

Campastimes

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IIT Madras, October 1967

25 P.

2nd Indo-German Agreement Gets under way

New German Professors Arrive

The first phase of the 2nd Indo-German agreement came into effect early this academic year with the exchange of scientists between IIT Madras and four *Technische Hochschulen* in the Federal Republic.

Campastimes' reporters had the pleasure of meeting three of the distinguished newcomers and having an informal chat with them.

'IT IS more interesting to see India than to read about it. The picture that books give about India is so different', remarked Dr. Ing. Narjes; who takes over from Prof. Lutz as the head of the Steam Laboratory. Narjes hails from the city of West Berlin. He took his *Diplom-Ingenieur* in Mechanical Engineering at the technical university there. He specialised both in combustion engines and in steam power plants. His study at Berlin was interrupted by the war, when he served as a soldier in the German Navy. After four years in a steam plant manufacturing firm, he found himself back at the University working for his Doctorate.



Prof.
Narjes

Dr. Narjes has worked in Finland and Yugoslavia. He feels that he has been in India for too short a time to form an opinion about this place. Dr. Narjes, as part of his programme, proposes to guide a few students working for their Doctorates. He hopes he will find time to lecture to undergraduates too.

Dr. Narjes' special interests are music and painting. He doesn't mind putting around with his golf sticks either. The Professor, his wife and their cute poodle arrived in IIT early last month.

Dr. HERBERT BOCK had news for *Campastimes*. He was one of those responsible for planning the Chemical engineering curriculum at our Institute. He joined IIT this month as Professor of Process Equipment Design.

Dr. Bock took his *Diplom-Ingenieur* in Physics at Dresden. After taking his Doctorate, he worked with Linde and then with Bayer, the world famous firm of drugs.

Dr. Bock is the author of *Thermische Verfahrenstechnik* (in three parts), which is widely used in technical universities in Germany. He proposes to set up a laboratory for Automatic Control here.

Herbert loves Ballroom dancing. He is happy to be in our 'beautiful Campus'. He wonders how the 'game' here is so tame.

He hopes to get his stay of two years here extended to four. 'But', he adds, 'after all I am a *Beamter* in Germany and must go back when I finish my job here!'

Prof.
Bock



'INDIAN ENGINEERS ARE sharp and catch on fast', Dr. Ing. Bechtloff told our special correspondents Roy and Sudarsan. Bechtloff hails from the city of Wilhelm Haven. He did most of his study in the Brunswick Hochschule where he specialised in Machine Tools and fabrication. In 1961 he joined Krupp Artelt. The Professor's remark on Indian Engineers was not just to flatter us. He spoke from his experience with our engineers at Krupp. While at Krupp he was involved with the design of a crane in the Madras harbour. He was also responsible for the design of a steel plant in India.



Prof.
Bechtloff

Dr. Bechtloff proposes to set up a machine elements and mechanical handling laboratory. In this, he is being assisted by Mr. Szlagowski who has accompanied him from Krupp.

Dr. Bechtloff said that he was surprised to see India so highly industrialised. He hopes to see more of India armed with his movie camera.

Campastimes wishes the newcomers all the best!

Campastimes News.

Director not Displeased with Decisions taken at Delhi

Campastimes reporters were surprised to meet a different Sengupto back from Delhi. This new individual spoke in a compromising tone and was reluctant to air his own opinions. The first question, naturally, was regarding the change in the mode of admission to the IITs. The Director now feels that the IIT Entrance examination is not a fool-proof method of selection. He fears that a few gems might slip through the sieve unnoticed. 'That is why', he said, the IIT council has decided to admit 10 per cent of the boys into the undergraduate course on the basis of their qualifying examinations.

According to the Director, though research is important, too much emphasis should not be laid upon it. Statistically speaking, while about Rs. 2,000 is spent per undergraduate per year, about Rs. 8,000 is spent per research scholar per year. The Director feels that the undergraduate course deserves as much attention as the research programmes.

—*Campastimes News.*

Three-Year Course To Go

The Director confirmed that admission into the three year degree course in Technical Institutions will be stopped with this academic year. 'This course was just an experiment to see whether a science-based engineering course would prove helpful. But it has not been a success', the Director explained.

—*Campastimes News.*

HYDRAULIC ENGINEERING EXPERT AT INSTITUTE

The Month of September saw the visit of Prof. Dr. Ing. Bassler (of the Technical University, Darmstadt in West Germany) to the Institute. According to reports the hydraulic engineering expert is one who can boast of a flood of experiences behind him which he diverts into proper channels. During his stay at the Institute, Dr. Ing. Bassler delivered a series of lectures on 'Hydro-Power Engineering.'



