the floor a number of times during a session and helps one in doing so.

There are many groups of likes, the guitar variety and the drums variety. Somehow they never seem to come to a compromise on any occasion, with the result that we find the beat too low, the pitch of the guitar too high, and the vocalist singing to himself.

Years have rolled by and we haven't had a single function, be it the Cultural Week or inter-hostel competitions when the IITians have not vehemently expressed their dissatisfaction about the mike arrangements made. If we can't rectify the defect, let us do away with this system and switch over to the primitive but more successful method of conveying the message adopted by those who sell bug-killers and rat-poison on the pavements.

—C. S. SASTRI.

THREE NUMBERS ENCORED

The duo Elena Cardas and Ales Andryszak, gave a performance entitled 'Folk Songs from 13 Countries' in the OAT on February 21st, 1969. The songs included such well-known numbers as 'Kumbaya', 'Zambra Mora', 'Havana Gila', 'El Vito' and 'Kalinka'.

Moses . . . —(Continued)

pussy cat . . . and then you turn to the other girl and say "See ya", . . . see, you got to be real subtle like; otherwise you can't hope to go far in this game.

Moses knows everything about the movies. He was telling me once about how he had gone for a Warner Brothers' movie and felt like a fool when he realized that he had already seen the movie—when the lion started roaring!

Moses is a citizen of Toothukodi and is quite a man-about-town there—at least ever since the annual binge of the palmyrah climbers back in 1964 where, I'm told, he won the Juniors' at toddy tapping.

Before I forget, do you know how girls get colds? Showers and rains and all things wet? No, says Moses. If girl A has a cold, it must be because he was talking to A's friend B, and A saw that and went and cried herself to sleep, waking up the next morning with a nasty cold.

It is past midnight. Moses is in bed reading the latest James Hadley Chase. On the cover is the usual picture of a murdered girl, in bikini, lying in an open grave. Moses closes the book and looks at the girl. Oh my God, he thinks, there is no mistaking the invitation in her eyes!

—GOPE.

CARICATURE

PONNIAH MOSES
VEDAMANIKKAM

It was a beautiful morning back in 1963—wet grass, dew-laden flowers and all the rest of the poet stuff. The cattle from Velacheri and Taramani were walking along lazily down the path behind Tapti Hostel to the milking shed. Behind groups of them came the milkmaids in-charge. It was a morning to warm the heart. If you could throw in a lone flute-player, sitting with his back against a tree, Bhavanagari could shoot a couple of documentaries for the Films Division right there.

Suddenly the morning air was filled with the scream of a frightened woman (just like in movies). Frightened women, as a rule, scream and let it go at that. But our heroine was no run-of-the-mill woman—after the scream she let fly enough bad language in 5 minutes to last an ordinary man half his lifetime.

Now it had come to pass that just about the time the milkmaids were approaching Tapti, Ponniah Moses Vedamanikkam had woken up, like Abu Ben Adam, from a deep dream of peace, stood up, stretched and decided to look at something beautiful, heart-warming and cheery. So he went over to his mirror and gave himself a once-over from top to toe.

He felt that he could easily mix without comment in a gathering of Adonis, Eros and such other Greek gods. That is, if he happened to be passing by when such a meeting was in progress they would roll out the red carpet, sound the trumpets, fire the gun-salute and welcome him in as one of 'the boys'. Perhaps you don't know it but there is a club the members of which go around believing that Moses looks like Steve Reeves below his neck and Omar Sharif above. As far as I know it has only one member. Don't get me wrong—I'm not saying that Moses is a narcissist—it's just that he dislikes a hot-water bath, because it clouds the bathroom mirror.

Moses decided that he would look infinitely hotter with a V-shaped torso. When he walked down the aisle in his church, he wanted people to gasp and say that there went a man with a V-shape. V-shapes don't grow on trees. To commission one you have to do a lot of corny exercises and Moses decided to start right away. 'I will not go to Church for the next three months', he mused, 'And by then, by God, I will have a V-shape.'

Then dressed after a fashion popularised by the natives of certain South Sea islands, posing for the *National Geographic*, Moses climbed to the head of his bed and holding onto the window-bars, started doing a sort of vertical push-ups. If Shelley were to pass him then, he would have said, 'Hail to thee, Blithe Spirit', and he would have meant it.

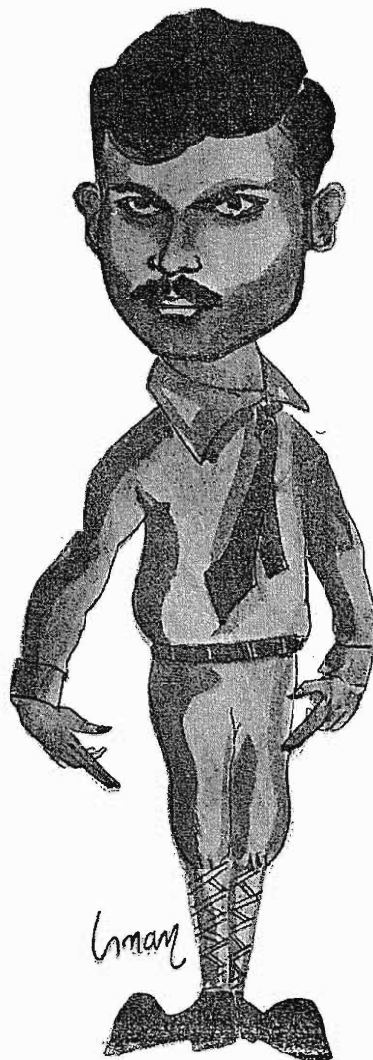
Milkmaids are people of the world. They can take nasty things of life in their stride. But they draw the line somewhere—and having to see underclothed undergrads hanging about the window-bars early in the morning, doing informal stooge acts, is one place they felt a line ought to be drawn. If it was you or I who had passed him we would probably have gone Shakesperian and said, 'What bloody manner of man is this?' but milkmaids, like I was saying, scream and yell.

In the days before Moses began spending his surplus energy building V-shapes he was accustomed to borrow bikes and go for long rides. He was returning from one on a Saturday afternoon and found a horde of cars parked outside his hostel. It was the parents coming to collect the kiddos for the weekend. When parents come to boys' hostels to collect the boys, it is inevitable that the sisters and other girls in the family tag along. Moses saw the girls. He looked again... there was no mistaking the invitations in their eyes, he felt.

So he began to pedal with renewed vigour. What little V-shape had been built up was put up for show. Then, drawing in his

paunch to accentuate the V, he began pedalling, down the 45° incline towards Tapti.

By now Moses and bike were just a flash well down the incline. Moses was still watching the girls and the girls were watching Moses' antics. He was wondering what the girls would have been thinking of him. They would probably be saying to themselves, 'My hero'! thought Moses applying the brakes.



The bike had no brakes. In the hurried affair that life has become these days, people often forget to mention such trivialities.

There was time only for his face to register surprise and then horror. Then it was all over. The granite wall which had been looking forward to a peaceful weekend met the tyre, steel and Moses' head in rapid succession. The front wheel of the bike met the chain-guard and by now Moses had gone over the wall and met a few bikes parked there, and they all met the good earth. (Such a lot of social activity in such a short time, no?). Anyway he picked himself up, with the air of a man who can be checked—yes, but vanquished, never, and though he felt like something excavated from the tomb of one of the earlier Ptolemies, he puffed up his chest and made way to his room where he collapsed. Which all goes to show that there are ways and ways of impressing people.

Moses' sense of humour has got to be seen to be believed—there is so little of it. Chaps cracking jokes to him for the first time have that sick feeling that there goes another one that hasn't quite fallen with the sunny side up. They are all the more annoyed when five minutes later he takes time off for a little guffaw. In Electrical Engineering there is a similar phenomenon. It's called phase-lag.

As a humorist Moses may not end in the first ten but he is a master as far as indiscretions go. I was present once when Moses

issued an ultimatum at the OAT. He had gone to borrow a cigarette and he returned and found that his seat was occupied by someone else. Moses knew the intruder long enough to realise that a backbone had been carelessly omitted from his composition, and that he was quite half Moses' size. So he put on the appearance of one who would chew him to the bone for tuppence—perhaps even waive the tuppence to maintain his amateur standing—and in a burst of confidence said, 'I will count till five. You better get off that seat by then.' That was a mistake—he didn't know how it went after three.

Moses has always stood first in his class—whenever somebody yelled, 'Let's mass cut this lecture and go home'.

Like most men Moses too believes that he is the reincarnation of Casanova and that it is his *dharma* to keep women happy and thrilled by allowing them the benefit of his company for a while now and then. While most of us are content with dreaming up fantasies, Moses is convinced, deep down in his heart that God made him as a gift to womenhood.

He had his first 'affair' when he was fourteen, he goes around saying. It seems that he met the daughter of a family friend (there was no mistaking the invitation in her eyes), and they got around for a couple of games of hide and seek, built a few sand castles and then while he took the high road, she took the low and neither on the Bonnie Bonnie banks of Loch Lomond nor anywhere else have they met ever since.

Many times the rains came and went and then at Vellore, where he had gone to meet his brother he ran into an old schoolmate of his. He saw her standing with the sun on her windswept hair, flush on her cheeks and all the rest of the Denise Robbins stuff and that unmistakable invitation in her eyes. So he took her to see Tippu Sultan's fort nearby, caught a movie at the local cinema and returned her home. This Moses considers is such a torrid affair that he doesn't want people below 16 reading this para.

Does all this stop there? No, man, no! He boards a bus and in the eyes of the girl sitting across the aisle there is that invitation, he looks out of the window and a couple of girls passing by look up and damn it all, there is that unmistakable...

As I was sitting in my room sometime ago, in the throes of literary composition I heard the shuffle of Moses' feet approaching my room. I was prepared for the worst as I could hear that he was singing, as much a treacherous memory would permit, of a popular sentimental ballad.

My fears were well founded—he walked into my room and told me that he had every reason to suspect that a little girl of about twenty-two had fallen in love with him. 'What does she mean?' he yelled, 'Doesn't she know that I'm a seasoned man in these affairs?'

'Take it easy Ponniah', I told him, 'How many girls can fight their impulses when they are looking at an Omar Sharif?'. That pleased him and he decided to get elder-brotherly, 'Listen Gope', he said, 'If you ever fall in love, and the girl falls right back in love with you—this sort of thing is happening to me every now and then—you must show your affection for her in little ways. Like, when you are crossing the street, hold her elbow, but I guess that you are not as experienced as I am in these matters—very few are—so you just walk by her side as you cross the street'.

'Hunh, hunh', that's all I could get in.

'Then again Gope, there may be complications', he warned.

'Like how?' me; curious!

'Oh, there may be two girls falling for you at the same time—I've had to face that problem from time to time. In such cases one has to be very subtle in telling one of them off. I think the best time to do that would be when you are telling them good night. Now listen carefully—it's got to be real subtle. First, you tell the one you are fond of, "Good night, dearie... I'll see you soon no sweetie pie?... sweet dreams

(Contd. on p. 2, col. 3)

ARE Professors born or are they made? Well to start with they have to be born. That's as good a beginning as any. But what happens next? How does one reach the top, the dizzy rarefied atmosphere of the world of a Professor?

These are questions that plagued the frail faculties of one faculty member Shri Perceival P. Goulti. There's absolutely nothing wrong in being an Associate Lecturer, he told himself. What hurt was the fact that he was the most associate of the associate lecturers.

He resolved to do something about it. The resolution was in fact made quite some time ago. Now he resolved to get results from his resolution. He looked at the time, almost 4 p.m., time to get things moving. He picked up his papers from the desk and put them in an important looking bag, the kind you would expect any self-respecting 007 to carry around on business, and briskly strode out into the weakening hours of the p.m. bent on having a chat with destiny.

The house in front of which he parked his faithful cycle bore the legend Prof Torsion L. Cuckoo.

He strode in with a proprietorial air without the benefit of such preambles as a knock. Not because of any lack of manners but mainly because no Associate Lecturer ever knocks.

Story : ARVIND JOHARI

Illustration : S. GNANCHANDRA

He found the Professor's daughter, Crises L. Cuckoo sitting deeply engrossed in a magazine. Warming up to his task he came up behind her and put his hand over her eyes.

'Three guesses who it is!'

'The President of India,' she said and put her hand over his.

'Try again.'

'The Registrar.'

'Fortunately that finishes with the top echelon. Now then your last guess.'

'Perceival P. Goulti, Associate Lecturer!'

'Wonderful,' he removed his hand and moved across to a vacant chair opposite her, 'How did you guess?'

'Well it couldn't have been father. It's too early for him, and besides,' she added sensibly, 'you've been doing this every day for the past two weeks.'

'Are you complaining?'

'You know I'm not.'

His gaze fell on the book she was reading.

'What's a nice girl like you doing with a book like that?' he asked with a horrified look on his face. It was a Science Journal.

'There's an article by father which I think even you should read,' she replied defensively.

'Really! And what does dear Papa have to say this time?'

'Much too high for me,' she said, 'something about a guy called Newton being wrong. Papa has proved that when an apple detaches itself from a tree it doesn't really fall. It's the tree that goes up. Relativity you know. I'm sure you'll appreciate it more if you read it yourself.'

That's exactly what Shri Perceival was afraid of. Not the appreciating part but the having to read-it-yourself bit. Scientific Journals were his own private hell. And if he knew his Prof. Cuckoo at all, this is one journal he would have to read from cover to cover. He groaned at the very thought.

'What's wrong Percy?' asked Crises all solicitous-like.

'Nothing.'

'You've been working too hard again,' she accused him.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE A PROFESSOR



'There's no short cut to becoming a Professor,' he told her with the air of a philosopher, and felt the way a good hypocrite should.

'I suppose you remember, today is our Big Day?' he asked, after a pause.

'Yes,' she said, 'but you're the one who's going to do all the talking.'

'Of course, you leave everything to old Percy.'

'What are all those papers you keep carrying around with you? Is that the research work you're doing?'

'Oh dear, no—they're just something to carry in the hand. It makes one look more like an associate lecturer.'

He dipped into his bag and produced a sheaf of papers. 'The phenomenon of the sinking of Mexico City as compared to the sinking of the OAT, neat what?' the next one read 'A study of stresses induced within glass as a direct impingement of air due to the vacuum created by the exclusion of cork from its neck. My younger brother thinks up the titles. I think he has a gift for such things.'

Just then Professor Cuckoo walked in. Our Associate Lecturer hastily put his papers back into his bag.

'Hello Goulti, how are you?' mumbled the Professor. The distaste in his voice couldn't really be disguised better.

'I was just reading your article, Sir,' ad-libbed Perceival, 'Sound reasoning, wonderful theory.'

Here's a cube for you, thought the Professor. Doesn't have anything better to do than

to read Science Journals. 'Thank you, er, won't you sit down? I have been meaning to have a little talk with you for quite sometime.'

'Nothing like the here and now, Sir.'

'Why don't you get yourself something to do?'

'I do have something to do Sir.'

'I mean generally. And apart from your—um—work in the Institute. Something serious.'

'Being an associate lecturer is a very serious business, Sir.'

'I know, I know. What I had in mind was something realistic, something more in keeping with your dynamic character. Today we match people with their profession. Not the other way around.' Professor Cuckoo was on his favourite topic and was savouring every minute of it. 'A man of action like you has no business rotting away at a desk.'

This was strange talk from the Professor Shri Perceival did not like it one bit. He asked 'Could you suggest a better opening for me, Sir?'

'Certainly I could! For one thing have you noticed how sky scrapers are almost here in India? In this field, for a man of your talents, the sky is the limit.'

'You mean designing skyscrapers, Sir?'

'No, I mean as an Aperture Renovator.'

'What's that?'

'One who cleans windows, naturally.'

'Oh!'

'I also feel you could make a very successful Landscape Engineer that's the man who picks up papers in the park, if you follow me,' he added confidentially.

Shri Goulti followed him. He had been expecting some such exposition of his potentials for a long time, ever since his design for a reinforced bath tub had fallen through. But that it should come to-day and in the Professor's own house was something he did not expect.

'Then again,' continued the Professor, in full bloom by now, 'What with all the new hotels and theatres coming up you could pursue a very successful career as an Entrance Traffic Co-Ordinator.'

'You wouldn't mean a doorman by that, would you, Sir?'

'That's right,' replied the Prof happy that his hiring could be so bright, 'but you don't have to translate it for your relations.'

By now Shri Goulti had nervously chewed his way down to the last nail on his last finger and was in the unhappy position of being precariously perched on the last sq. cm. of his chair. Lesser mortals in his place would have done the same thing. After all it was a question of being separated from your bread and butter exploits. Desperately he thought it was now or never. He decided to take the plunge before it was too late.

'Sir, I have news for you. I want to marry Crises.'

It took all of five minutes for the message to register. The Professor's features underwent all sorts of contortions. For a fleeting moment Perceival thought his timing was out.

'You mean I mean You said his equanimity was shattered. He looked at Perceival. He was still there. He tried again.

'Are you trying to tell me you want to marry my daughter?'

'Yes Sir. It's not entirely my idea. It's her's too,' said the brave man.

'Crises, is it true what this chap says?'

'I'm afraid it is Papa.'

'Well, well, well,' said the Prof at last in same semblance of control over himself, 'This gives a new dimension to the whole affair! But have you stopped to consider the disparity in your ages?' He was a practical man in spite of being in a theoretical profession.

Crises opened her mouth, but Perceival spoke first 'It's merely a matter of ten years, Sir. If Sybil Burton could marry a man fifteen years younger than herself, I don't see why crises can't do the same thing. Even Josephine was eleven years older than Napoleon when he married her. These things happen all the time.'

'Hmmm, I'm sure they do,' said Prof Cuckoo, and for the first time really felt sorry for the name he had given his daughter, 'Let me be the first to congratulate you on your excellent taste, Mr Goulti.'

It wasn't until almost a year after the wedding that Perceival P. Goulti, officially became Asst Prof Perceival P. Goulti.

THE END

Toodle-doo, Gope!

When Gopakumar wrote 'Littleknown Facts about some Well-known People' his talent was at once recognized by *Campastimes* and he was taken in as the official caricaturist. Later, Gope signed up as a regular columnist to take over the *Cup* from Vijay Reddy. With Gope there were no delays; always on time he was, with the *Cup* and Caricatures. He has enjoyed the position of one of the most popular writers in *Campastimes*.

—EDITOR.

PERSONALITIES

NAZIR AHMED

Around the miracle at Gajendra Circle, there are a few places like the Library and the Girls' Hostel that some of us never seem to visit — and some simply haunt them. Well, if you've been avoiding the Library, you've been missing something. It is full of books and magazines, you know, and you can understand most of them.