Director and Prof. Bassler

Classified Divertissements

Notice

23-9-67
1st Asvina 1889 (Saka)

F/Acd/67 Sub: Periodical Tests.

I am desired to inform you that the decision to cancel the postponed periodical tests remains cancelled. Instead, there will be no Periodical Tests during the Terminal Exams.

Copy to :
Head of Depts. (with 12 spare copies).
Ac-1/Ac-2/Ac-6.

—Assistant Registrar,
Academic.

The Indoor Club will remain closed today due to fine weather. Outdoor Club Secretary please note.

—VINOD CHANDRA.

Lost! Lost!! Yeah—Lost!!!

Twenty-five genuine pounds in Jamuna Hostel.

—AMARNATH.

Offer

Humorous ready made speeches for all occasions. You merely have to invite me.

—Social Secretary,
Kaveri Hostel.

For Sale

Excellent sticking plaster. [This plaster has effectively silenced even Sanyal].

—Shorty,
Saraswathi Hostel.

Wanted

An Interpreter to translate my lectures into the familiar medium of instruction. Applicant should possess a good knowledge of Punjabi and Urdu. (Preference will be given to Maj. Jaffery if he applies).

—Bhatla.

Dept. of App. Mech.

Ex-hoods to prevent Cariappa from doing the 'Coorgi Rain Dance' on Saturdays.

FILM CLUB.

False beard and a packet of Araldite. Apply to :

AJIT SINGH GREWAL,
Krishna Hostel.

An Ex-Editor/Publisher, preferably of *Campastimes*, to tell me what to do. [Pssst! Co-option to the Publications Committee offered for exceptionally meritorious candidate.]

—PETER MASILAMANI.

To Whomsoever it may concern

I apply for above post.

—ROY.

Attention

Wanted Selective Action Pest Repellants to keep out students of Design Electives from our rooms on pre-Periodical Nights. Please contact students of Production elective.

Tenders

Sealed Tenders are invited for the supply of an amphibian Tug with a high power winch to pull the new 35 mm. abomination in and out of the Open Air Theatre. Cost no bar.

—MOTTAI MANI.

Announcement

The swimming pool will positively be inaugurated at the end of the rainy season at the football field.

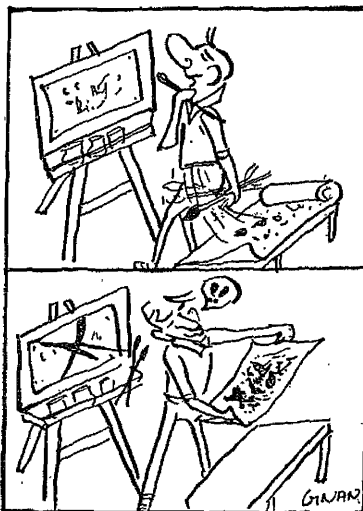
—Assistant Registrar, (Administration).

Help combat the milk shortage. Turn ropes into buffaloes in five easy lessons. Contact:

SUBEDAR SAHAB.
C/o N.C.C., IIT,

I use Ponds Cauliflower.

—RAVI NIRULLA.



Urgently Required
"DIVERTS"
FOR
THIS
RAG

Mess Specifications : IITM: 1448 [P:S2]

(by appointment with His Majesty the Cook of Alakananda)

Chappatis.—They should be burnt to a uniform colour, shape and size. They should contain minimum voids and the specific gravity shall not exceed 0.8. They should be heat treated such that the yield point does not exceed that of untanned P-64 leather. Elongation after 4, 6, 10 hours should be a minimum. The fracture should be fine grained without considerable necking.

Sambar.—Should have viscosity not greater than 50 stokes. It should have a low settling rate. It should be of uniform colour and pleasant in taste.

Rasam.—Should be free from suspended impurities. It should not be tasteless, colourless and odourless. pH should be between 4 and 5. Enough lime should be added to soften any hardness.

Rice.—The grain size should be uniform. Not greater than 5% stones should remain in a 100 mesh sieve.

Appalam.—Should contain no traces of oil. It should be uniform in shape and regular in size. It should not break when dropped from a height of 3 feet. When struck, it should produce a clear cracking sound.

Ghee.—Should have a high cloud point. It should be free from dissolved and suspended impurities. It should not contain pathogenic micro-organisms.

Card.—Its volume shall not be less than 85% of the volume of the katori. Drop point should be low.

Buttermilk.—This should not contain suspended impurities. It should have a very low settling rate. Spoon should be provided to activate the settled sludge. Water content should not exceed 12 to 15%.