These vaunted 80,000 or so volumes have a full-time guardian angel worrying over them. But the worries seem to leave Mr. Nazir Ahmed looking as youthful and enthusiastic as ever. . . . a remarkable achievement for a librarian. He has on his hands a mighty populous Campus full of spritely juveniles and scarcely more dignified adults — but he's been trained: oh yes, the techniques acquired in the upbringing of two sons and four daughters should serve him well.

Small of stature, soft spoken and scholarly, his presence is nonetheless commanding. He has a ready smile for anyone who cares to meet him. If you want to sell him an idea regarding the Library, he'll be encouraging and appreciative and will tell you with heartfelt regret what exactly makes it so thoroughly impracticable. And he's always right.

He has the regular round of library troubles on his mind. Some users are not very particular about the number of pages they leave behind in invaluable books — others evince a peculiar emotional and physical attachment to entire books. And a few jokers add their simply priceless remarks to those of the authors. Tut, tut! The attenders tread in fear lest the depredations of some roving delinquent land them in the soup . . . 'for letting it happen'!

In these days of increasing preoccupation with information, its storage and retrieval, Library Science is assuming proportionately greater importance — for everyone, especially engineers. We already have a sizable chunk of the Humanities on our curriculum — Mr Nazir Ahmed, all innocence and good intentions, wants to give us a dose of Lib. Sc. for one term! yes, yes; but he means well.

He visited the Federal Republic of Germany along with our scientists and technologists last year, and the impact of his tour of various libraries there will soon be seen in ours. The Library, he says, will be transformed into a ride in a bookworm's Disney-

land, replete with book-bearing trolleys, microfilm projectors, photostat cameras, teletypewriters and other exotic accessories which may well make us pause to blink. One undeniable benefit to all will be two air-conditioned reading rooms.

Mr Nazir Ahmed also wants student representation on the Library Committee which



so far has counted only Indian and German professors in its membership. Which is precisely what we would have wanted had we known anything about the existence of the Library Committee (!) regardless of whether that would have been of any use to us. If it serves to make us more interested in the Library, it is a welcome move.

It is heartening to know that we have Mr Nazir Ahmed at the head of what amounts to the IIT Information Agency.

STOOP.

(Material collected by K.S.R.)

GUESS HOW

You can pronounce 'Sjezdergzeizdjekjy.'

Close your nostrils with the thumb and forefinger of your *right* hand. Blow twice through your *right* nostril for five seconds, alternately blow through left and right, repeat at 0.25 seconds intervals, blow through the left two and three quarter times. Then close *both* your nostrils and blow. What, you can't? Well, hard luck! *That's* how it is pronounced.

—VIJAY SARIHAN.

P.S. I hope Ravi doesn't read this. He'll kill me for borrowing his idea.

LITERARY QUIZ—RESULTS

All entries had atleast two errors. No prizes are awarded

1. The attraction of man and woman for each other is **fundamental**.
(The Home and the World — Tagore)
2. The virtue of all **achievement** is victory over oneself.
(How I found the Grace of Perseverance — A. J. Cronin)
3. Kids are always **surprised** to find evil in their parents, and shocked to find it in themselves.
(A Sense of Values — Sloan Wilson)
4. In this world of incessant and feverish **activity** men have little time to think, and much less to consider ideals and objectives.
(The Success of Non-Violence — Nehru)
5. There are times when nothing a man can say is so **powerful** as saying nothing.
(The Man Nobody knows — Bruce Barton)
6. Nature's bounties are **unaltered**.
(Guy Mannering — Scott)
7. Grief is the most **private** emotion a human being can have.
(Call Me Lucky — Bing Crosby)
8. Most men are more afraid of being thought **cowards** than of anything else.
(The Oxbow Incident — Walter V. T. Clark)

FICTION

V. S. KUMAR

THE BOMB THAT WON THE WAR

whhee-e-e-a thump Crash!!

THE bombs continued to rain down and explode indiscriminately near the station as people scurried for shelter. There could be however seen a few loiterers here and there who, it looked, were held to the ground out of a mad fascination for the fireworks and the destruction all around. Towards the left of the station stood a concrete observer's post with slits all around and on one side of it facing the runway could be seen a small rectangular window of thick armoured glass eerily reflecting the fires raging in some of the buildings. A face that had been pressed to glass from inside suddenly withdrew and a shutter came down on the glass, its colour almost matching the concrete. That face belonged to Sqn. Ldr. Ratnakar, Senior Armament Officer of the station. There was a kind of smirk on his face as he walked away from the window and it continued to grow as he spoke with precise but impatient gestures to another officer seated behind a desk.

'May be, but our men are far better when it comes to bombing. You have yourself attended some of our target practices and that ought to give you an idea.'

'But, Sir, even presuming the enemy are all stupid and ill-trained, they just cannot be that bad to waste so many bombs on nothing. They have not hit a single installation on this field. All that burning is outside the station. That's why I have my own doubts about our own performance. Some of the pics the boys brought back look quite good but not too good. Their planes continue to come over in large numbers. So our bombing is probably not as effective as we would like it to be.'

The Group Captain stirred uneasily in his chair for a moment before he spoke again. He did not evidently like what he was saying for there could be seen a pent-up anger on his face.

'Look, Squadron Leader, it's all right your telling me what you think, but for God's sake don't run away with your mouth in the mess or the club. The boys are already jittery and I don't want them upset by ground-hogs like you. Oh, I know you have a flying license but that does not make you a combat pilot. Stick to your drawing boards and armouries and stores and give us what we ask for. And don't hang around in this hell-hole watching the fires like a Nero; yeah, I know all about Nero, even though I am only a matriculate. The trouble with chaps like you—'

The telephone on the desk rang shrilly for a few seconds before the O.C. answered.

'Yes, Officer Commanding here. How many? Three only? Wounded? Not bad at all. Our A.R.P. is good. Yes, Yes, I am coming round. Send some of the medics out and see to the villagers.' He replaced the receiver and stood up.

'Come on, let's get out of here. The all-clear has been given. Our A.R.P. exercises are a great success. Only three wounded after half an hour's bombing.'

The two officers left the pill box through a low door and climbed up a few steps to the side of the runway. They automatically shaded their eyes and before they had walked a few steps a staff car drew up by their side and an N.C.O. got out and saluted and in the same movement held the rear door of the car open for them. As they drove nearer to the control tower they could hear excited voices talking and they could feel the pent-up breathlessness slowly easing.

Sqn. Ldr. Ratnakar was moody that night and no one disturbed him as he sat alone at a table in the Officers' mess nursing an already cold tea in front of him. Even the pilots who usually pulled his leg kept away as though sensing something wrong. He was preparing to leave when two senior officers came in, accompanied by the Group Captain. To his surprise they walked straight to his table, for these pilot types usually kept their own company and rarely sought the counsel of ground officers. He stood up slowly trying to read their faces and even as they exchanged greetings he knew that they had something serious on their minds. There was the usual noise and false gaiety at the bar but none seemed aware of his surroundings. The O.C., after ordering drinks, told the Sqn. Ldr. to leave with them for a conference at the group-headquarters, twenty-two miles away. The Sqn. Ldr. did not mind these conferences for they gave him a chance to pilot his Dove aircraft on the short run to Gr. Hq. and his flights were one of the biggest jokes in the station. Even the C.O. called him 'Cabby' sometimes.

When they left the mess it was just striking seven and they had a few minutes for a 'shot' at the Gr. Hq. before they walked into the conference hall. There were barely ten other officers in the room and they were all gathered round a huge relief map. One of them was pinning tiny flags on the map and explaining something, while the others hemmed and hawed.

As the four officers walked in, an Air Vice-Marshal detached himself from the map group and walked

towards them. He returned their salute and shook hands.

'Let's see now gentlemen, let's see. We have got a king-size problem and we must solve it soon. I asked for you, Ratnakar because you seem to be a thinking type. Your O.C. tells me you have been rather unhappy about the bombing. Well, so are we. The A.M. says we can't waste a single bomb. What with the aid cut off and all, you know. He has thought up a new slogan "shoot to kill and bomb to destroy". Come on let's sit and get down to the problem.'

They went to the huge conference table in the middle of the room and the A.V.M. took his seat at the head while the others sat on the sides. The group at the map immediately dissolved and seated itself around the table. An Adjutant came in through a side door carrying a large brief case. He pulled a chair and sat just behind the A.V.M. and silently handed over a sheaf of photographs.

'Now gentlemen, most of you have seen these photos our boys brought back. Those of you who have not may now examine them. Here, pass these around, Monty.'

He paused and continued after a few minutes. You will all concede that we are almost all the time on the target. But the reconnaissance pics show that the damage is very little. It certainly is more than what they have done to us, but that's no consolation. We have more vulnerable targets than they, especially civilian targets. The Prime Minister, I am told, is rather worried about it. It seems he asked the A.M. if we could not in one stroke put all the enemy airfields out of action! He also wants the enemy planes destroyed on the ground because it will cause the least damage to human life! I know, I know, but we can't just turn round and say impossible to the Prime Minister, can we? That apart, I want to impress upon you people that the situation is pretty serious. If we can at least partly fulfil the P.M.'s wishes we would have saved the day. That's why I want you gentlemen to think freely and express yourselves freely. I want ideas and I want action.'

'Just a minute Sir! I want to know who assessed the damage we caused. It seems to me the boys have really pounded the targets and with the kind of equipment we have nobody could have done better.'

The A.V.M. smiled 'I am for you G.C. and the boys. But the intelligence chaps have convinced the A.M. that the enemy air force is still largely operative. They feel some kind of a new bomb should be devised which can cause maximum destruction. They agree our boys are invariably right on the target and so they are convinced a better bomb would do the trick.'

There were sceptical murmurs all around until Sq. Ldr. Ratnakar spoke up.

'That's what my people have been working on, Sir, and I think we should try one of their new ideas to see if it works.'

'That's good news Sqn. Ldr., but at what stage are you? just an idea?'

'I am afraid it's just being put on the blue-print Sir, but will need the go ahead to make one. Then there's the question of modifying the bomb-carrier. I am told not a single aircraft can be spared for experiments.'

'Well, I can give you the go ahead but it's true aircraft cannot be spared. Anyway that need will arise only after you have made the bomb. Even for that the A.M. should be satisfied with the blue-print you have. How long will you take to make one ready?'

'I think in another week we can give you the blue-print.'

'Time is of the essence my man, I want it the day after. The A.M. will be here then and we can sell it to him right here instead of going through channels and so on.'

'I will try. Meanwhile I would like your permission to get to work on the carrier as well.'

'I have an idea Sir,' said Monty speaking for the first time. 'Why not let my bird, I crashed, be spared? It's on ground anyway for another two, three days—that's what the R and D boys tell me. Ratnakar may as well work along side and finish with the carrier. I will any way test fly and I might as well test the carrier at the same time.'

'Fine,' said the A.M. 'Then it's all settled. I will buzz the R and D and you go ahead. Now I want you Ratnakar to be at my HQ the day after with the blue-print say about eleven in the morning—will that be alright? That's all gentlemen, back to work.'

When Ratnakar got back to the Armoury it was almost ten and he felt drowsy after the heavy meal at the mess. As he approached the vest wing he could see his lab boys still at work and he felt proud of them. He had set them an almost impossible task and they were sparing no pains to work it out. He entered the room quietly and stood behind a Flying officer who was completely

absorbed in the drawing before him. When Ratnakar asked 'How is it coming along?' The Flying O. literally jumped out of his shoes.

'Oh, it's you, Sir', he replied, blinking through his horn-rimmed glasses. 'I think it's perfect on the drawing board, but we must give it a trial in the air. Aero-dynamically it ought to have smooth sailing, but we have yet to hit upon a front curve to fit into the aircraft's streamline. The trouble is, this cover has to be separated from the bomb before impact.'

'What happens if you leave it on the bomb?'

'Oh no, Sir, the bomb must assume its spherical disc shape before touching ground if it is to revolve like a top and throw explosives around and cause maximum damage.'

'All right, assuming we can design a suitable cover with an ejection mechanism, how do you expect it to dive in a curved trajectory, unless you make a long nose cover to make it air-worthy?'

'Yes Sir, that's a problem too, we must either make a suitable nose cone, or devise a tail-piece, which can also be ejected.'

'That means every time you drop a bomb, you have to jettison a nose cone, and a tail and that means a lot of waste of precious metal.'

'Yes, that can't be helped, but it's a bomb they want Sir, and we are giving it to them.'

'No, my dear fellow, it's fine for you to put it that way, but the Air Marshal will throw a fit if he catches on to the waste. And with the experience I have had with him, I am not too sure he won't pounce on it the moment he looks at your drawing. I would rather you thought of a different design, or I will be in for a lecture.'

'But, Sir, at this stage if I am to redesign the whole thing it may take me weeks!'

'No, flying officer, I want it tomorrow and double quick. Look, why don't we work on this tonight and see if we can't solve it? I know you haven't been out of this room for days now, but you finish this, and I promise you a month of vacation, war or no war!'

'Well, Sir, I don't see that I have to lose anything. Shall I join you after dinner?'

'No, you join me for dinner, and we will walk along to the Lab. later, O.K.?'

'Radha, I have invited my Lab. officer for dinner. I hope the notice isn't too short.'

'It is always too short, but I can manage. But why this mad scientist again?'

'Well, he is working on something very important and has been living on sandwiches and coffee for the last twenty days. He has become so pale I am afraid he will collapse one of these days. And you know the M.O. too well for me to tell you how he would react.'

'Since when have you started bothering about scientists' health? I thought you were always bent upon getting the work done?'

'Oh, come on, I am not as bad as that. But you are right. I have to get the work done, especially this assignment. It may even win the war for us, so your dinner had better be good. It should stimulate this man to fresh thinking.'

'And then Vir Chakra for you, promotion for you, and a bigger kitchen for me!'

'You know I never think of the rewards!'

'Don't! Anyway I was just teasing you.'

And so the dinner was special that night and so the flying officer gorged himself and fell asleep in his lab chair the moment the Sqn. Ldr. left him alone for a moment. The Sqn. Ldr. did not disturb his assistant but sat in a straight chair with the drawing pinned to the black board in front of him. He thought and dozed and dreamed that he had the solution.

When the morning Sun strode in, he found two dishevelled figures in the midst of a confusion of papers and instruments and, pitying them, withdrew behind a cloud. The duty officer had to prod them into wakefulness on his last rounds in the morning. As soon as he left they looked at each other shame-facedly and started roaring with laughter.

'All right, friend, we've had our rest, let's get on with the job!'

'Right away Sir! I think I have the solution. It's rather simple.'

'Oh, you have, eh? I had a dream too that we had the solution, but I don't remember what it is.'

'Here, Sir, let me explain it to you on the drawing. Now I am scoring off this tail-piece. We have only the nose cover left. Now what we can do is make it a part of the plane and not the bomb. It won't interfere with the stream, it is light to carry and what more, if we can make it into a horse-shoe with two long prongs and a needle point centre, like this '.....' It will make an excellent device to shade the bomb from curious eyes, especially in the air.'

'That's it my man, you've got it. I knew you could do it, and as of now you are on leave unless the A.M. himself wants you personally, so don't leave the station till the A.M. has gone. I must now run to the R and D boys and get the work started.'

When the A.M. arrived with his staff he observed that the station was not ready for him for he couldn't find a single smartly turned-out officer. What's more, things were lying helter skelter, especially near the R and D hangars. He could sense excitement and worry in the air but he asked the C.O. in his usual fashion if there was a fever around.

The C.O. couldn't contain himself: 'I want you to look at a blue-print Sir, and tell us what you think of it.'

Blue print? What are you talking about? The new bomb, of course. Won't you come this way Sir?' As he led the A.M. into the camouflaged hangar he explained the genesis of the bomb. As they approached a huge work bench, Ratnakar and the Flying Officer sprang up to attention and saluted.

'At ease gentlemen. Your C.O. has been trying to sell me your bomb. Screaming Spit Fire! I hope it is good. Now tell me what you boys are up to.'

As they bent over the blue print a Warrant Officer quietly entered the hangar and passed on a small slip of paper to the C.O. Ratnakar who had noticed this wondered why the C.O. looked so smug. But in a moment he had to come back to the job at hand because the A.M. was asking questions.

'What is the weight of this damned contraption?'

'Just a hundred pounds, Sir.'

'How do you know the damned thing will spin once it hits the ground?'

'Well, it's the principle of so many deflected jets Sir. Now the outer casing has a lot of cordite which will burn on impact, and the gases escaping through the four vents will start the whole bomb spinning like a top.'

'I see, but how do you detonate the bomb itself?'

'Well Sir, the spinning action sets in motion a firing mechanism which will detonate the bomb.'

'Very interesting, but if the damn thing just blows up like any other bomb what is so great about it?'

'That's the point Sir, it not only blows up, but it also scatters the explosive around. From my calculations I have concluded that all targets within a three hundred yard radius will be affected.'

'What scattering? Have you thought up a new explosive?'

'Oh no, Sir. It's the good old incendiary. But it's the spinning of the whole bomb that scatters the stuff.'

'Oh it's still spinning eh? I thought it was only to activate the firing mechanism. Not bid at all in theory. How long will you take to test it out? As I see it, you got to have a new carrier, which means more money and worse, more time!'

Ratnakar looked up at the C.O. and all faces turned towards him for he was grinning like a cat.

'That's taken care of Sir' he announced with justifiable pride. 'I have just got the word that the thing we made is O.K. The carrier is not only air-worthy it's a perfect hiding place for the bomb. Thanks to our crazy scientist here.' He turned and pumped the blinking Flying Officer's hand.

Ratnakar was elated. So was the A.M. But should he tell the Prime Minister?

'O.K. chaps, I believe you. And congratulations. But I have to convince the Ministry. You just demonstrate the whole thing and we will have it in the bag.'

When on the next day the A.M. took off in his ix-seater plane he was as excited as the three others with him. The C.O. wore a straight face but Ratnakar and the Flying Officer were like small boys jumping in their seats. The A.M. was even forced to say 'Now you ground hogs don't jump like jack-rabbits, you will upset the plane.'

Just as they were approaching the target area, a dry scrub land with a few dummy hutments scattered in a circle, a screaming jet loomed ahead and took a steep dive. They could all see a round spinning object falling to the ground and held their breaths until the thing hit the ground. For a moment nothing seemed to happen and then they could see lumps of fire snaking their way in all directions and the hutments all went up in flames.

The flying officer was taken aback for a moment when the A.M. hugged him and shouted 'Boy, I could kiss you!'

As they were flying back to the base, the A.M. asked jocularly 'Now young man, tell me what put you on to this fireworks wheel? And be honest!'

The Flying Officer blushed and answered 'Fireworks, Sir. These wheels are very popular. They are called chakras. I once burnt my fingers igniting one.'.....

The bomb soon became a reality and put a number of enemy installations out of action. When the awards were announced at the end of the year there was not much jubilation among the awardees as one of the awards was posthumous. The flying officer had been killed in a jeep-truck collision.

END.