Pickles.—Should be durable and long lasting. It should possess resistance to fungus growth. It should have good weathering properties. The normal consistency should be 21%.

—MESSER

WILLKOMMENS

1. New arrivals:

Mr. F. G. Rohde, S.S.A., Hydraulics Laboratory (with wife).

Mr. W. Rohrbach, S.S.A., Hydraulics Laboratory (with wife and child).

Mr. H. D. Henkel, S.S.A., Physics Department (with wife and children)

Mr. H. Peter, S.S.A., Metallurgy Department.

Mr. H. Conen, S.S.A., Internal Combustion Engines Laboratory.

Dr. G. R. Bechtloff, Professor, Machine Elements and Mechanical Handling (with wife and children).

Mr. P. Szelagowski, S.S.A., Machine Elements and Mechanical Handling (with wife).

Mr. D. Robertz, S.S.A. Thermodynamics and Combustion Engines Laboratory.

Dr. L. Narjes, Professor, Steam Engines and Boilers Laboratory (with wife).

Mr. R. Kirmse, S.S.A., Turbomachines Laboratory.

Dr. H. Bock, Professor, Chemical Engineering.

2. Guest Professor:

Prof. Dr. Bassler of Technische Hochschule Darmstadt, Guest Professor at Civil Engg. Department.

3. Returned from home-leave

Dr. R. J. H. Bisanz

4. Expected to return from home-leave shortly:

Dr. A. Klein,
Dr. E. Hohman,
Dr. H. W. Meyer.

...UND WIEDERSEHENS

Several of our faculty members left for the Federal Republic for the purpose of research and workshop training. Among those Germany-bound are

M.E. Dept.

Sri K.S. Padiyar; Sri K.A. Bhaskaran;
Sri K. V. Gopalakrishnan; Sri K. Satyanarayana;

Sri V. Radhakrishnan.

Math.

Dr. V. Subba Rao.

Chemical

Sri Ramakrishnan; Sri T. K. Ramanujan;

Civil

Sri H. Rama Iyer; Sri R. Radhakrishnan

Dr. V. C. Venkatesh.

Miscellaneous

Sri V. S. Nazir Ahmed (Librarian); Sri K. S. Venugopal (Foreman, M/c shop); Sri Umapada das (Foreman); Sri R. Rangachari (Foreman, Electronics).

Last but not least

Campastimes almost missed the most widely discussed exit from IIT—that of Mr. P. Sankaran of the E. E. Dept. Affectionately known as 'Flying Officer' in N.C.C. circles. Mr. Sankaran confessed that this trip to Germany was his first chance to be airborne! He is spending at least one year in Germany, doing research in Elect. Measurements and Networks at the *Technische Hochschule* at Stuttgart.

Institute bids farewell to a good friend

One morning last month the Institute gave a farewell party to Mr. K. Rahlenbeck, consul (Economics) in the consulate of the Federal Republic of Germany. Speaking on the occasion, Dr. Rouve was all praise for the guest of honour. According to him, Mr. Rahlenbeck was more a resident of IIT than a resident of Madras. The consul has been closely associated with the Institute for the past four years.

As a memento, a model of a temple car was presented to Mr. Rahlenbeck who leaves for Sydney this month.

Campastimes news

LOG BOOK

A Saturday afternoon ! Thrilling ? To the IITian this phrase is associated only with a sigh of relief, a stretch of tired limbs, and a short period of hibernation.

On such an Autumn afternoon, eight drummonds of the Outdoor club, ruck sacks and frames on their backs, left Saraswathi hostel. Destination——KONE FALLS, a rare beautiful and unknown joint only sixty miles from our campus.

The major portion of the journey was covered by the Janatha Express, which wound its way monotonously through hilly terrain for most of the afternoon. From Puttur six more miles were covered by bus. It was dark by now——and *kone falls* was a mile and a half across country.

We lit our lanterns and hit the trail, through fields and past neighbouring streams. We sensed that our direction was approximate; our fingers were crossed.

About nine p.m. we heard the roar of the falls. It was no use trying to look around in pitch darkness. We judged from the sound that *kone* was only about twenty feet away. This was the site. In a few minutes, mugs of steaming tea were sent round.

It was early next morning that we saw what was around us. The water rolled over the centre of a horse-shoe shaped cliff (150 ft.) and after two steps, calmed down to a trickle on a pebble bed. I have seen photographs of Arizona country; the breathtaking view around was a miniature reality of the photographs.

Sticking to the traditions of IIT, we put off contact with water till later (for it was cold). Answering the call of nature with nature all around was a cinch.