SIDDHANTY

A hydraulic vibration machine has recently been designed and fabricated by Mr Siddhanty of the Department of Aeronautics and Applied Mechanics. The machine, believed to be the first indigenously fabricated, can subject test specimens to vibrations of high inertial forces, long strokes and low frequencies (5 to 25 cps). The machine has wide application, viz. to simulate rough road conditions for testing vehicles, to shake chemicals, and to find the natural frequency of the human body! It is simple in principle, construction, and performance; low in cost. Mr Siddhanty was guided in his work by Drs B.V.A. Rao and V. Ramamurti.

—Campastimes News.

The time has come, the Walrus said, To speak of many things

They say that the new temples of Modern India are its steel plants, where the Metallurgist reigns supreme as the Pujari.

Steel, of course, is the God, and woe betide the pagan who doubts Him. 'Worship the God in the temple; Reverse the Pujari!' I do not know how metallurgists everywhere (and others) feel about this gospel truth, but the IITian pujaris get their first chance to look at these shrines of progress only in their final year. It is of our pilgrimage to 'Mecca' that I wish to enlighten you about, here. (If you care to read it, that is.)

The tour itinerary was a crowded affair. As is characteristic of the Metallurgy department, we were given hardly sixty minutes to pack up and start moving, after sweating out the exams. Of course, Nagarajan had no trouble, since he had packed up three weeks before. (It seems he thought that he would gain some extra knowledge about the subject if he cultivated an intimate contact with his frigid steel cot.)

We had hardly reached Madras Central, when somebody suddenly realised nobody had brought along the ultra-utilitarian plastic mug. So we give a buck to L.V. and send him to the Moore-Market to fetch one. Return of L.V. with mug plus a hundred and seventeen paise in it. Everybody baffled, including L.V. Then suddenly, the puzzle unravelled itself. Theorised Golaps, 'He must have been singing on his way back, yar.' Good old L.V. we could always rely on his talents if we ran short of dough!

The inevitable romantic interlude of the train journey was provided of course by the ape-man Jimbo (alias Bussa) and a restless Malayali virgin yearning to attain the status of womanhood. And thanks to her indiscriminate generosity, IIT audience participation soared to giddy new heights. Raghavan, of course, stuck to his seat, since he trusted no one.

Came Sunday morning, and we reached Jamshedpur right on time. After a lingering farewell to the obliging Madonna, we started for the TI Hostels. Fortunately, both accommodation and training were excellent, and so was Jamshedpur.

On the very first day of the TISCO plant visit, Bussa decided to play Hookey with the staff-members and walked into the coal yard. Luckily for them, they spotted his flag bobbing up and down in mid-air.

The didactic lectures in the evenings were extremely popular, but with Jamshedpur Women's College being on the way, the staff members had quite some trouble ensuring full attendance.

Unmindful of the frigid climate, everybody faithfully followed the dictum: 'A bath a day keeps the stink away.' Everybody, that is, except Mital and Iswaran. Mital protested that he was a devotee of Gangakapani and flatly refused to touch any other water. And Iswaran? Well, we all know of Iswaran's obsession with hydrophobia for the last twenty-two years.

The nights at Jamshedpur sailed merrily by, especially for those who relished a drink or two along with dinner. It was one of those not infrequent days when Ponniah Vedamanikam's vanity was in full bloom (and itching to wither?). Most of us were content with drinking rum or whiskey, but not Ponniah! He would never stoop so low! With flourish and fan-fare, he ordered for Vodka, explaining: 'You know, Vodka is best; I always drink Vodka.' Predictably, the outcome was disastrous. And just as predictably, when Iswaran in one of his philistine moods tried to rag Vedkamanikam about his adventure, Ponniah ejaculated: 'Individuals who perforce are constrained to be domiciled in vitreous structures of patent fragility should refrain from employing petrous formations as projectiles, for, after all, aberration is the hallmark of Homo Sapiens while longanimous placability and condonation are the indicia of Supramundane Omniscience.' (Moses, obviously was preparing for GRE.)



Awestruck, Iswaran stuttered: 'W-Wh-What, What do you mean, yar?'

Ponniah: 'At least, I don't get drunk on water, yar.'

Iswaran knows when he is stumped: 'It's O.K., yar, anybody (!) can make a mistake. (Especially if he is not familiar with water). Anyway, so what, yar, I got a kick out of it.'

Sick Mundi: 'I kicked him, yar.'

And then there was T. S. Krishnan who was found walking round and round a traffic island. It seems he asked for 'Madras hotel', and somebody told him to follow the traffic lights.

Just when it seemed that our efforts at cultivating an intimacy with the belles of Jamshedpur were bearing fruit, we were rudely transported from Paradise to Purgatory.

The contrast between Jamshedpur on the one hand and Rourkela and Bhilai on the other, was frightening. True, the steel plants in themselves were excellent, but sordid accommodation coupled with degrading facilities can disillusion even the most persevering ascetic. And added to this torture was a new dimension: Adivasis and Panigrahis swarming all over us.

Our Swamiji, summoning up all his accumulated wisdom and experience, had once remarked with candour, that the Blast Furnace resembled a woman. But in what respect, he wouldn't say. This got Bussa all excited and so asks Thadani, 'I say, how does the B.F. resemble a woman?'

'Search me,' says Thad.

Bussa: 'Is it the refractory lining?'

Thad: 'Can't be, because you've also got one.'

Pervert Bussa: 'It must be the Bosh then.'

Thad: 'Aw, come off it, dammit!'

Bussa, undaunted: 'Then it must be the two-track feed.'

And so it went.

Somebody once said that the science of steelmaking is still lagging behind the art of steelmaking. Says L.F., 'It doesn't make a damned diff to me! I am neither Picasso nor Newton.'

Graduate engineers, we heard, were not exactly doing well at Bhilai. Seeking confirmation, Thad went upto the elevator boy in the B.F. stoves and asked, 'Hey bud, what are you?'. 'Graduate Engineer,' murmured the guy under his breath. 'How come, pal?' Thad wanted to know.

'You see, it's like this. My Pa wanted me to rise to great heights when I grew up, and so, here I am.'

'Very well then, what are you grumbling about?'

'Yeh? There are lot of ups and downs in my life, you know.'

And that, was how it was.

V. G. K.

ON WRITING AN ARTICLE FOR CAMPASTIMES

‘BREAK, break, break on thy cold grey
stones O Sea!’

AND I would that my tongue could utter
the thoughts that arise in me.’

Actually, this has absolutely no connection with the article. But it is customary to start any article with a well-known quotation. The more well-known the quotation, the better are the chances of your article being published, since the guy at the top feels flattered if your article begins with a quotation*.... which he vaguely remembers as having read. Look at the subtle way I have pointed out that an article must begin with a quotation.

Anyway, let us come to choosing the topic, which, of course, is the most important thing in writing an article. You may feel puzzled by the problem of choosing the right topic, but you needn't be for long. All you have to do is to take a stroll to the Library (through the inspiring short-cut, of course), borrow a Wodehouse or two, copy down all the jokes you don't understand, and unload them *en masse* into your literary concoction or sprinkle them generously, as it suits your taste.

This is after you have got the scenario of the article, naturally. As to the main plot itself, it can be anything. The very construction of the sentences depends on the type of story you're going to write. If you're going to write a murder story, leave violence out of it, for IITians are very sensitive, especially in and around the cerebral cavity. Give the poor victim a chance to die peacefully. Let the villain kill him by a heart-attack. And leave the description of dead man 'staring out of unseeing eyes, hearing with unhearing ears', etc. right out of the story. Don't spoil the suspense, not even at the end. If you want to write a novel murder story, here is a brilliant (very modest, of course) suggestion, and would you believe it, no patent either. The killer is the guy on whom the author has been piling suspicion after suspicion. If you want to write an absolutely original love story, original no more thanks to the (that blasted modesty again, obstructing all my efforts to put in a really good adjective) brain of the author, write a love story in which the hero and the heroine don't love each other but the heroine loves the villain and the hero loves the female counterpart of the villain (or should it be the other way round?). Don't ask me who the V and the female CP of the V love: one can't suggest everything, can one? One just gives the guidelines and leaves one (not the one who was one once but a different one) to one's own designs.

If you want to be philosophical in your article, send a blank paper, thereby subtly implying that all this world and the material benefits that accrue thereof is just an illusion, and God, being omnipotent and omniscient, reigns supreme, spreading sweetness and light over the dark desolate ruins of human hopes.... I can hear you asking me how to explain away this last bit of mumbo-jumbo, but almost any explanation will do since the Editor will be much too proud to accept his ignorance. But one thing. Don't complain that I didn't warn you—don't rely wholly upon the ignorance of the Editor. For example, if you pull off sentences like, 'He noticed an imperceptible, inward glow showing boldly upon his face,' you're sure to get pulled by the wrong leg.

Now that I have revealed the secrets of article-writing, there will be, I hope, a regular rush of articles in *Campastimes*, and the editor or whoever is the guy behind the paper curtain, need not become bald due to excessive scratching of his head thinking up new pseudonyms for the articles he has written (? !). And lastly, another piece of advice. Don't leave any space on the paper on which you are writing. Either cover it completely with writing or cut off the remaining portion of the paper. This ensures the return of the article, because it allows no scope for the editor to do his tutorial problems there.

As somebody said, probably Nelson,
'I have done my dooty, I am happy.'

—D. KALYANARAMAN

* If you really want to hit it off with the Ed' (he probably doesn't know the rest of the spelling) better start with some nursery rhyme,
Baa, baa, black sheep...

Personalities

A straggling beard streaked with grey, piercing deep-sunk eyes, a cynical smile—and you are face to face with Dr Swaminathan. You could also identify him by the lack of a few buttons here and there. There are those who hold that if ever beauty competitions were to be held for the various curiosities in the campus, he would have a tough time coming first even if the only other entry were the Gajendra Circle. However, appearances are deceptive. Here we've got something to beat the chameleon changing its colour—Dr Swaminathan before and after a session with his neighbour's powered lawn mower. Since *Campastimes* could never afford to fight a libel suit, let me not pursue this any farther.

Dr Swaminathan joined the Physics Department in '63. Ever since, nothing has remained the same. People started actually *understanding* mechanics in the first year classes. It would be unfair to him to attribute the positive brilliance in his lectures to his well-modulated voice with its untraceable accent. However, it does help to be able to make out what the lecturer is saying in the first place. Perhaps that's the reason why so many of his colleagues talk unintelligibly—they could certainly take a lesson from him. Even his habit of occasionally marking the periodical grades in Russian has its benefits—the guys who are expecting C's or worse can keep kidding themselves till January. The above preamble having established a *prima facie* case for his being an interesting personality, on to the next paragraph.

One clear, bright Sunday morning (wish somebody would pay me by the word for this), a group of us cornered the Beard in his den—don't get ideas, guys. After the usual pleasantries, we explained the purpose of the mission to him. His first reaction was a toothy grin followed by, 'So you chaps want to have a good laugh at me, eh?!' The missionary spirit was strong in us and we refused to let him off the hook.

We first asked him for a few printable facts about his past career. Showing sagely wisdom he replied, 'Let the past remain dead, gentlemen—suffice it to say that I was a rather indifferent student.' We were just about to tell him that he was in the good company of Einstein and others, when he said it himself. (Here it may be mentioned that modesty is not one of Dr Swaminathan's shortcomings.) He also admitted that he still got along best with the indifferent students.

Our next question was about his mysterious trip to Russia a few years ago. He had a successful trip in that, to quote Bob Hope, 'he came back'! He spent all his time learning Russian and avoiding Vodka. The actual purpose of his trip? 'Well, I was sent there to do neutron research, but somehow, they even forgot to show me a single nuclear reactor.' As a minor anticlimax, the Education Ministry demanded a report on his research abroad!

His present line of research is X-ray crystallography where the Institute's present facilities are only meagre. He will be going as a research scholar to Cornell University in the near future (for about two years) where he hopes to do work on theoretical calculations of molecular structure. (He stressed the fact that he would be certainly coming back here after his sojourn—more out of family and sentimental reasons than the 'My Motherland blah blah' nonsense.)

Students and the student-teacher relationship? He had the utmost confidence in the natural intelligence of the average Indian ('who perhaps ranks behind only the Jew and the Chinese') and held that both students and teachers were to blame for the present general disenchantment with the Establishment. 'Perhaps the single most important reason is the general ineptness of the teachers which leads to indifference on both sides.' He said we have an important lesson to learn from the student uprisings in other countries—the best remedy being more intimate contact between students and lecturers, creation of mutual trust between them, in fact a revival of the old *guru-shishya* type of relationship.

The two and more Faces of Dr Swaminathan

He also wanted better research facilities, installation of modern equipment and apparatus without the usual petty protests and red tapism, and guidance of future research along constructive and purposeful lines. Unless this took place, we would be no better than our neighbours across the road.

We moistened our lips and asked him about his opinion on the place of women in technical institutions and professions. He did



not exactly say 'whopee' but asked whether we would deny the fact that 'women lend a certain grace and charm to our otherwise dreary classrooms.' Let me keep quoting—'I am all for women taking up technical professions: indeed any profession excepting only Mrs Warren's.'

We asked him about his hobbies and other interests. He remarked that multiplication seemed to be the national pastime—of course, he doesn't go in for that kind of thing, having been a bachelor all his life. He also mentioned very, very casually—don't miss this, dear old Ripley—that he had been a boxer in his youth. He loves listening to music, usually of the classical variety, and 'inoffensive modern music' for a change. He admitted that he couldn't bear most of the latest pop music, since it constituted 'an assault on the senses'.

'Do you sing, sir? At least in the bathroom?'

'Why bath-room, my dear chap—I often do it in public.'

Entertainment Committee please take note—a few years ago Dr Swaminathan's version of a Hindi film song brought the house down: that too, at Pilany of all places! His accent may not be, well, *shudh*, but heck, it's the spirit which counts.

It nearing the hour of noon, we prepared to make a move, pausing only to ask him if he was in the habit of reading *Campastimes*. He told us frankly that lately he hadn't been up to it. 'Thank God!' sez we and our lawyers.

—RAT

ON THE VERGE OF HOPE

Journey into the ear of a deaf girl

There are people who decisively claim that by and large the world is a dull place and ordinary existence humdrum: nothing ever seems to happen. Yet war is being waged and battles are raging, being won and lost; right at one's doorstep. The Vietnam, Suez and Kashmir conflicts may come and go, but on the vast front of science, hunger, illness, poverty and suffering, the struggle is ceaseless and unrelenting. Here there are no breaks, no truces or cease-fires, and no mercy. Victory means existence and defeat means death in one form or another: there is no compromise. Who are the people who fight and mastermind these daily battles, who are the victims, what is the enemy, and where is the front? To appreciate these questions, we look in blow by blow, on a small encounter that took place on the medical front: it is nothing unusual or glamorous, but nevertheless it is a battle whose outcome means a lot to the victim.

The Victim

A young woman. Fate had chosen to afflict her with an almost complete loss of hearing. Audiograms indicated that the sound level that would be painful to the normal human ear could be just heard by this woman. Whether this woman's hearing could be restored would depend on the outcome of the battle between the skill of the surgeon and his scientific aides and fate (for want of a better word to describe the enemy).

Preliminary reconnaissance and description of the arena

The surgeon bases his plans on the information given by the audiograms which are nothing but a record of the sound intensity and the patient's response to it. One audiogram is taken by holding the probe against the bony region near the ear. This shows a normal response. Another audiogram is taken with the patient trying to hear the sound. This shows an almost total lack of hearing. The surgeon then delves into the past history of the patient. It seems that she had a tubercule tumour removed and had been given heavy doses of a drug which is known to be bad for the ear in large amounts. On the basis of this and other information the surgeon diagnosed that the lack of hearing is because of a growth on the stapes: a small bone in the middle ear.

Sound consists of pressure fluctuations in the air. These fluctuations cause the eardrum to vibrate. These vibrations are transmitted by a set of three delicate bones (of which the stapes is one) mechanically linked to the inner ear from where they are finally sent to the brain via the auditory nerve and perceived as sound. Thus a growth on the stapes, which forms a vital link in the auditory chain, means a virtual loss of hearing, because the mechanism cannot vibrate freely.

The surgeon decides that a bold operation is necessary to restore the hearing of the poor woman. It would consist of going past the eardrum and into the middle ear, where these bones are situated. The bone with the growth would then be cut and replaced by a Teflon (plastic material) link. It was hoped that this would permit the mechanism to transmit sound vibrations once again.

Instruments and Operational Plan

The plan was to cut around the eardrum and go into the middle ear. The stapes is the bone that is the final link in the hearing chain. It rests directly over the oval window which is an entrance to the inner ear. The bottom part of the stapes that rests on this oval window is called the foot plate. It was proposed to cut the stapes at its base on the foot plate. Then to drill a hole on the foot plate till the inner ear was exposed and insert the Teflon link into the hole, connect the linkage as before and then close the ear.

The whole operation is done looking through a 40x microscope because everything is so small. A vacuum suction apparatus removes all unwanted matter, and a micro-drill is used

to make the hole. Delicate shears (for cutting bone) and scalpels make up all the rest of the equipment.

The operation

The battle is about to begin. We follow the surgeon into the theatre to see how it develops. The action is viewed through a viewing scope attached to the main micro-scope.

10.55 a.m. The surgeon is washing his hands in the ante-room and getting gowned up for the operation. The patient is on the operating table, drugged. She lies on her side completely covered by a white sheet, except for the ear to be treated. The nurse is standing by the rows of instruments stacked neatly in the tray and one can hear the gentle whirr of the vacuum apparatus in operation.

The atmosphere is calm with a slight undercurrent of tension. All present (except me!) are seasoned warriors, ready to match their wits and skills against what may come.

The surgeon walks in.

11.00 a.m. The surgeon switches on the microscope and peers into the ear. It is brightly illuminated and we can see well into it: the drum gives off a silvery gleam and we see small amounts of ear wax scattered around. The ear has already been cleaned. A syringe full of local anaesthetics is taken and injected in several spots inside the ear. We see blood spurt around the needle but the patient is heavily drugged and does not feel a thing or show any sign of pain.

11.05 a.m. 'We begin with a bold 180° incision 6 mm. above the eardrum', says the surgeon calmly as the scalpel deliberately makes the opening incision. He proposes to expose the middle ear by cutting above the eardrum and folding the skin back. This leaves the delicate eardrum untouched. The opening incision is very important and the surgeon works with great concentration probing and cutting away in a gentle but deliberate manner.

11.10 a.m. There! the flap of skin folds back to reveal the middle ear. It looks an angry dull red in colour. We cannot get a good view because of a projecting bony part of the skull. 'A part of this bone has to be chipped away till we can get a better view,' says the surgeon.

11.13 a.m. The bone has been sufficiently chipped. Now we really get a good look at the middle ear. We see the bones and some nerves right in front of us. 'So far so good!'

Now we probe our way gently towards the stapes making a brief stoppage to place aside a facial nerve. This nerve controls the sensation of taste and the surgeon pauses to point out that it is worthwhile taking the extra trouble of moving the nerve to one side rather than cutting it. If cut, the nerve on the other side would have to do the functions performed by this nerve, and the woman would partly lose her ability to taste.

Finally, there it is. We can see the foot plate uncovered along with the stapes. On it we see that there is a mass of growth which is preventing free movement of the bones. The surgeon demonstrates this by catching the bone (using the instruments, of course) and shaking it. It doesn't seem to move freely. In a neat clip the stapes is broken and deftly removed. We examine it but find some difficulty because it is so small.

Now comes the most delicate part of the operation. Drilling the hole. The drilling has to be just right. If we penetrate too much into the inner ear we would cause permanent damage. If too little, the teflon link may be displaced easily.

11.20 a.m. All this while there has been a little bleeding from the cut tissues. We have

been periodically inserting wads of gelform which inhibits bleeding and finally dissolves away, leaving nothing behind as would be the case with cotton. We now take a short break to adjust the microdrill and select the drill bit.

11.25 a.m. The surgeon has cleaned up the area where he has to drill. Drilling begins. The surgeon concentrates absolutely on his task. We drill to remove the splinter left behind when the stapes was cut.

11.30 a.m. Still drilling. Finally the splinter is separated. We are lifting it out; gentle pressure has to be applied and we must be very careful indeed. 'No point yanking everything out!' says the surgeon. Oops, the bone slipped and fell back, but we got it again and now it's out. We keep drilling; carefully now. A small hole appears. Behind it we can see the yellowish fluid of the inner ear. Well, this is our first look into the inner ear and that's about all we'll see... can't afford to fool around here for fear of permanent damage.

11.35 a.m. The hole is enlarged slowly and gently.

11.40 a.m. Still carefully enlarging the hole. Can see well into the inner ear. 'I think that's enough' the surgeon remarks. 'We'll now cut the Teflon link to size'. There is a significant amount of bleeding; cannot proceed till it has stopped. So we put in some more gelform. And wait.

11.45 a.m. Trouble. Skin that had been rolled back loosens and falls in. Got to push it back. More blood. 'Must have cut a small blood vessel' the surgeon remarks, 'this is a nuisance'.

11.50 a.m. Still more blood. The surgeon coolly inserts more gelform. Slight increase in the strain at this unexpected turn of events. Still waiting for the flow of blood to slow down.

12.00 noon. Look at our watches in surprise. One hour is up. At last the bleeding eases off; the length of the piston required is measured. It turns out to be roughly 4 mm.

12.05 p.m. The piston is cut and trimmed to size with a small tool by the Nurse. The surgeon puts it in place and gives the bones a shake to ensure free movement. We prepare for a withdrawal now.

12.07 p.m. Replacing the facial nerve so carefully put aside earlier. 'Oh, Oh' the surgeon says, 'all that blood has formed a clot. It must be removed or it will ruin everything later'. We pull out the clot gently. It's a dark, angry looking ugly mass. We replace all the other things we had pushed aside.

12.10 p.m. Well we're back. We replace the eardrum and the flap of skin. The surgeon permits himself to hum a few bars of a popular song as he places gauze over the incision. Beads of perspiration show on his forehead; there had been some anxious moments.

12.15 p.m. It's over. The surgeon signals to the nurse and moves away from the table. The nurse supervises the transfer of the patient to the post-operative room.

12.20 p.m. We walk into the changing room. The surgeon is again his usual brisk self. A difficult job has been done. Perhaps another battle won.

12.25 p.m. We walk out of the operating theatre into the patient's room. 'What are the chances of success?' we ask. 'About 90%', says the Doc, cheerfully, 'the other 10% accounts for relapses we can't prevent; in which case we may try again.'

12.35 p.m. We walk into the patient's room. She is still drowsy. The Doc. asks her in a loud cheerful voice how she is feeling. 'Much better' comes the sleepy reply. We walk out knowing another battle has been won.

'When one is deaf it means a lot to regain one's hearing' remarks the surgeon quietly as we part, 'I am glad we succeeded.'

—UMESH DATTA.

WE thank the following for instituting ten more trophies this year for the various games: Mrs Ramachandran, Prof Sethunathan, Prof N. K. Dutta, Dr J. C. Kuriacose, Dr Butenuth, and the Film Club, Institute Gymkhana.

—Campastimes.



EDITORIAL

The seniors who graduate this year will leave behind an institute that is very different from the one which they entered. This change that we can all notice is the essence of progress—if, indeed, it is made in the right direction. We need only look back at the events and features behind us to be reassured that we are destined well in academic and extra curricular activities. While the former requires the individual's concern, the latter demands interaction and integration among the entire student body. Noticeably, there has been a strong inclination towards sports this year. Far from arriving promptly for tea alone, the crowd started pouring in before the events started on the Annual Sports Day. The athletes kept up their sides of the show well. We congratulate the freshman who showed outstanding merit in many events.

While reflecting on sports, what comes to mind at once is the exit of the institute's ace basketball team. All its members will graduate this year. This will be a severe blow. A deeper examination reveals that the final year students dominated the courts. Freshmen and budding basket baggers were not allowed to mix on the courts with the veterans: because their meticulously planned teamwork would be spoilt. The net result is that we will have to start the laborious process of forming a fresh team. All this leads to the same conclusion: that co-operation is essential.

Misunderstandings have arisen regarding the function of the editorial. It cannot by its nature be the debated consensus of a large group. It is an attempt at a fair, unprejudiced, impartial view, but nevertheless the view of one person working with a small group. Its purpose is to keep the readers informed, and its ideal is the good of the Institute at large. Where we are obliged to detract, we do so for the public good. Where we criticise, we criticise ourselves as a part of the set-up, as much as we criticise the immediate object. To interpret what is said here as an attack by one committee upon another would be to take the narrow view.

An Editor's writing is addressed to the public which is directly dependent upon him for its knowledge of affairs around. The Editor is careful, accurate and unbiased. He takes the trouble to develop a sufficient background of information so that his thinking is thoroughly enlightened, and if the public welfare is his object, he can rest assured he is performing his duty. The average reader does not have the time to unravel the complexities of day-to-day events. Editors take up this job. The Editorial usually contains a brief explanation of a current event or situation and the writer's interpretation and appraisal of it. The Editor, whose duty is to serve the community, is free to add his editorial we' interpretation.

Campastimes has its code of ethics:

(1) It stays within the bounds of decency—no foul language is used.

(2) The Editor reports the truth and the whole truth.

(3) It seeks to build its community.

A newspaper has the right to criticise, provided the criticism is fair. All public officials, acts, institutions, candidates for public office and books are open to Editorial examination and criticism. The Editor is privileged to make derogatory statements based on facts. He has a right to step in and expose a situation to the public—accurately, impartially, and void of unfair comments.

Working for *Campastimes* has provided rich experience this year. We are pleased to note that Sri P. C. Venkatachalam will take over as Editor next year.

Higgledy Piggledy

*Higgledy-Piggledy
T.V. the trumpeter
Unfortunately has
Caught pleurisy
'Ed Calvert would have been
Ruined but I can keep
Blowing mine' says he—that's
Veracity.*

*Higgledy-Piggledy
IIT's theatre folks
Rely on MAD's for their
Playlets (so sick),
'Cause they believe that Roy's
Gastronomically
Developed torso will
Sure do the trick.*

*Higgledy-Piggledy
ACID of IIT
Terrify young 'uns and
One must have heard:
Reason behind it is
Incontrovertibly
Drummer-boy's mane and the
Lead-singer's beard.*

*Higgledy-Piggledy
Bhatla the pugilist
Had his sharp nose caved in
During a fight.
After vain surgeries
He fights on tirelessly
Hoping that black eyes would
Set him alight.*

*Higgledy-Piggledy
S. Parameshwaran,
Unweary know-it-all,
Went to a quiz.
Answers elaborate
Won him the trophy but
Quiz master was ailing
From neurosis.*

N. KALYANARAMAN

H.V.R. IENGAR

Born in Mysore on 23rd August, 1902. Educated at the Central College, Bangalore, and Oxford University.

Joined Royal Institute of Science, Bangalore, as Lecturer at the age of 19.

Qualified for I.C.S. 1924 and went on to Oxford University.

Early years in I.C.S. spent in the districts.

Posted to Bombay Secretariat in 1931.

Dy. Secretary in the Finance Department in 1937, then Finance Secretary at age of 35, till 1942.

1942—Home Secretary during Quit India Movement.

Moved to Delhi in 1944 and shortly before transfer of power became Secretary to the Ministry of Planning and Development, then Secretary to the Constituent Assembly, and Principal Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, Shri Jawaharlal Nehru. Home Secretary—1948; Secretary to Ministry of Commerce and Industry 1952. In 1956 was appointed Chairman of the State Bank of India. In March 1957 he took over as Governor of the Reserve Bank, a position he held for five years.

Was awarded the Padma Vibhushan in 1962.

Joined the Board of E.I.D. Parry Limited and assumed office as Chairman in May 1962.

Hobbies: Tennis and Golf.

We record with great sorrow the demise of Kolluri Ram Sharma, May his soul rest in peace.

By the Way

There have been plenty of interesting goings-on in the campus during the last month. The most striking of these, by its magnitude and duration, was the Cultural Week. So far as the record goes, it was a complete and triumphant success; but a few of us old-timers had our niggling doubts. There seemed to be a bitter conflict in the innermost precincts of the Gymkhana. At a crucial time, it killed the easy cameraderie at which we usually aim. The motion for the debate was open to everything save debate, a fact of which the participants took full advantage. The group discussion brought forth some excellent teams. The home team's performance in particular was delightful. The audience was unfairly eliminated from the quiz, where it had long established itself as the top scorer. About the entertainment, the less said the better. The measured half-hours not once but twice a year (that other horror, the inter-hostel) have become unbearably dreary. This time interval, plus the demand for variety, plus the taste of the IITian audience, effectively eliminate all attempts at quality. This leaves a few half-hearted skits, dances with more energy than grace, and songs which appear to aim at noise rather than melody. There are exceptions, of course, but they are rare. The entire performance has become perfunctory. But it seems to be what the audience wants, and that is that. I would suggest, however, that colleges which see fit to shout obscenities from the stage be summarily disqualified.

I have said before, and I will say again, that we need an auditorium. Perhaps the restiveness observed at the debate and group discussion would subside in a larger and more spacious hall. As a plea for an auditorium, this is ridiculously inadequate, but it would only be one of the numerous benefits. There are any number of meetings or events for which the Central Lecture Theatre is too small, and OAT too large. And what, while we are on the subject, we shall do when it rains on Convocation Day, as it is bound to do sooner or later, remains to be seen.

With the onset of summer, our activities have been curbed and our energy sapped by the fierce heat; but not those of the mosquitoes. I do not remember any such trouble in the last few years, but this year the loathsome insects have become a perfect plague. When you are trying to study, the distraction of a dozen mosquitoes putting in a nippy bit of work around the ankles is considerable. Any action in this regard will be greatly appreciated by all desperate beings now resorting to mosquito nets and Odomos.

Among recent innovations was the restriction of film club shows to members only. This has been discussed off and on for several years, and I admit I took a dim view of it. In practice, however, the step has proved highly successful. Due acclaim must be given to the gentlemen who put the decision through and acted upon it so efficiently. The entrances are unobtrusively supervised. Best of all, gone are the days when arriving just as the lights flickered off, you found a place way out one side, from where you enjoyed the movie in oblique perspective.

To have or not to have—the Hostel Day, that was the question. Like the man who panted after cooling streams like a hart when heated in the chase (or something like that), there were some who yearned for the bright lights and music, and the dinner for six hundred. After some controversial exchanges and a few verbal skirmishes, the ayes carried the day in some hostels, and the nays in others. I am all for democracy, but I feel there should be uniformity in these decisions.

One evening not very long ago the moon was at the full. It rose crimson, and gradually paled to gold. There it hung, low in the velvet sky, like a huge Chinese lantern. The air was warm and heavy, the stars were dim, and the moonlight fell over the place like a lambent cloak of silver. There was an unreal quality about the night, so flawless was its perfection.

*'No thought had I
Save that the moon was fair,
And fair the sky,
And God was everywhere.'*

—S. PARAMESHWARAN



I wonder how many people outside IIT celebrate *Holi*. Not many, I'm sure. Even the few who do, will certainly not match us—quantity and quality wise. It was sheer fun at the hostels. The hostel ponds, for instance, had more visitors than the average girls' college during the visiting day.

The clever guys got up early and got into clothes long neglected as unfit for human use. Then each of them smelling like a cavalry after the morning's exercise, they trooped into the mess for breakfast. Some guys just *have* to be different. I woke up late and went down for breakfast in my usual mufti. I had planned to slip into my room after breaker and spend the day pretending that I wasn't there. Breaker over, I was headed for my room to execute the plan, which at that moment I thought only a genius could have hatched. So far so good.

Then at the other end of the corridor I saw a gang of revellers who were looking mighty mean—and I'm giving them the breaks when I say that. They saw me too, what with Newton's third law and all that. The charming group consisted of a lot of green men and a few of the red variety. A few in the true spirit of democracy had equally of both colours. I couldn't recognize any of them. Yelling and shouting like *Injuns* from an Italian western they set off at a trot towards me. I imagine that they were saying, 'Finish off um paleface' or something on those lines. I however didn't wait for a translation and took off like a bird up the staircase. Destination; my room. The onlytime I ran faster was when a group of sadists who wanted to throw me into the pond after the group discussion competition were upon my heels. I was doing a steady 65 but the green men whose clothes were selected for just this sort of thing were doing 80. What's more, I was wearing my *mundu* that morning. That's the worst of these *mundus*—they are the thing for lounging comfortably, but as an attire to sport when one is trying to exhibit one's agility, they don't finish in the first ten.

Cutting further preamble, the green men were on me in no time at all. Without much further ado I was initiated into their tribe. A few moments later the red men whose forte was stability, not speed came up and the whole thing was repeated. I felt like a world citizen. Then they all cheered and yelled, '*Holi hai*'—as if I didn't know.

A lot of hugging and mushy well-wishes later I headed for my room. I shot the bolt and prepared to last the rest of the morning indoors, as the ducking ceremonies at the pond were being warmed up around then.

There was peace for maybe ten minutes. Then the door of my palace caught a few juicy ones from some fellows who had dropped in to wish me all the best as they called it. Always of a suspicious nature, I asked them what exactly they wanted and they yelled back, '*Holi hai*'—just in case the others had forgotten to mention it and I was being kept in the dark about it. I opened the door. As it happened, I had picked the wrong moment to do so. One of the chaps had aimed a powerful kick that had all his heart and soul in it at my door. You should have seen the way he entered my room. Tirow in a couple of musicians with shehnais and tablas and it was *Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baaje* all over again—complete with colour flying all around the room and effects on those lines.

So, like I said, it was great fun in the hostels. However a little bird whispers in my ear that all was not well outside. Maybe it was the mob spirit or perhaps it was the spirit of revelry, but it seems that a few chaps

got carried away and failed to see the subtle limit where fun ends and unpleasantness begins. It would indeed be much more fun if everybody enjoyed themselves.

There are people and people here at the campus, and so, on any issue we can expect millions of viewpoints, right? Wrong. On one issue they are all agreed on. They all feel lousy being called 'inmates'. There are umpteen notifications from various quarters asking the inmates of this hostel to do this and the inmates of that hostel to do that and that certainly makes one feel lousy. I'm with them all the way. It is not that these chaps are all sticklers for details and go for formalities in a big way. Why, some of the endearing greetings exchanged in the hostels aren't in the dictionary and won't be for some time to come. But even they don't dig this 'inmate' bit being splashed all over the notice boards. It certainly does have a Sing-Sing ring. So why not switch over to 'Ladies' and 'Gentlemen'? Surely the notices that go, 'Will the ladies of Sarayu Hostel who want to participate in the entertainment please report to the OAT', or 'The following gentlemen of Kaveri are requested to meet their Professors in connection with their lack of attendance at lectures' sound better than when 'inmates' are used. Change over to Ladies and Gentlemen today . . . you'll be glad you did!

The Doldinger Jazz Quartet, which visited the Institute was a hit—even with people who didn't dig jazz. As a matter of fact it was a hit even with the people who didn't dig music! For I was sitting next to a couple of guys who hadn't even got their fundas straightened out. I'm not blaming them—who knows, in a decade or so they may turn out to be Dave Brubecks in their own right. I'm just using them to illustrate my point. Like, one of them thought that the 'guitarist' in the group had a marked inferiority complex because he was carrying such a big guitar. I was in two minds about telling him that it was a guitar that had taken the Charles Atlas course but then I didn't want to rub it in that I knew what a double bass was. The other chappie thought that the music was hot too, mainly because of the 'trumpet' player. The instrument was actually a saxophone. That's when I gave up—I mean, if a chap can't recognize sax when he sees it, his education hasn't even begun.

That was around the time the intruder struck! He was first seen talking to the drummer who passed him on to the saxophonist who probably told the fellow that he understood only German and English and asked him to announce what he wanted himself. So he came up with, 'Just please to excuse me, saar. I want speak Mr. Koteswara Rao'. The Entertainment Secretary, who was drowsing in a corner thinking that God was in His Heaven and all's right with the world woke up from his reverie with a start. Though not a jazz enthusiast he knew enough music to realize that what he had heard couldn't have been the part of any jazz composition. Turning instant bouncer he turned up to do his bit. 'You, . . .', he was perhaps choked with emotion and anger at seeing at close quarters the man who was trying to wreck his function. The intruder thought that it was an emotional reunion with his long lost Koteswara Rao. That is till the secretary grabbed him by his collar and marched him off the stage towards the glorious sunset. I wonder what they did to him—perhaps he was shot at dawn.

The Sports Day had a lot of pep this year. Usually the track officials, participants and the chief guest carry on an exclusive affair till around 4 p.m. when the mob moves in for tea, at the stadium. All that has changed this year. Maybe it's the 'hostel spirit' that can now be expected, as one isn't going to be shunted around from hostel to hostel from this year onwards, or maybe it's because of the hectic publicity meted out to the Meet. The equestrian show was good. It was a novel idea and all novel ideas are good. Tapti did her bit for novel ideas too. They were sure of the championship even

SHRESTHA : SYMBOL OF INDO-NEPALESE BOND

Amongst our less vociferous and more friendly neighbours is a country that passes for just so much of a dot on the world map: Nepal. It's quite a beautiful dot, too, with all those snow-capped mountains, lush valleys and breathtaking panorama.

Along with the standard high-altitude recipe for grandeur, Kathmandu the capital also has two houses made of bricks—one belongs to King Mahendra, and the other to Uttam Narayan Shrestha.