The arrival of a bus full of girls from a Madras college necessitated the shifting of our tents to a new site. This done, our attention was turned towards tracing the source of

the water. The way up was pretty steep at times. Adventurous though we were, we finally gave it up.

During the afternoon, one drummond was occupied in yarn spinning, two listening to *him*; the fourth took up a book; the fifth drummond went for a rock collecting ramble; the sixth one took his siesta; the seventh stripped himself and started sunbathing and actually believed that he was getting tanned, when the eighth drummond reminded him that we Indians are *born* tanned.



Towards dusk, clouds started gathering around the hilltops and so we reinforced the tents. The torrent started at night. Drat ! In spite of the reinforcements, rain forced itself in. But this discomfort was temporarily forgotten in the act of stuffing in hot rice with hot dhal. (yes, we cooked). Later, four drummonds decided that the outside would be less wet than inside and so they squeezed out of the tents. In short, it was a hard day's hard night.

We struck tents in the early hours of the next morning. A breakfast of oats and stale bread washed down with strong tea held us through the trek back.

KAKE.

LEISURE PLEASURE

Each of the clues below leads to a pair of words of two syllables, rhyming in both the syllables, like 'Leisure Pleasure.' For instance, the solution of the clue 'Foolish matchmaker' would be 'Stupid Cupid'. Now try these.

- 1. Attractive town.
- 2. Improved epistle.
- 3. Shrewd old woman.
- 4. Aged conservative.
- 5. Annoyed sea brigand.
- 6. More reserved purchaser.
- 7. Greasy table mat.
- 8. Curing sensation.
- 9. Less familiar menace.
- 10. Staggering word play.

—S. PARAMESHWARAN.

Campastimes

Wishes you

A

HAPPY DIWALI

(And Luck in

The Terminals Too !)

Leisure Pleasure—Solutions.

- (1) Pretty city, (2) Better letter, (3) Canny Granny, (4) Hoary Tory, (5) Irrate pirate, (6) Shyer buyer, (7) Oily doily, (8) Healing feeling, (9) Stranger danger, (10) Stunning punning.

Who cares about your air travel?

You do, of course. But so does BOAC—very much. BOAC has a worldwide reputation for taking good care of its passengers. Each flight with BOAC seems a new experience—because BOAC is never happy to stay the same airline two days running. All the time, all over the world, its planes shine brighter, its seats feel deeper, its food tastes better. BOAC cares about people—that's why people care about BOAC.

ALL OVER THE WORLD BOAC TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU



BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
IN ASSOCIATION WITH AIR-INDIA AND QANTAS



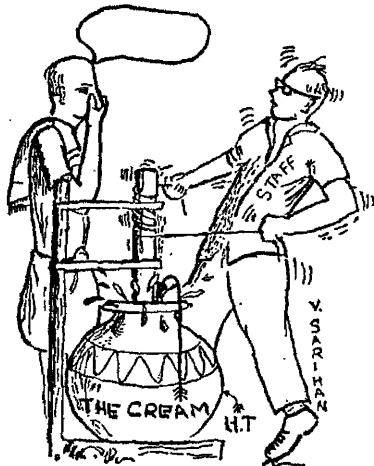
EDITORIAL

The Directors' meeting—first at Madras and then at Delhi was arranged to discuss a matter calling for immediate attention. The future of English in the country has been threatened by regional language fanatics and chavínists. These narrow-minded individuals do not realise that 'The all India link must not be destroyed on the altar of the regional tongues which tempt us to isolation and disintegration' as one writer put it.

English is the basis of higher education in this country. The introduction of another language would involve discarding a hundred years' work and beginning afresh with the new language. The politicians pipe-dream of a multiplicity of languages will multiply the problem many fold.

It is a relief that the 'Big Five' are questioning the advisability of a language change in the IIT's—as, for technological institutions, this problem should not arise. English is the engineers window to the world. Shutting this window or making him look the other way will find him peering through pitch darkness.

The trouble with most geniuses in the campus (I mean the students) is that they lack patience. So many of them come up with brainwaves, fresh and scintillating—but brainwaves they remain. Few take the trouble to pursue their ideas towards useful or paying ends. What they need is a motive power to propel them into action. This positive catalytic action could be effected by the



teacher. He could endeavour to find out where his student's interests (academic only) lie and could help him do something creative. The cream should not be allowed to remain as such. It must be continuously churned if it should remain at the top—otherwise there is always the danger of its mixing with the scum.

We are sorry that this issue comes to you—the Student Reader—at a time when you are not expecting visitors—with you, your mind and your room in a turmoil. Yes, when you are experiencing one of the more distasteful orgies of an IITian's life, the Terminals.