Shrestha is here in IIT as part of the Colombo Plan. You must have heard of it. Nice Plan; it helps developing nations develop. Ofcourse, when India can afford to be magnanimous in its gesture towards a developing country, you can imagine what a lot of developing that country has got ahead of it. When Shrestha first came to India, he was surprised to find bicycles with both wheels of the same diameter!

We have all heard of people with a soft spot for Chinese cuisine. But Picking up stray worms and insects from the hostel quadrangle and frying them in the room is perhaps carrying things a bit too far. Shrestha does not seem to think so, and matters have reached a stage where even a wall lizard thinks two times before it steps into his room.

Word got around in Nepal (this kind of news travels fast) that Shrestha was the only Nepali in one of the hottest Institutes in India. So very soon a group of gooeey eyed youngsters from the only university in Nepal made a pilgrimage to IIT and drafted him in as their guru and guide. When a force of about ten adoring females and an equal number of hero-worshipping boys from back home look up to you for guidance, you don't shoo them away or ask them to go climb the nearest telephone pole. You rise to the occasion. You let your abundance of superior knowledge and experience shine upon them. And that is precisely what he did.

As a starter he led them to the mess and explained to them the wonders of instant communication—the telephone. On the way out he demonstrated the smooth flow of water within a continuous flow arrangement popularly known as a tap. Then onto the common room where he outlined the intricacies of a radio set and record player.

The group went home dazzled and awe-struck by Shrestha's seemingly limitless fund of knowledge. Word of his brilliance and hospitality spread like wild fire. Today, his phone number and address are standard equipment for any Nepali tourist in India. It's given to them by the Indian Embassy in Nepal along with their permit to enter India.

When he goes back to Nepal this summer, with a brand new B. Tech. degree in tow, he will have the singular distinction of being Nepal's first engineer.

His one disappointment in life is that he will never be able to pull his country out of the Dakota Age and into the Jet Age. Because you see, to construct an air strip for a jet, you need at least half a mile of flat country. And if you proceed to make half a mile of mountain-tops flat in Nepal, you pass into the next country and cause a border incidence. Anyway, what's wrong with a Dakota? It's far better than a yak.

—ARVIND JOHARI.

before the meet and so they turned up in a gaily coloured bullock cart to collect the trophy. What really impressed was the precision with which the cart drove up to collect the prize after the announcement. It was sheer bedlam after that in the stadium—sort of resembled the scenes from the vernacular movies where the hero rescues the heroine from the forced wedding. The cart with the trophies were taken around to each hostel with motorcycle outriders and things. It is always the out-of-the-ordinary-behaviour that has marked the IITian some of humour. Hooray!!

Farewell, then, on this the seventeenth day of April of the year of the Lord, from

—GOPE.

like those in Cochin and Neyveli, and they were indeed impressed by our diligence and aptitude in engineering. They feel that the technological gap we speak of is being bridged and not widened as we fear.

The conversation then turned towards the goals of the Indian people and how individual Indians fail to comprehend them. Our goals are too idealistic for an individual to translate in terms that would tell him how he must go about attempting to realize them. A united India, a peace loving India, more food and less children, an India always marching forth, are the sort of slogans every Indian hears, while he should be hearing slogans like how to use ammonium phosphate for high crop yield, how to design a bridge, how to overhaul a machine, etc. For these are the facts the common man can easily grasp and fruitfully translate in his everyday work.

Even those who can understand their immediate goals, lack of opportunities to realize them is frustrating. And most of us IITians suffer from this; for we know well enough what is required and expected of us but the thought 'Will we get an opportunity to let us give what is wanted of us?' keeps worrying us.

There is plenty of scope for resourceful engineers in small scale industries. Only initiative and the spirit to take risks is required.

From this the discussion turned on to the general student unrest in Germany and India. In both the countries political parties, it was said, had parts to play. Small communist sects in Germany have frequently incited the university students to effect disturbances. In India, particularly in the universities of Calcutta, Delhi, Banaras and Andhra Pradesh, political parties perennially misuse their influence on the students to achieve selfish goals — and these often come as protests against the ruling party.

If only our political parties would quit trying to fight one another and dedicate their time and energy towards the solution of our numerous problems! One of the most demoralizing and disheartening experiences an Indian could have is witnessing the Indian Parliament in session. A volley of attacks and counter-attacks are made on individuals, parties and their policies. Nine out of attacks ten being absolutely uncalled for in the interests of the nation. Dramatic walkouts, use of unparliamentary language, thumpings of desks and creating troubles to extents where the disturbing elements must be bodily removed are not rare even in regular sessions of the parliament. Do these happenings not make an Indian's heart bleed? Anyone who loves India would be pained to witness such a state of affairs. The Multi-party aspect of a democratic set-up is indeed one of the drawbacks of democracy. Once the electorate has elected a set of people to rule, it must give them latitude enough to form policies and abide by them without having each move of their's strongly refuted by the rival groups and that too for no just reason but with only a spirit of 'show down'. And our constitution demands that the ruling party defend itself against all charges made by the opposition irrespective of the absurdity of the accusations and the waste of valuable time and money involved.

By this time we had spoken for over 3 hrs. It was interesting to observe how well our German guests were informed on the Indian state of affairs; particularly the student unrest problem. It was encouraging to hear the professors speak of the bright future of the Indian people if they continued to fight their problems with added vigour and zeal. Professor Brauer, Prof Panknin and Prof Ruge spoke highly of our discussion. They went even as far as to say that never before had they met such a lively group of students! — All this, we know, must be pure encouragement, for encouragement is one thing an Indian student needs most to boost his confidence, not only in himself but also in his country and its five hundred million people.

—Campastimes.

THE YEAR OF....

In our institute the year is nearly always one of something or the other. For the 'freshers' it is a year of admission into an institute of national importance, of introduction to the weekly horrors that go around in the name of periodicals, of slogging in the workshops, and of the inevitable and all-too-obvious 'average' grades. But what about the Academic Section, the Administrative Section and the Engineering Section? They do not have periodicals or progress reports. For the academic section staff it is always a year of playing musical chairs or idling away its time in the staff canteen or knick-knack. They remind one of the Olympian Gods who revel in hurling bolts out of the blue (in the form of periodical notices) on us lesser mortals. The Administration and Engineering Sections, however have more variety.

Year of Cycle Stands: Three years back it was the year of cycle stands. Cycle stands were built in small clearances and near existing buildings. These cycle stands were always hidden in a dense growth of shrubbery. Such a location discouraged to a large extent the parking of bicycles in these stands. Students and staff who tried to do so felt like G.I.S in the jungles of Vietnam. The rate at which these cycle stands were built exceeded the rate of construction of buildings. Cycle stands were built first and buildings later rose in the vicinity. One might wonder at some forlorn stands in outlandish places in the campus: the buildings have not yet been built.

Perseverance Paves Pathways: The next year was the year of paving pathways. The pathway leading to the Physics Department used to be marshy and full of puddles during the rains. This way was paved with stones and mud was the cementing agent. When the rains came, the way was worse than before, with small islands of stone jutting out here and there from the marsh. Many chappals got stuck in the mud and could not be recovered. They will perhaps serve as fossils or interesting specimens of study for a future generation of archaeologists. The students said it was a futile attempt, but the work went on. When summer came Nature joined forces with the pavers. Now they look back in admiration at the pathway they have paved which, in their eyes, beggars a run way for VCIO.

Year of Trenches: Returning from vacation last year, we found small pill-boxes littered around the joint. No one knew what they were meant for. Some of us thought that it was a year of pill-boxes. But we were disappointed, for the construction of these pill-

boxes stopped after the institute reopened. The state of disappointment did not last long. One morning we found some feverish digging going on along the hostel roads in front of ESB and other vantage points. So it was to be the year of digging trenches. Later the year displayed a dual tendency. It was also the year of repairing existing buildings. Departments vied with each other to repair parts of the building allotted to them. In ESB new electrical wiring and cable laying was carried out, while in HSB the lecture theatres were white-washed and renovated. So far the most successful has been the Mechanical Engineering Department. They started building a new storey on one wing. Why only one wing? Perhaps that much lead, was enough at that time. Special pains were taken to put up sign boards that read 'WORK

IN PROGRESS TALK CAUTIOUSLY'.

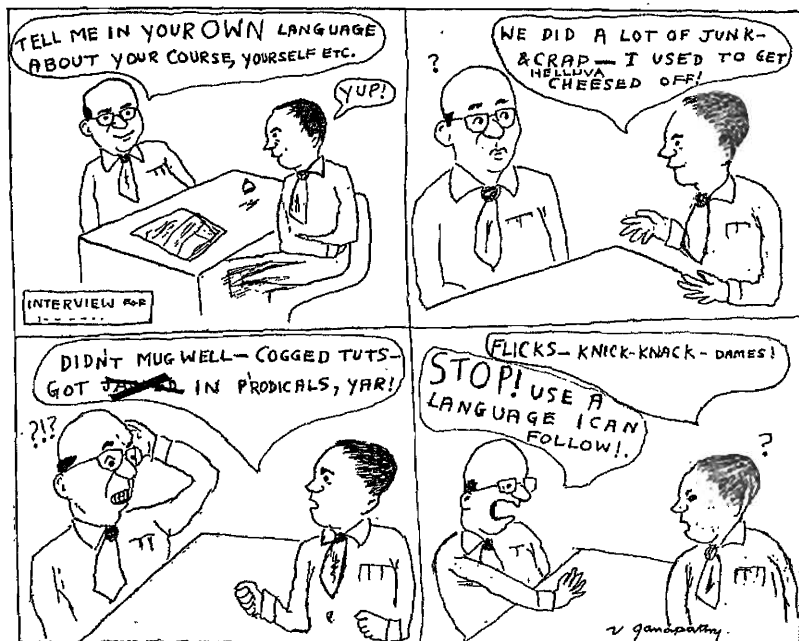
Soft treading and whispering became the order of the day. While the whole vibrated with the banging upstairs, the App. Mech. Lab. tutors told you not to touch the expt. set up when taking readings, as this would alter the dial gauge readings. No one knew where this mad race for supremacy would end. But the trenches have atleast partly cured the boys of sleep walking to the classes in the morning.

The Year of Exodus: This exodic tendency started last year when the library moved from BSB into its own building. The ladies hostel shifted to a new building. The subsequent exodus that has taken place this year reminds one of Biblical times. The drawing section was shifted to MSB from HSB and the Aeronautics Department moved into its new building. The Academic section, Administration section and the Engineering section moved into the miniskyscraper. The staff is happy about the change, what with the grand view and the lift facilities. They only hate the increased distance to the staff canteen.

This is not the only characteristic of this year. This year is also the year of fixed hostel allocation, or so they say. The film club closed its gates to the Velacherians. The corridor in which we have the Analog computer is being walled off; possibly another Berlin wall to discourage curious students. But these are merely additional characteristics.

As the year draws to an end we wonder what they will think up next year. Already an animated discussion is going on about what the next year will be. But we can all rest assured that it will definitely be the year of ????

K. N. PARTHASARATHY.



SURVIVAL TECHNIQUES

Now you can stop worrying and start living

One bit of advice to people who are expecting something light and funny. Pass over! Turn the page! This is not for you. Nor is it for people who are not ambitious. If you are one who feels and thinks that he/she is a genius and that he/she is not being treated properly, read on. For, here, you will find some valuable hints to make people take notice of you. Not ordinary people, but special folks, the folks who decide your future—your lecturers, tutors, lab attenders and such. Here you will find ways and means to influence them and win them over with your charms.

I shall deal with every department separately. I will consider every aspect of your life. Let me begin at your hostel.

In the hostel, you will need to influence three kinds of people. They are: (1) the attender, (2), the hostel UDC, (3), the mess staff.

1. *The attender.*—This is quite simple. Usually, attenders smoke. And they smoke Charminars. So an enterprising inmate starts by offering the attender fags—not Charminars but Wills (and that too, filter tipped). This is sure to make the attender see the good nature inherent in you. If it fails, do not give up. Try the direct approach.

All the attenders try to speak in English. Their English is abominable. They know it and everybody else knows it. They know that everybody else knows it. So if anybody praises them for their mastery of the language, they are simply overwhelmed. Some suggested comments: (1) 'Kalimuthu', (or whatever else his name is) 'Were you studying in any convent school before?' (2) 'Kuppusami, are you an Anglo-Indian?'

Final point. Attenders are prone to commit mistakes like stamping 30th February '69 on the library books, or removing new copies of *Blitz*, etc., as 'yesterday's newspaper'. At such times, tact is required. For example, when you see the attender stamping 30th or 31st February, on books, you should not tell him that he has made a stupid mistake. Better to point to the calendar and say, 'These people have missed a couple of dates!'

2. To pass onto the *clerks*.—It is quite easy to influence them. Periodic loans of five or ten bucks are useful. Also, when they make slight mess bill mistakes (like adding up 90 + 10 = 910) and give you a bill for Rs. 1,011.88, mumble, 'Foolish attender made a mistake!' and ask him to cut the extra zero. Also comment on his typing. ('Wow, how fast!') etc.) These are well received.

3. *Mess staff.*—Simple folks they are and simple it is to influence them. Ask them to buy you a pack of fags. Forget to take the change. Better still, give them a couple of fags.

People with cycles will find it easier. Mess staff appreciate folks who lend them bikes to go to night shows. Here again, money helps. Give them change for pumping up tyres. They will love you. And they will show it by giving you extra helpings of ice cream, etc. (Body-builders, please note!) Another point is this. When a server is serving you, tell him loudly (so that the other servers and the supervisor can hear), 'You seem to be the only good server here!'

Now for other fields. Let us take NCC. Here a little bit of exaggeration and physical endeavour helps. Take 'Unowho' for example. He arrives at 4.45 p.m. for a parade. Naturally UO Venkatraman yells out. So our hero goes and salutes him. The ensuing conversation goes this way.

UO: You are not supposed to salute me.

Hero: Why, after all you are the big boss!

UO: No, no! You can salute only Major.

Hero: Shucks! Anyway, you know more than the Major.

So UO is pacified. He says, 'Okay, do not come late next time.' The same thing can be applied to any other man there. Other ways are (1) praising the way they march, (2) praising the way they send Morse messages, (3) praising the way they teach in the 'technical classes', and so on.

And now let us turn the spotlight on the Workshops.

For the *freshers*: All the work is done by you using primeval tools. So the result of your labours will not be nice to look at. Here a little bit of help from the instructor would be very welcome. How do you get it?

This is how you get it. Go up to him and ask him to help you in finishing the model. He will want a reason. You provide it. Tell him that you do not get as good a finish as he does. Tell him that you like the way he finishes. Tell him anything that will make him feel great. He usually ends up doing all your models for you.

For the *second year guys*.—You, my friends, are in advanced workshops. Here the machine spoils your model. You might try the freshers' approach to get your job done, but it is better to use the 'complicated terms' method.

The procedure is simple. You take your stance near a big and complicated-looking machine. Call him (the instructor) near you and ask him about its working. Your questions should be like:

(a) 'How does this thingummyjig operate that whateveritis?'

(b) 'That loony looking thing: what is it for, Sir?' and so on. He tells you that this is called a universal sliding and surface cutting centre lathe and that is what is called a St-34 cutting arbor, etc.

You let out a couple of wows and ask him, 'How do you manage to remember all these complicated technical terms, Sir?'

He smiles mysteriously. He is also happy as he has found (he thinks) another student with a 24-carat heart.

COMMON

(1) The student is to feel the texture of the outer crust of the workshopman. Then he should look at it for a long time, a bit wistfully. Then he should utter in a very admiring tone, 'What a nice Zee Shirt, Sir!'

This makes them very happy. (Don't ask me why.)

(2) This is for guys who think it is never too early to start. You have to do this on the very first day you enter a shop.

All you've got to do is to mug up the name of the shop foreman. When the instructor comes and takes your class, ask him (at the end of the class), 'Sir! 'Scuse me, but is your name Mr. Joseph?' (or whatever be the foreman's name.) He says it is not. Then you tell him, 'I thought you were the foreman, Sir! Your lecture was that good!' This delivers the goods.

(3) This is another simple but effective method. Tell the guy you are from Trichur and are a solid Malayali. If this doesn't work, nothing else will!

And now the various methods for making your academic life smoother.

(Continued on page 15; cols. 2-3)

DON'T BEG DON'T STEAL JUST BORROW

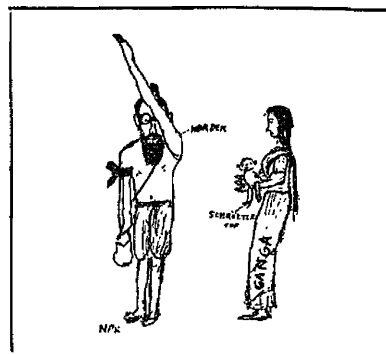
Borrowing is an art, a gentle art; it requires patience, perseverance and sometimes pursuit of the person from whom you borrow. But it reaches the supreme height when you 'achieve the maximum effect with the minimum expenditure of effort'. Nothing to do with transcendental meditation. It is somewhat like this: suppose you want some textbook on a pre-periodical night. Your neighbour has it, but he too needs it. Go to his room when he is not there and simply 'borrow' it. There is every likelihood of his getting panicky, putting up notices, offering cokes and all that. Now, when you don't need the book any longer, wait till the coast is clear and slip it right back. Well, what have you achieved? The maximum effect: for (a) you have thoroughly shaken up your poor neighbour, (b) you have read the book, and, in returning it, (c) satisfied your conscience. The minimum effort: since you have saved yourself the time for persuasion and your neighbour from having to refuse it. That, in a sense is the supreme art.

From gum to graph sheets, from books to blades, and batteries to buckets, everything comes in the borrowing range. Notice that most of these things are not returned. Take the case of the graph book you bought the other day. By the time you reached your hostel from the co-ops, half of it had been swooped off. Without your having used a single sheet, it was exhausted. Yet not a single sheet had been returned. Understandably, no person had borrowed more than one sheet (at a time) and you feel a little embarrassed to demand an immediate return. What is the solution for this? The obvious one. *Borrow from others for your needs.* Now a chain reaction has started and it goes on endlessly—it is what is called a self-sustained reaction. Perhaps you have had the amusing experience of borrowing a pencil, only to find that it actually belonged to you. The first person to borrow it from you had lent it to someone, he to someone else, until after changing a hundred hands, it comes back to you. This cyclic process is never a reversible one; what I mean is, changing of hands going in the opposite direction till it reached you from the first borrower is impossible. It is a classic example of a unidirectional process.

But after all, is not this whole process of cyclic borrowing a beautiful order of nature? Think how dull life would be, if you kept to yourself, never borrowing, never returning. How could you have submitted your lab. record, had it not been for the borrowed lab. sheets, the borrowed graph sheets—and the borrowed readings? How could you, or I, have written the letter home last week had we not borrowed the inland? Perhaps I can take pride in the fact that you scored an S in your tutorials; if I had not lent you some paper, you could not have submitted it in time. How can you deny now that it is borrowing and not love that makes this crazy world go round?

Oops, I am running out of paper. Could I borrow some from you?

V. JAGADEESH.



THE GENERAL SECRETARY

K. S. LOGANATHAN

It's not the easiest thing in the world—writing a caricature. The dictionary defines a caricature as a ludicrous exaggeration of peculiar personal characteristics. So, in order to be eligible for a caricature a chappie must be abundant in peculiar personal characteristics and at least a few chaps must know about them. I mean, you can't walk up to a chap and say, 'Now look here Bud, let's have the lowdown on your peculiar habits and things because I'm doing a caricature on you for *Campastimes*.' That would get you nowhere. The last time something like that happened was at an M.R.A. meeting here. One of those M.R.A. chaps asked one of us, 'You must have had a lot of experiences of which you are ashamed; may I hear about the worst of them all?' to which our man replies 'Sir, some years ago, I once wished that my lecturer would have a headache so that we may have a free hour!' It's so easy to pill with a straight face.

Three days of research and whispered questionnaires to Lok's pals revealed no sexy stories. As a matter of fact the most humorous-side of his life is that he is exceptionally fond of coffee. Now that would hardly be funny even in Brazil. You can't expect fellows to split their sides reading that some chappie is fond of coffee. I told the Editor so. Then he suggested that we run a sort of trailer of his biography—listing achievements and things. So I dropped in on Loks recently. 'Sit down,' I told him, like chappies in the movies, 'And tell me the story of your life.'

Kesava Siva Loganathan, son of S. Kesava Aiyer, was born in Madras on the first of August, 1947. It's a pity, for if he had been born just fourteen days later, he could have gone around saying that his birthday was a day of great rejoicing for the natives, who were so overwhelmed that they set church bells ringing all over the country, fired gun salutes and sang songs in their homes.

Today Loks is an unmarried Indian male, general health excellent; vision short sight, corrected with glasses; and with no physical abnormalities or disorders.

His hobbies are writing short stories, reading books and seeing films. He attended the Madras Christian College School, Madras and the Madras Christian College, Madras, before coming over to IIT. Back in 1962-63 he was awarded the Parthasarathy Iyengar Medal for good behaviour. That must have started him on the road to becoming a bad subject for a caricature.

Writing essays is his forte, for he has won prizes from the S.P.C.A. and the Lion's Club (International Peace Essay Contest, 1967). In the N.C.C. he was a Cadet Petty Officer and the best cadet of his group. That's the worst of these quiet chaps—they are good at N.C.C.

Here at the Institute he participates in debates and essay writing competitions. Last year he was our Literary Secretary and this year he has been elected to the highest student office of this Institute—General Secretaryship of the Institute Gymkhana. He has done an excellent job there. He was a member of the Institute team that participated at the mock U.N. General Assembly at Stella Maris College earlier this year, and is an Editor of the Institute Gymkhana Brochure, an annual publication to highlight the student extra-curricular activities.

This then is the profile of the man who is at the helm of student activities this year—a quiet, unassuming gentleman.

—A *Campastimes* Report by Gope.

Dr (Mrs) I. Zürn's Rolling Trophy FOR Best Lady Speaker

The Zürns have instituted a Rolling Trophy for the best lady speaker in the All India Debate held annually during the Cultural Week at IITM. 'She feels ladies deserve to be encouraged more!' said Dr Zürn.

—*Campastimes News*.

A hot wire to the students' ear

One campus housewife's tale of telephone numbers,
IITians, and Alakananda!

These days, student unrest has become a fashion throughout the world. Newspapers are full of reports etc. The elders are puzzled by it, completely unable to understand why these angry young men are not satisfied with what their parents are providing them. It may be a question of generations, and—as I believe—these well-established middle-aged gentlemen apparently have left far behind them the heroic time of their own twenties and do not even see the necessity of keeping their ears open to what the young people have to say.

Although here in IIT we never have to worry about what is called student unrest—it will certainly never occur—we in turn keep our ears open to the queries of our students everyday. And we proudly admit that they approach us frankly and confidently, not only they themselves but also their friends and families.

Do you have any idea how that happens? It is because we at our home on the IIT-Campus have the good fortune to be close connected with the Alakananda Hostel due to special manipulations of the Telephone Exchange. At first, our PABX number was the same as the RAX number of Alakananda Hostel: 279. Those who did not know that Alakananda Hostel has only RAX connection, and hundreds did not know, rang us up. I was fortunate to get into an excellent physical shape by hurrying down from our study on the first floor to the ground-floor where the telephone stands and back ten times a day, only to give the caller the sound advice to use the other telephone. As soon as the first auspicious sounds of a telephone call rang out, I ran down in high spirits excited and wondering who would call, happy about the interruption in a boring business.

After some more recent manipulations by the Telephone Department it seemed that all this has come to a sad end, simply because Alakananda Hostel has also had a PABX connection with the number 258. But far from it: the number of Alakananda Hostel and of our home have again been changed recently: now Alakananda Hostel has 279 and we have 258!

One cannot imagine the confusion. Not ten times but at least twenty times a day I have the great pleasure of happily explaining to some one anonymous why he no more can speak to Mr. Krishnamurthy or to Mr. Ranganathan by dialling 258, profoundly regretting that I am not the exchange. If I am in a very good mood which mostly is the case I start with long-winded explanations asking my vis-à-vis at the other end first, whether he calls from inside or outside the Campus. If as a reply I only receive an unintelligible Hhaaa... I know: this can't be a student of IIT, at best a more remote friend of his, some far relation. But if the fellow—afraid perhaps he may be wrong—politely and hesitatingly asks: 'Is that Alakananda Hostel?' I am sure, he must be an IIT student.

And so I am able to determine the subtle differences between students in general, the gradations among them with regard to their respective attitude as well as to their inner feelings. And this seems to me the most interesting aspect. I am very grateful for this experience. And, back in Germany, I shall never forget in the decades to come, India's most famous river which lent its name to one of the IIT hostels, Alakananda.....

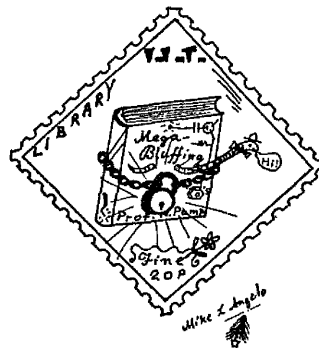
—Dr (Mrs) IMGARD ZURN

PHILATELY

A special stamp has been issued to commemorate the sudden decision to lock up all the text books in the Institute Library.

Jokes apart, what we really regret is not the act of super-restricting access, but the need for such an abomination. It's a pity that we IITians have to be treated this way—maybe it's a symptom brought about by the relentless screwing for grades, or maybe we're just plain cheap!

—*Campastimes*



Survival Techniques . . . (continued)

The best way is the oldest way, viz., the 'asking the doubts' method. After a class, you have to run behind the lecturer and ask him doubts. (Here you have to be a bit careful. Choose your questions in such a way that he can answer almost all, but not *all* of them.) Occasionally, ask him easily-answerable doubts during the lectures. This method shows best results if the student occupies a seat in the front row and keeps gazing at the lecturer's map intently and devotedly.

The other is the seemingly negative approach. You have to get chucked out of the lecturer's class at first. (Very simple: just yawn or yell out.) Then the next day you go to his room and ask him to excuse you. He will say that he won't do that. He will say a lot of other things. He will, in short, act tough. The climax will be reached when he says, 'Get out, I say! I am not interested in you!'

Here is where you act. You grab his arms (his coat, shirt, table, or any other thing within your reach) and say in a voice choked with emotion, 'But I am interested, Sir! I cannot bear missing your lectures. I won't be able to pass if I do not attend your lectures!'

This will do the trick. He lets you off, and what's more, you become one of his hot favourites.

Some chaps are lucky enough to have their lecturers as Assistant Wardens in their hostels. For such, there is another way of making things better.

When you find your Lecturer-cum-Assistant Warden sitting in the common room or mess, pass by his with one of your friends. While doing this you say to your friend in a stage-whisper, 'I say, yar! Our Assistant Warden is taking us Physics (or Chemistry or any other subject) yar! And the chap is damn good yar!'

So we end up fellows! I am sure all of you will benefit by using these methods.

—A. SANKARAN.

FICTION

KAMSON

A. PARASURAMAN

Kamson, one of the many typists of a leading firm, sat at his desk. His typewriter occasionally tut-tutted under the impact of his sausage-like fingers. He was modern in every aspect—or at least he fancied himself to be so. The first step he had taken towards his modernisation had been to call himself Kamson instead of Khumsun, the name he was given by his dear parents. Kamson had an elephantine physique. Despite this fact, however, he was given to wearing tight-fitting clothes. Another aspect of his modernization was the way he did his hair. In fact he hardly ever did his hair. He wore it long and had an enormous pair of untrimmed whiskers. He even carried a mirror in his pocket and into this mirror he often looked to ruffle those patches of hair on his pate that might have been accidentally smoothed down.

Kamson loathed his post of typist as he did loathe the comb. This was mainly because none of his co-typists were his type. They were all sincere old men who believed in honestly earning every paise they were paid and in consequence hadn't much in common with our young friend.

what was wrong with Indian Society according to Kamson. There was a tendency for red-tapism even in love affairs and marriages. He hated all kinds of red tape including the one in his typewriter.

Kamson wished he were in one of those western countries with Hema. There shyness and glancing-through-the-corner-of-the-eye-stuff were absent. The moment a girl saw a boy and he saw her, they would realize they were in love. Once this happened they would fly into each other's arms without another thought. One would whisper, 'Ah sweet! I found you!' and the other would respond: 'O, darling! And I found you!' Then things would begin to happen. Now, Kamson was in India; he waited for at least an opportunity to speak to her.

After five that evening, Kamson followed Hema down the street, finding it difficult to keep up with her quickening pace. 'Why should this Juliet feel so shy as to quicken her pace on seeing her Romeo following her?' he wondered metaphorically. However, he hurried on, feasting his eyes, which threatened to leave their parent sockets at any moment, on her figure that exhibited coquetry in every motion it made. 'Indian girls,' thought Kamson, 'are Indian girls.'

After this hot pursuit had lasted for some time, Kamson had to take a turning while Hema went straight ahead. He stopped. Hema had hardly gone a hundred yards



With the advent of Hema, the new typist, things seemed to brighten up beyond words, both for Kamson and for his typewriter which found it possible to relax for the major portion of the eight hours during which duration it was supposed to render service. Hema's face, to be brief, was angelic. Kamson had always liked angelic faces, especially those within human reach.

As luck would have it, Kamson's desk was behind Hema so that he could constantly gaze at her. Though Kamson could have written volumes cursing typewriters he would have made no bones about transforming himself into the one that came under the delicate touch of his dear Hema. Sometimes he looked enviously at it as Hema's slender fingers flitted skillfully over it. Not a word passed between them during the day. Whenever she passed near him she quickly lowered her head and glanced in disgust through the corner of her eye, at his staring face. She talked with the others every now and then but never with Kamson.

Kamson had studied logic in college. Indeed, he had been awarded distinction in the subject. He employed his knowledge now, and reasoned as follows: 'Hema avoids my look, but looks at me through the corner of her eye. Why? Because she is shy! She does not talk to me though she does to others. Why? Because she is shy! And why is she shy? Because she is in love; in love with me! This simple bit of reasoning was child's play for Kamson and did not take him very long. They were in love with each other and both of them knew it. Then why the delay? This was

from him when a shady type of character with a gargoyle-like face started following her. Kamson felt that the manner in which the scoundrel lay in wait and pounced upon his helpless Hema would have shamed a tiger lying in wait for its prey. Hema just lowered her head and passed on with the master villain a little behind her all the time.

Kamson fumed in a fierce fit of fury, clenching and unclenching his fists and gnashing his teeth. Had his belly contained petrol instead of the pine-apple juice which he had liberally consumed during lunch, his nostrils would have emitted long tongues of flame. However before he could muster up his stamina to do anything constructive, the pair had vanished into the crowd. 'Poor girl!' thought Kamson. 'If the blackguard has been trying any funny stuff with my Hema I will jolly well prove disastrous in love affairs.'

The next day he was relieved to see Hema at her desk. He spent another day staring at her most of the time. In the evening, intending to speak to Hema at all hazards, he waited for everyone to clear out. When the clock struck five everybody except Kamson started closing for the day. As the others were leaving, he found Hema busy with the last file on her desk. After casting a nervous glance in his direction she started hurrying up. She dropped the file in the process and by the time she had set it right and put it in its place, everybody except Kamson had left. 'Why this pretence to be busy and then dropping a file and all that?' he wondered. He got the answer within a jiffy.

On Dropping Bricks

'Three bricks weighing 1, 1.5 and 5 kgf are dropped from a height of 2 metres on a spring of scale 25 kgf/cm. If the coefficient of restitution.....' Sorry. Wrong page. 'One of the most common methods of manufacturing bricks is the Hoffman's kiln. The bricks are first shaped by....' Wrong again. It's no good. I am hedged about by every concrete (clay) brick in existence, when what I seek is the abstract brick, the brick spiritual, the soul, if I may call it that, of brickhood. It would be as well to denote it by iB .

These imaginary bricks are not uncommon. When dropped, they produce effects independent of the physical concepts of impact and reaction. Forget about the coefficient of restitution. When a brick-dropper does his job well, no restitution can be made. The collision may be elastic and again it may not, but boy is it drastic. Observable effects are the wince of the hapless victim, which can be measured by means of a frown gauge, and the silent looks—I mean Looks—exchanged by Our Sophisticated Friends, of whom more later. The change in expression Δv of the victim V is much larger than the Δ indicates. As the brick iB lands on the toes of his psyche, I mean, metaphorically, the vulnerable area of his spiritual being—Ditch. This thing is becoming much too spiritual for my liking. Here I try (and try hard, though the result doesn't look like it) to write a few words of airy persiflage, and I wind up like I had a periodical on Swami Vivekananda this morning. And goofed. The sheer injustice (no normal components) of this is overwhelming.

As the brick iB lands on.....lands on.... well, let's just say it lands, I know when I'm licked. Not like those wisecrack authors who put in an asterisk whenever they get stuck, with a footnote saying, 'The intelligent reader may attempt to complete this statement as an exercise.' The brick iB lands—it had better, if this account is to proceed. Gone are the days of studied leisure, when with elegant mien we could meander down the sequestered metaphysical pathways of whether or not a brick will land. And thank goodness, for that kind of highfalutin' flimflam is a frightful strain to the author, let alone the reader. Action, says our venerable editor, like every other editor in history. It saddens one to contemplate that editors have sordid souls, incapable of understanding the finer points of Literature. But never mind. So have you.

Now let's clear the decks for action. The brick iB lands. V winces. The friends SF_1, SF_2, SF_3, \dots exchange Looks L_1, L_2, L_3, \dots up to n . There are several alternatives open to V . He can quietly look at his toes and wait for someone to remark that the summer has really begun. He can get up and leave in a marked manner. He can exchange Looks L'_1, L'_2, L'_3, \dots with SF_1, SF_2, SF_3, \dots . He

'Because she wanted to gain time to speak to her Romeo!' At this sound reasoning his distinction in logic smiled lovingly at him; but he did not smile back at it for he had better things to smile at. When Hema had cleared her desk Kamson was beside her, clearing his throat.

'Yes, Mr Kamson?' said Hema without looking up. Her words were music to his ears and he felt as though he were floating in the air with Hema floating by his side; but his weight soon brought him down. He blinked, then began, 'Er.....er..... Miss Hema....'

'Mrs Hema Angappan,' she corrected him, and added, 'Yesterday I never really felt safe till I reached my husband who was waiting for me. He says one of these days he's going to....'

Kamson is now undergoing a refresher course in logic.

A. PARASURAMAN

can make a quietly corrosive remark. Or he can be openly annoyed.

Whichever of these courses *V* adopts, his subsequent mode of behaviour may be classified as Reaction as opposed to Action, which is what the masses are supposed to want. (Forgive my calling you masses. Of course, you're really weights, and have a *g* to be proud of.) So let's leave *V* to his resources. Correction—let's leave *V* to his *meagre* resources, which they are bound to be in the absence of your expert advice and mine. Those not satisfied with this clear and logical explanation why we are giving *V* the *haath* (as the locals say) are definitely the sickening type who average 44 doubts per hour, and never give the lecturer a chance to whisk off a variable here and there to reach the otherwise impossible result. Let me quell them once and for all by saying that a discussion of Reaction will necessitate the use of Newton's Third Law, which is not included in the syllabus. The wiseacre authors aforementioned generally say '... which is beyond the scope of this book (see references 3, 4, 17, 25 and 38).' But I scorn such feeble subterfuges.

What is this Action, which is so obviously of the essence? With your usual perspicacity and acumen (no offence meant) you answer—the dropping of the brick. I bow my head before such magnificent clarity of thought. We will therefore rivet our attention, no longer held by the hapless *V*, on the central figure of the action, the dropper of the brick (or, in rare and delightful instances, bricks.) We cannot call him *D*, because I personally have learnt to avoid painful memories. *DB* is out, because in a campus this size there must be a few guys with these initials, and I don't want them breathing fearful vengeance down my neck. So let us call him the Agent of the Action, *A*. *AA* I consider unsuitable. It brings to mind the Alcoholics Anonymous and the Automobile Association, two of the worst bunches of spoilsports on record. Now don't come up with ideas like the Malefactor *M* or the Offender *O*. If you read Words of Power or Thirty Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary (I don't hold with these self-improvement stunts myself), you could possibly work your way through the whole alphabet. But it won't do. The whole idea is that we are going to adopt *A*'s course of action with the laudable intent of adding to the zest and diversion of our young lives. In plain IITese, we want to get a kick out of cheating off a whole bunch of *V*'s. So *A* is one of us. To be more accurate, we want to be one of him. While you're figuring that out, I will firmly state that *A* is *A*, and it won't do to go around calling him names.

This gag of pulling a fast one on a guy, leaving him powerless to protest at subsequent pills, is an old one. But it works. I make no claim of originality for this method—in such matters I am a humble disciple of our lecturers out XSB way. Another good one from the same source is, when you think of a question you can't answer, pass the buck. Let me give an example. When guys have read this article (some optimism, huh?) they will be wary, so how do you find a willing *V*? Don't ask me. Think for yourself. (Think, you know: t-h-i-n-k think.)

While you are thus occupied, I can pill some more. What is the *modus operandi* of *A*? (Ha! That's one you won't find in your Words of Power.) First, think of something that Just Isn't Said. (A lot of thinking seems to come in now. Do not be alarmed. It just shows that this is an intellectual article.) Second, wait for a temporary lull in the conversation. (There are evil men who assert that this will not happen when I am around, but I protest against such calumnies. Never Lose Hope should be your motto.) Third, say your piece. And say it loud and clear. If you have gall enough, say it twice. Thus, complete the Action.

One last word. The observations on which this report is based were made from what might be termed the receiving end. The narration is inverted because editors, as I have remarked, like Action. So before you rush out and do something rash, like dropping a sizable brick on your lecturer's toes, pause and reflect that there are occupational hazards to being an *A*. Discretion is the better part of Valour.

N—S. PARAMESHWARA.

INSTITUTE BLUES.

'Awarded to the sportsman who reaches a high level of individual proficiency in a recognized competitive sport requiring skill and physical exertion'



ABRAHAM



M. S. VENKATESWARAN



J. E. T. SARGUNAR

The Graduate '69

As the graduands this year prepare themselves to go out and face the world, what are their reflections on their past? What is their outlook for the future? With special focus on these two spans of time a representative sample of the class of '69 was questioned. What follows is an analysis of the attitudes and aspirations of this sample of graduands.

There are two sides to life at IITM—the academic and the social. Nine out of ten enjoyed the social side of life here. For most, it has been a stimulating experience mixing with individuals with varied tastes and aptitudes. One writes of his stay: 'I have been simultaneously traversing on several convergent roads. There are some roads on which I have walked well, some I have traversed with great interest, some I was forced to tread on... for after all the greatest reward is the travelling itself'.

Reflections on academic life here tend to be evasive. Some feel that they have not made best use of the facilities offered to them. Others say that they have wasted their time here. An overwhelming majority appreciates the freedom and facilities given to work at the Institute. According to one, here you get the chance to handle equipment that probably won't be seen by most undergraduate or graduate engineering students.

The graduands were asked to pinpoint what they feel are the defects in their course.

Some opinions

'We are trained to become researchers and teachers while most of us actually end up in industry'. 'Too much time is being spent on the pure sciences. The rigorosity of these subjects is lost on the engineer who is interested in a practical course'. 'Theoretically it is well for the men at the top to think of 'bread-based' courses. However, in the process of widening our vision by acquainting ourselves with allied subjects extensively, we are ending up as masters of no trade'.

Seven out of ten feel that our course is too periodical oriented: the emphasis here is on grades rather than original thinking. One goes to the extent of confessing that 'the day I found out that academic success and a good grasp of the subject are mutually exclusive, I gave up thinking. Since then I've been on the merit list'.

Of course, everyone does not hold such views. It is well known that a graduate from here knows much more about his subject than his counterpart from other colleges. This is mainly because of the freedom he has to learn anything as long as he has the inclination to do so.

It is heartening to note that modifications in the courses are being envisaged to cut out irrelevancies and overlap. We should, however, not stop with this; evaluation of courses subjectwise should be done periodically. Suggestions from students in this regard could sometimes help the authorities. Still, the problem of course evaluation is complex. 'It is like shooting a gorilla at close range', complains one.

Some of the suggestions of the graduands interviewed are summarised below.

People from Industry should be invited to advice on course content. They could also speak to the students on problems that they face in industry.

It is high time we attracted better teaching talent rather than machinery. The selection of teaching staff should be at least as rigorous as the selection of students.

More time should be allotted for the Elective subject and Project Work in the final year. The Project Work should preferably be industry oriented.

More branch subjects should be introduced at the third year itself.

Attitude towards work at the IITM varies from person to person. To some it is an obligation; to others it is interesting and relieves boredom; to a small minority it is just a pain in the neck. A majority says that attitude towards work is decided primarily by the interest that the subject generates. These interests are largely influenced by the manner in which the subject is presented by the lecturer. To generalise about the attitude towards classwork, it is definite that a major portion of it is done under a sense of obligation.

This is the age of the jet and the jobless engineer. It is not surprising that only three out of ten graduands are thinking of getting employed straightaway. Fifty percent are contemplating study abroad for a postgraduate degree. These are the ones doing well academically in their undergraduate course. They feel that they have just been introduced to the subject and that at least a Master's degree is essential. Almost all those planning to do postgraduate work wish to complete their PhD and follow it up with post-doctoral research and/or teaching. A minority has peculiar plans. A few would like to relax for a year after graduation. Some others are interested in starting their own industry.

By and large, those seeking a job are average academically. Obviously, they hesitate to study more when they are not confident of their fundamentals. They also feel that with an aptitude for practical work they could probably make a mark at least in that sphere.

The graduands were asked about their opinion on postgraduate study abroad. Two out of every three feel that PG work is necessary only for those intending to do research; those who are ultimately joining industry are only postponing their decision by studying for a postgraduate degree either in India or abroad. Many feel that Indian industry does not require and cannot afford such highly qualified engineers right now.

Almost all those planning to go abroad want to come back after their study. They suggest that in order to be usefully employed, the engineer should be careful to choose subjects which find application in his own country.

VENKATESH MANNAR.

Indo-German Economic Relations

Trade is better than aid! This is not a philosophical statement but it is founded in reality. Today, Indian industrial and economic sectors are exporting their products not only in the so called under-developed markets, but also in the highly developed markets of western countries including the United States of America. This shows the quality standard of the goods made in India. Germany could only feel happy at this instance, as since 1961 she has taken an active part in the development of the Indian industries, with man, material and technical know-how. But compared to the big industrial nations, India's participation in the international trade is today at a modest stage. In other words it is a humble beginning which has seeds of great development and progress. However, this development is the result of a friendly partnership with many developed countries, which joined hands together to co-operate with Indians for an industrial India. Needless to say that Germany is one of these friends.

One could trace back the beginning of Indo-German cultural and intellectual relations at least two hundred years ago. Trade between India and Germany, however, made no remarkable progress while India was under a foreign power. But today as the name Max-Mueller stands for the Indo-German cultural understanding, so is 'Rourkela' for economic co-operation and IIT-Madras, for scientific and technical partnership between India and Germany. But is this relation only a symbolical one?

Geo-politically speaking Germany is an important nation in the heart of Europe and India—a great and important country in Asia. Thus a glance at the globe is enough to demonstrate that both politically and economically India holds a particularly important position in the world. The Federal Republic of Germany has been on good economic terms with India ever since her attainment of Independence. It was, therefore, only natural for India to receive particular attention from Germany. At the initial stage, it was necessary to build up the heavy or basic industry in India and so in the production of steel, German industrialists co-operated in 'Rourkela'. Today, apart from the big German industries, there are more than three hundred individual private German firms which have co-operated with their counterparts in India. More are willing to come and are negotiating with their Indian friends and government.

Germany has contributed more than three billion Marks in form of development aid towards India's economic progress since 1961. This is not symbolical assistance but shows real goodwill and sincere efforts for a better mutual understanding. The Indian people have recognized the valuable capital and technical assistance from Germany. But according to some economic observers, this is the one side of the coin. The other side, viz., Indo-German trade, has been paid no extra attention by the Federal German Government. It continues to be almost as unfavourable against India as before. 'It hobbles along, as it were, on one short and one long leg.' In other words, the Indo-German trade has been fluctuating between DM. 500 to 800 millions a year.

On many occasions the reasons for the above unfavourable situation have been discussed. India needed heavy machinery and other modern technical and engineering goods for capital investment in the country. Such goods were made available to her by the German firms. As against to this heavy imports, Indian exports were negligible. Thus there remained a big difference in the balance of payments. Consequently, Indian imports from Germany have gone down. Moreover, sincere efforts are being made to bridge the remaining gap in the Indo-German trade balances. Happily for both India and Germany, trade experts are concentrating their attention to promote the bilateral trade.

In the Federal Republic of Germany, Indians do enjoy a better social position than other 'foreigners'. Again this is not symbolical but indicates deep rooted understand-

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR S. CHANDRASEKHAR

By SIVARAM

Last November, the eminent Astro Physicist Dr S. Chandrasekhar was in India for a few days. On the recommendations of Dr Alladi Ramakrishna, Director of Matscience, Dr Chandrasekhar was kind enough to grant me an interview which lasted for well over two hours.

Dr Chandrasekhar : Recipient of the National Science Medal (highest U.S. award for science), and the much prized Fermi award of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission (only Indian to get this award); he is perhaps best known for the Chandrasekhar limit; left India about 30 years ago and is now a U.S. citizen.

'Let me see what you have done,' He began. I showed him my first paper: *A possible solution to the energy riddle of the quasar.*

'I will have no time to read through it. Will you explain the main features?' I began by showing him the actual total amount of energy radiated by an average quasar, calculated by combining published optical-radio astronomical data (on luminosity, Doppler shift etc.) with Hubble's Law.

Dr C : 'What value did you assume for the Hubble constant?'

S : (a bit nervously, with hesitation) '100 Km per second per megaparse, sir.'

Dr C : (sternly) 'No, that is not the latest value. The current value obtained from recent calculation is 75. That might alter your value significantly.'

I made a rapid approximate mental calculation and told him, 'Sir, it is altered by a factor of 4 or 5.'

Dr C : 'Yes. Anyway, it doesn't matter. Your figure will still be of the right order.'

'And what did you assume for the Doppler shift?'

S : 'Factor of 1.5.'

Dr C : 'That is reasonable enough.'

I then showed him the estimate of the quasar mass. He nodded agreement. Next my paper showed that no thermonuclear power cycle such as those proposed by Bethe, Weizsäcker and others to account successfully for the vast energy radiated by the sun will provide for even a fraction of the energy radiated by the quasar (even those involving the most rigorous thermonuclear reactions among the heavier nuclei). Hence I had ruled out thermonuclear reactions as the power source for the quasar. He agreed after taking another critical look at the calculations. I had then ruled out the 'fleeing supernova theory' as baseless and contrary to observation. He agreed. I then attacked the highly interesting and ingenious Hoyle-Fowler theory (based on Schwarzschild's exact solution to Einstein's general relativity field equations).

He interrupted saying 'Young man, you need not waste time explaining the Hoyle-Fowler theory to me! Just let me know your criticism.' I had shown that although the Hoyle-Fowler theory accounted for the vast energy radiated, the quasar should have considerably diminished in intensity in the five years it has been under observation if their theory was correct. But it was found to be shining steadily with the same intensity.

Dr C : 'You mean the Hoyle-Fowler gravitational collapse would be far too rapid to account for observations?'

S : 'Yes sir. The quasar should have (if their theory is right) by now contracted to the Einstein-Schwarzschild limit and vanished into oblivion.'

Dr C : (after sometime) : 'That is right, but I am afraid your criticism belated as the Hoyle-Fowler theory (proposed about four years ago) is no longer in favour.'

It has been criticised from various points of view and your criticism is just one more view point. Anyway let us forget the Hoyle-Fowler theory and now tell me what solution do you propose? That is more important than criticizing existing theories.'

I now explained my solution, i.e. I had proposed a photothermonuclear annihilation reaction which would take place throughout the body of the quasar but with a steep increasing rate of reaction gradient towards the core.

This reaction releases about 200 times more energy than the most vigorous thermonuclear reactions. Detailed calculations on the rate of reaction summed up over the entire quasar body showed that the energy released by the above process per sec. was good agreement

with the observed value of the energy radiated by the quasar.

Also it was shown that the total photon radiation pressure (computed from the Bose-Einstein photon distribution summed up over the entire quasar) produced by the above reaction was balanced by the pressure due to the strong inward gravitational force of the massive quasar.

Thus the quasar was in equilibrium which would account for its shining steadily unlike in the Hoyle-Fowler gravitational collapse.

Dr C : (after listening carefully and after some reflection), 'I think that recently Dr Edward Teller (father of the H-bomb) had a similar idea.'

He explained Teller's idea, which is a sort of zone reaction of the above type taking place in a thin slab-like area between two separate masses.

S : 'Sir, from what you have said, my idea is of a different nature. Teller's is only a zone reaction whereas in my solution I presume the reaction to take place with varying rates over the entire body of the quasar. Also a zone reaction is bound to give only limited amounts of energy so that Teller's solution will provide for only fraction of the energy, I think.'

Dr C : 'But both your solution and Teller's have the same basis i.e. the annihilation reaction.'

S : 'That is true, Sir.'

Dr C : 'Well I disagree with both you and Teller. Of course, Teller is a very well-known scientist but if you excuse my saying so you are not yet well-known.'

S : 'But Sir, there is ample laboratory evidence for the above reaction.'

Dr C : 'Maybe, but I am not convinced.'

S : 'Also my solution accounts very well for observations like energy rate, luminous stability etc.'

Dr C : 'Are you familiar with the latest observations? Say those taken three or four months back?'

S : 'No Sir, I am afraid the latest observational data have not yet reached India. All my theorizing is based on what is available and that is outdated by a margin of nearly two years.'

Dr C : 'Yes I recognise the fact that the latest observational and theoretical material will not be available in this country. I sympathise with you. You have the necessary enthusiasm and interest but no proper facilities like the latest books and papers. Anyway, just because you have explained some observations you cannot say you have found a theory. Besides, the latest observations might very well knock off your theory for all you know.'

At this stage we were interrupted. Some old class mate of Chandrasekhar's, in Madras University wanted to see him. 'Please tell him, I cannot see him. I am busy discussing here.'

He then said that he himself favoured a solution based on general relativity (other than the Hoyle-Fowler collapse) rather than an ad-hoc annihilation reaction. New ideas like 'gravitational radiation' might help solve the problem. However general relativity conservation problems are still there.

We then passed on to my next paper *Neutron production in stellar interiors. Formation of heavy elements and heavy nuclei in stellar interiors and in supernova explosions by continuous neutron capture and successive beta-decay.* In this I had shown that main-sequence stars more than 15 times heavier than the sun after becoming red giants (as postulated by Gamov, Ramsey and others) are capable of undergoing generations of successive thermonuclear reactions in their helium cores, producing heavier and heavier nuclei.

At a temp. between 2000-3000 million degrees the nuclei of iron and manganese are produced. But now I showed that at about these temps. a new reaction (that of neutron production) gains increasing predominance as the temp. goes higher, and finally at a temp. between 3000 million and 4000 million degrees completely dominates over the thermonuclear reactions which are consequently aborted. Neutron capture follows leading to the formation of nuclei heavier than iron while successive β -decay leads to the formation of the heavier elements. Also a very large number of neutrons escape from the stellar interior as they are neutral particles unaffected by electromagnetic fields of nuclei. Neutron production being an endothermic nuclear reaction, the production and escape of vast numbers of neutrons from the stellar core drains a considerable amount of energy from the core.

A quantum thermodynamic analysis of the above situation showed that it will lead to a tremendous stellar explosion (supernova). The explosion will scatter a large number of neutrons and heavy nuclei into space and the process of heavy nuclei formation will continue during and after the above explosion, till the heaviest nuclei of the periodic table are produced.

Dr C : (after listening) 'How did you compute the cross-sections for neutron capture?'

S : 'By the Breit-Wigner formulae.'

Dr C : 'That is not so sophisticated. There are scientists like Clayton Diesel and others who are also working on something of what you have said. I cannot say whether your ideas are right or wrong but I would advice you to read a recent treatise by Clayton. It is a masterpiece in nuclear astrophysics incorporating the latest observations. If at all it comes to India, it will cost you at least Rs. 150 or even more with all those import restrictions. I will send it to you free of cost, after it is published. Have you read Bethe's paper on the computation of cross-sections in his solar thermonuclear reaction cycle (which won him the Nobel Prize in 1967)?'

S : 'No sir.'

Dr C : 'Have you read the works of Diesel, Freeman and Clayton?'

S : 'No sir.'

Dr C : 'Have you at least heard of them?'

S : 'I have heard of Freeman's work but I am not sure of Diesel or Clayton.'

Dr C : 'Well you should read all those and much more. Of course you have the terrible handicap of not having those books and papers in your libraries at all. It is simply not available. After I send you that book please share them with your fellow-students and make them work also.'

S : 'But sir, we have no department of astrophysics in our Institute.'

Dr C : 'Then which do you come from? Physics Dept.?'

S : 'No Sir, Mechanical Engineering.'

Dr C : 'What! Mech. Engg.?'

(He is a bit puzzled for some time).

'So much the worse. It means you cannot keep in touch with the latest developments in the field, as you won't have time.'

S : 'Yes Sir, all that I have done is based on a few minutes of spare time.'

Dr C : 'Anyway, it is unfortunate that you don't belong to this field.'

I next showed him my third paper. *An approximate calculation for the age of the universe.* It was a novel method.

I got 60,000 million years. The value obtained by Dicke and others based on the application of the general theory of relativity to a finite expanding universe is 70,000 million years.

At this state we were interrupted again. 'You are of course very interested in these modern subjects and maybe you have the potential to be another Einstein, but I tell you, it is much more difficult to be an Einstein in 1968 than it was in 1905. To make a long-lasting significant contribution you must first be familiar with all the most recent developments and must thoroughly master them. I really admire your enthusiasm and interest. I myself had to study hard for eight long years before I made my contribution. I don't see how I can help you right now but we will see.'

I was tired of being always patted on the back and told 'well done' or 'keep it up'.

BOXING

The announcement that boxing will be included in the inter-hostel matches from next year sparked off interest in more IITians than ever before. A rolling trophy has been instituted as well.

The finals of the open boxing tournament this year was held on the 26th February, and boxing fans were delighted to witness a card of upsets took place, the boxing standard has definitely touched a new high.

Redoubtable 'shorty' Nair came off unscathed in his bout against Doraivelu in the Flyweight class. In Featherweight, Prem Watsa caused a major upset when he edged past Thomas Tharu in a keenly contested bout. The Bantamweight bout had its own anxious moments when Kannan and Pais battled it out for the laurels. Pais, with a more aggressive stance, managed to suppress Kannan.

The Ashokan-Bhaskar fight which might have had its thrills, turned out to be a rather one-sided affair, when Ashokan overwhelmed his opponent with a second round T.K.O. and went on to win the 'Best Boxer' trophy.

Probably the most interesting bout of the evening was in the Welterweight class where D. V. Singh and Victor Thamburaj fought a see-saw battle. Victor, pitting his stamina and power-packed punches to match D. V. Singh's ring-craft and experience, claimed the title after a very close final tally. D. V. Singh deservingly won the 'Best Loser' trophy.

In the heavies, although J. E. T. Sargunar came off second best he had the courage and determination to survive 3 rounds against Sanyal. The latter had no opportunity to show his excellence due to the unbalanced match.

—Campastimes

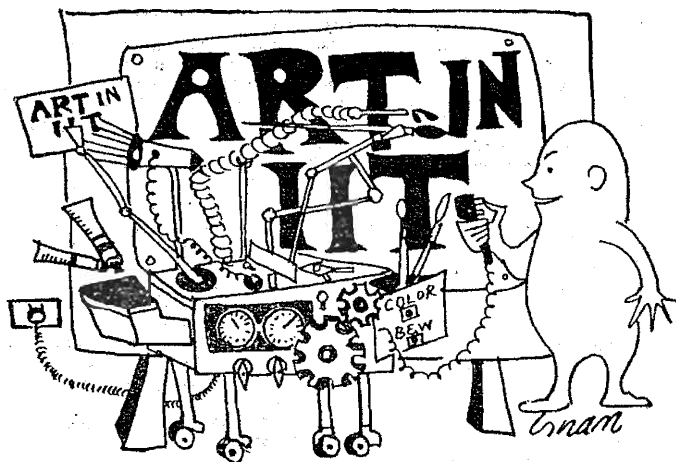
What I have always wished for is criticism of my work from an authority. In this, I was not disappointed in the interview with Dr Chandrasekhar.

MOTOR INDUSTRIES CO. LTD. BANGALORE

Manufacturers of :

**Mico-Licence-Bosch Spark Plugs and Diesel Fuel
Injection Equipment**

**Under licence of ROBERT BOSCH GmbH,
Stuttgart, West Germany.**



ARVIND JOHARI

The Arts and Science Fair is a happening that comes around once a year. Unkind people seem to think that neither Art nor Science face the slightest risk of being exposed on such occasions.

When engineers stray into the realms of art, the intrusion must be pardoned, the effort overlooked, and the effort tolerated.

During the Cultural Week, canvasses, paintings and sketches from almost all the leading colleges in the city (including IIT) tastefully decorated the exhibition room, lending an aura of enchantment and substance to a place which under ordinary circumstances sees nothing more exciting than a student or three sleeping on the last bench.

Most artists from IIT are exponents of modern art. Their works never fail to draw fascinated attention.

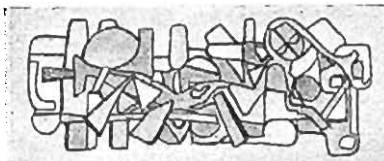
Take for instance the case of the bearded non-conforming conformist who goes by the name of Ranjan Kelly. His 'Sudden End' leaves the observer wondering whether he is coming or going. Something like 'Up the down staircase'. It won him the Judges' Special Prize for originality.

Kelly is at his best when designing cards and posters. He comes on with an effective combination of elegance and beauty to give true simplicity. His cards have a candour and a style that is so refreshing in contrast to the eye-searing rhetoric of the past. It wouldn't be a bad idea for the Gymkhana to keep these cards as models for future Institute cards.

Then there is Gnanachandra. The tempo of contemporary life, and the energies and velocities of the technological age are caught in his swift, exultant swathes. Under his

veering, tumbling slashes of blue, orange and white, ordinary life comes alive and realities are brought as powerfully close to the eye as possible.

In one of his sketches there is a nimbus of mystery: is it a fish or is it a woman? You can see a basket, a woman's head and a fish entwined in a maze of fishy loops. By the time your eyes get accustomed to it, you discover that it's not only a fish, but also a woman — a fisherwoman. It got him a prize at the exhibition.



Another artist of stature is Vijay Sarihan. His 'Catamaran' is a powerful portrayal of the solitary, scenic splendour of a catamaran lying on the sea shore. The blue sea and sky make a harmonious blending of natural hues to give a perfect effect to the background.

Making his debut in the world of art via this year's exhibition is Marcus. He did quite well, prize wise, meaning he's the guy who walked away with the 1st prize right from under the nose of all the old pros.

Seen also at this year's exhibition were symptoms of a strange malady: the use of French titles with English subtitles! The fifteen odd languages provided for in the Constitution have given us enough problems of our own. Adding one more isn't going to help. Nobody would advise our young artists to experiment with Tamil or Kannada names. But they could try English for a change.

SHORT STORY

'THE MARTIANS ARE COMING'

Professor Meeow P. Fizz built a wallycuddle transmitter and got in touch with the Martians.

That was over two weeks ago. Now the Martians are regretting it.

The first Martian transmission was:

To which Meeow replied:

'Speak in English, you horrors. Think you can act funny just becuz you're Martians, huh?'

The Martians considered this. They reconsidered it. They finally decided that Earth couldn't be much worse than Mars, even if it did hold things like Meeow. 'We are coming,' they replied. They came.

They arrived at Meeow's house in time for dinner. Their spaceship landed in a tumbler of water. The Martians are a small race.

Meeow gulped the water down. And burped. The Martians made the acquaintance of a large quantity of sambar and rice.

A few milliseconds later, their spaceship entered a lacteal through a villar foramen and started exploring Meeow's lymphatic system. By the time they reached the ventral hyposomal thungummyjig, the Martians could stand it no more. The spaceship was ejected through Meeow's paraglossal sudorific orifice: and not a microsecond too soon. They were all as sick as Martian kreegas.

The moment they were free once more, the Martians expanded their spaceship 10¹¹ times. That made it about as big as the Admin. Block. 'Swallow us now, if you can!' they jeered at Meeow.

Which was very unwise of them. For though Meeow couldn't hear them (the Martians themselves were microscopic, you see: only their ship was expanded), he saw the spaceship. He sent a cablegram to an American friend that just outside his door was the surely the largest pumpkin that ever was.

You can see the spaceship at the Smithsonian Museum labelled 'Pumpkinus Indicus'. The poor Martians are the subject of a treatise written by Professor Meeow Fizz entitled 'The social life of a curious family of green jungle ants found in a pumpkin.' Unfortunately, the treatise is only half finished, for the Professor's one-year-old son, who in many ways is as great an investigator as his father, ate the Martians. He howled for more, and he couldn't get them, so he smashed the wallycuddle transmitter in a fit of peevish rage.

All of which perhaps accounts for the fact that the Martians have decided to keep far away from us.

POOTS

Action at Sangam

Dr Karl Pfauter and a huge cheering crowd of IITians witnessed thirty skaters contesting for open championship at the largest skating rink in India on the 20th of February.

Judges Dr Bisanz, Dr Zörn and Prof N. K. Datta had no trouble in placing S. Umapathy first. M. Papa Rao was second.

Earlier that evening, Dr Schrammeyer, Consul, spoke on skating in Germany.

—Campastimes News.

Indo-German—(Contd.)

ing and friendship. The name India (which is 'Indien' in German) is something which charms a German. In every mind, together with a dreamy-land of Maharajas, India is also an industrially progressing nation. Germans are only proud and happy to join hands with their Indian friends to build-up India of tomorrow—which is profitable for both Germany and India.

—By Courtesy of the Consulate General of the Federal Republic of Germany, Madras, and Dr H. Zuern, IIT.

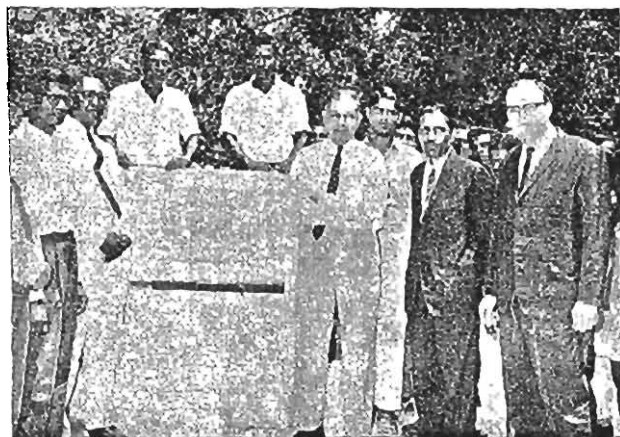


Photo: Kubendran

At the foundation stone for the new Chemistry Block. Seen are the Supt. Engg. Mr Nagarajan, Prof M. V. C. Sastri, Mr H. V. R. Iengar, Prof Ramachandran and Consul Dr R. Bindseil.

*Annual Spring Fling***WEEKFUL OF CULTURE**

As usual, the Cultural Week crackled with Gallic electricity as Madras' top student speakers and buoyant entertainers convened at the Institute for the Annual Spring fling. Critics complained that the Week too often failed to go beyond the familiar to the unusual or daring: a relief it didn't, for one cannot accustom oneself to staid young men leaning casually across the mike to shout out some foul obscenity.

ALL INDIA DEBATE**VERY MUCH ALIVE**

February 10, 1969

Is God Dead? Motion rejected.
God was the issue of the Debate on February 10. 'Is God dead: It is a question that tantalizes both believers, who perhaps secretly fear that he is, atheists, who, possibly suspect that the answer is no' began a lady speaker, and went on to give an abridged version of TIME's probe into theology (April 8, 1966). A daring attempt that paid off.

Amir Ahmed (IIT) began confidently, raising the question 'that the question in question might be in question'. He puzzled the audience with a pastiche of quotes and quips, trying to prove the reality of the intangible with four-dimensional mathematical models.

Others contended that not only is God dead—he never was. The challenging question although not a very suitable subject for debate, as R. Shankar in his résumé pointed out, certainly encouraged lively discussion on the subject.

P. N. Narayanan (Loyola) was adjudged second. Loyola retained the Institute Trophy. MCC's veteran debaters, Hari and Leela probably deserved ranking.

GERMAN RECITATION**A FAMILY GATHERING**

February, 11 1969

IIT, once a strong contender for the trophy, fared miserably in the recitation. A new rule that only institutions that teach German are eligible to participate knocked out a few colleges; however, seventeen persons took part. To the reviewers, it looked as if the

standard had fallen. Even the English translation of a German ballad, which a competitor helpfully recited, didn't quite go well.

GROUP DISCUSSION

The technique of Group Discussion lies in proving that five's a company and not a crowd. This cannot be accomplished with the facility of an after dinner chat. It requires much more effort and just the right amount of preparation. Anything less or more will be only too obvious to listeners.

These and many more fingerprints concerning the art of discussion are coming to be appreciated by many college groups. The standard this year was quite high. MCC, Loyola and SIET, holders, contested keenly for the trophy: the other colleges will bear improvement. The group from MCC won the trophy. It talked on whether or not our respect for forefathers varies inversely as the time. Prof Krishnamurthy, speaking on behalf of the judges, said that he was impressed by the naturalness of the MCC group and the atmosphere of informality that it maintained in sharp contrast to the planned and memorised discussion of some colleges.

The home team (Shankar, Roy, Amir Ahmed Gopa Kumar and Sanyal) performed very well, discussing our former Chairman's facetious remark—'Where is the Brain? Where is the Drain?' with commendable frankness.

QUIZ

Shri R. Parthasarathy IAAS was the Quiz master of the evening. Madras Christian College retained the trophy.

ENTERTAINMENT

NOT VERY FUNNY. February 13, 14 & 15. With such large variation in taste among the participating colleges the Entertainment Competition offers bewildering contrasts—some planned like clockwork, others a mere patchwork quilt of assorted items, some plain, others vulgar—some humorous and others sick. It wasn't surprising that most colleges preferred to work on the common denominator of music so that they could bag a few individual prizes.

As usual SIET impressed us with their sincerity of approach. Unlucky to be nosed out by MCC in a close race for the trophy,

they nevertheless made a valiant attempt. Usha Natarajan was convincing and successful as both emcee and actress. Arundathi Basu was the Indian movie heroine—and she played the part to perfection—in the skit based on Mario's Round-and-Round-the-Mulberry-Bush routine. No Naga dance this time.

Our entertainment was unduly long—75 minutes. To the *Acids*, our group which made its debut, the folk music of Bob Dylan and Simon and Garfunkel is more appealing than the loud songs with the steady beat that long-haired uncombed youths blast out in electronic guitars with depressing regularity. Music-wise their performance was commendable. The less said about the skit by 'Gope, Roy and Co.' the better. The skit flickers of wit: the ritual was overly familiar and more than a bit of a drag.

The eagerly awaited MCC entertainment was disappointing in parts. What marred their skit was the air of improvisation which at times turned foul. Ameena Joseph's phonetic punctuation was a riot—a chockful of laughs. Their skit reminded us nostalgically of the old, old days when Ambi the Kambi was younger. YMCA staged a repeat performance of the Bhangra (February 1967) and reconquered IIT. Loyola and MIT made favourable impression on us.

Back to Normal:

Audience behaviour in the Cultural Week Entertainment was quite pleasant—unusually quiet and restrained. A welcome change.

—VENKATESH MANNAR.
LOGANATHAN.

**A MAN BEHIND
TECHNICAL EQUIPMENT**

Oberingenieur R. Staiger, Deutsche Förderungsgesellschaft für Entwicklungsländer (GAWI), was in Madras for some days in February.

When IITM is to receive any technical selects the most suitable one, checking for good condition and service capacity.

He visited IITM to see the equipment being used here, to visit the laboratories and find out what kind of instruments are required in future.

In his opinion it is difficult to say which machine is to be used how much. India needs not only text-books but also utilisation of improved equipment. That is why very a important item in the Indo-German Programme is technical equipment aid.

—Campastimes.

Fly to Sunny Ceylon

From BOMBAY - MADRAS - TRICHY
by the **FAST AVRO-748**

Connemara Annexe
Mount Road, Madras-2
Phone: 86315

C/o Indian Airlines
Army & Navy Bldgs.
Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay-1
Phone: 259231-259236

C/o Indian Airlines
Ashok Bhawan, Junction Road
Trichy-1 Phone: 116

CONTACT: **AIR**  **CEYLON**

GAS

A SWEET BUNCH OF KIDS

'They're the sweetest bunch of kids I've known.'

'What? !'

'Honest, Dad.'

'So you've been taken in by their sick grins.'

'Feeling malicious, aren't you?'

'Okay, I won't say anything. Let's hear about it.'

'Well, I bounced in feeling nervy as hell. Them folks were wearing their best smiles. A couple of "Present Sirs" jolted me. Then not a squeak out of them while I lectured.'

'Did you dare to look at them?'

'Natch.'

'Bored expressions?'

'I've never seen a more attentive set.'

'Attentive to what, I wonder.... No one sleeping in the last bench?'

'Nope.'

'Wait till the novelty wears off.'

'Dad, I think I'll always love teaching. No chance of me getting....'

'No, no, no, no, not that. I mean, the novelty of a beautiful lady lecturer.'

'Hey Pop, you mean them guys don't give a hang about Eco? They're just being interested 'cause I'm a woman and that sort of thing?'

'You're getting bright, I'll gal.'

'You know what, Dad?'

'What?'

'You're j!'

AAJOO

THE LATEST

Crazes in the Institute vary from year to year. For instance, at about this time last year, the general passion was one of kleptomania; this was clearly evidenced by the number of denuded signposts in the campus. Consequently, the interiors of many rooms were richly decorated with posters bearing legends like: 'State Bank of India', 'Family Planning Week', 'This way to Alakananda' etc., etc. However, like all crazes, this soon died down, especially after the Security Officer and his gang made a 'lightning' raid at midnight on some rooms in Ganga.

Today, things have moved in a completely new direction. Every self-respecting soul is busily working out crosswords; these provide hours of innocent pleasure (tempered with considerable heartbreak when an elusive word keeps baffling one!). The boredom of insipid lectures is no longer a fact... with crosswords to keep one entertained in the back bench, why, life is made! It's a common sight to see chaps sidling into class with dictionaries, or Roger's Thesaurus, and, of course, a grimy, ragged piece of paper containing the precious crossword.

A number of problems come in the way of anybody wishing to start off on this craze. The most important is, naturally—where does the crossword come from? The obvious and simplest source is the Common Room. However, one has to be fast, and an early riser to get the crossword from this source: a lot of other guys also have the same idea! Consequently, a regular feud seems to be raging in some hostels, the most notable case being that of Tapti, where the newspaperman is waylaid the minute he enters the hostel!

Once one has the crossword, the next thing is to solve it, no easy job for the uninitiated. However, through trial and error and tips from old hands, experience is slowly gained and one can progress from the relatively simple 'Sunday Standard' crossword to tougher ones.

A new field of entertainment is open before you. So get with the trend, man, don't be left out. Raid the Common Room, black-jack the fellow who beat you to it, and start solving!

—C. K. SHARMA.

DR. ZUERN'S

SUMMER VACATION CONTESTS No. 2

COURTESY:

CONSULATE-GENERAL OF THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC OF GERMANY

Competition One:

"GERMANY IN THE EYES OF AN INDIAN"

What is Germany as seen by you? Make a drawing representative of this and send it in. You stand to win a big prize.

Competition Two:

"SYMBOL FOR INDO-GERMAN FRIENDSHIP"

How can we symbolize Indo-German friendship? Send in a drawing of the symbol that you think will be most appropriate. An attractive sum is waiting for you.

ALL ENTRIES SHOULD REACH, BEFORE 1st AUGUST, 1969,

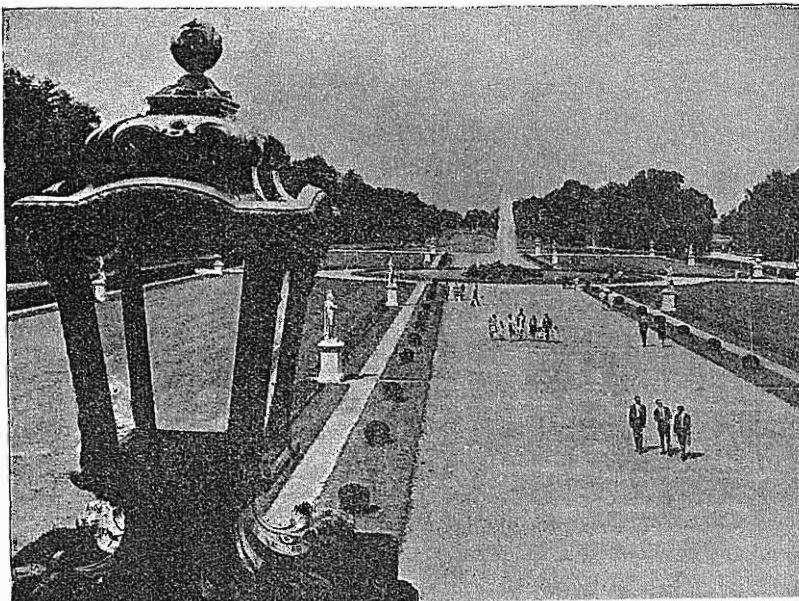
The Editor

Campastimes

OFFICE OF THE INSTITUTE GYMKHANA

INDIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, MADRAS-36.

NOTE: All drawings are to be in white non-absorbent paper, or plastic sheet size not less than approximately 300 mm. X 150 mm. Write your name and full address in block capitals on your entry. Send in as many entries as you like.



The Castle Park on the Nymphenburg in Munich—one of the city's landmarks—is a favourite rendezvous for tourists and walkers. The Bavarian capital, with its population of just about a million people, is a centre of art and culture in Germany. The zoological gardens and the botanical gardens attract hundreds of thousands of visitors. The German Museum is, perhaps, the best technical museum in the world.

(IN-Bild)

'So you had a fight with Sanyal! Did he apologise to you?'

'What do you mean apologise? He came crawling on all fours to me.'

(How else do you reach a guy under the bed)

—RAVI