This issue is unique in several respects. It has broken the usual traditions with which a *Campastimes* issue is bound, does not contain many not-read-by-anyone columns and is designed primarily for those Readers sweating and fuming their way through the heat of the Terminals!

So snatch a few minutes off from equations, problems and graphs and relax with this issue of *Campastimes*!

THE STILL MILL

Why beat around the bush, we will get to the point right away. This is the story of two young men, who are aspiring to be engineers. As with all other final year boys, they are also struck with a project. From now on, we will let them do the talking directly.

'I am told we have to do a project this year, yar. Thrilling what? WE design, WE make the decisions. Now that is what I call education,' said Chaman.

'It will be fun,' admitted Vanky.

And soon enough, the projects were announced. Chaman and Vanky were grouped together to design a Still Mill. Half million ton capacity, to be located at Timbuktoo.

'Oh, no! Not Him,' groaned Chaman.

'Had it,' thought Vanky with a feeling of despair.

Having started with such a deep sense of understanding for each other, one could see they would reach a new height. Explore new horizons. They would not do the normal, routine thing—thinking, reading pertinent literature, consulting their guide etc. No, they would be different. And believe me, they were. They started by talking. They had obviously read How to Win Friends etc.

'I say, all jokes aside, we will make a fine job of it,' said Vanky with a smile which had nothing behind it but teeth. (I still don't see what chances I have with him around.)

'Ja, Ja we will lick'em,' said Chaman diplomatically. (We will never get started. Not a chance.)

'And I got relatives downthere in Timbuktoo. They can help-like surveying the sight,' offered Vanky.

'There! We already got a lead. We will get it bound in real style, black leather cover, gold letters—the complete works,' agreed Chaman.

Vanky remembered something. 'Talking of binding reminds me. We must first get it typed, ma. And typing is very expensive. Fifty paise per page. That is a lot of money.'

'Don't worry. I can type. I used to make paper name plates for my books on my pop's typewriter. I can borrow a typewriter,' explained Chaman.

Vanky was delighted. 'I knew we two would click. They say marriages are made in Heaven. I say all partnerships are made in Heaven. You will do the typing then.'

Chaman could exploit the situation as well as the next guy. 'Fair enough. You do the work and I will do the typing. We will go halves on the cost of the paper.'

Vanky still did not see light. 'You got yourself a deal,' he said, satisfied.

To reach this stage, our friends had taken about three weeks. Meanwhile, the other fellows were doing the usual things. They were working, reading, calculating, and drawing.

But Vanky knew when and where to draw the line. 'I have always believed in one thing. If the work can be postponed, drop it. Notice I say 'if' and 'can'. Well, it can no longer be postponed. We must get started. Now, what is it they want at Timbuktoo?'

One could see that Chaman was embarrassed. 'I am afraid....'

'Nothing to be scared of, yar. The procedure is standardised. We will manage,' assured Vanky.

'Let me finish, you mut. I am not afraid of that. I think I have lost the problem!'

Vanky was positively taken aback. His eyes popped out because of the shock. He thundered just as soon as Chaman had put them back in the sockets. 'You moron! How could you? We had it! Doomed. Do you hear? Doomed. That project is worth 100 marks!'

'Aw, c'mon. Dont sound so desperate. We know it is a steel mill. All these mills have a blast furnace. We can safely design one.'

Chaman did not but Vanky saw the snag in this otherwise brilliant suggestion mainly which blast furnace to have. Vanky told him.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Mr. Editor,



Yours, etc.
GNANCHANDRA

A Ferret Plays Hockey (4) GILL or JACK????

Dear Mr. Editor,

If 26 across in *Campastimes* Crosswords No. 2 is 'JACK' as THE EXPERT on Crosswords says in his 'Explanations for Beginners'—like me—I'll eat my hat!!

18 down gives 'G' and 14 down gives 'L', and since ferret means 'to clear out (holes)'—it can only refer to someone who clears out and plays hockey. That can only be 'GILL'. Perhaps my colleague was thinking of bridge while framing the answers??

Anyway, I hope future Crosswords have no mistakes and that 'Explanations for Beginners' continue, so that we Beginners get an idea of how to solve these intellectual exercises!

Labelled,

An Indian King With Surname 'Hindi of red'. (5)–(3).

THE REPLY

The writer of the article begs forgiveness for the mistake. One suggestion: Can the better writer not be better described thus: 'Senior student's residue—all right? All wrong (5, 3)'

'Fear not. I will think of something,' assured Chaman.

And he did, two days later. 'While I look for the problem, we can decide about the general features of the mill, Canteen, cycle-stand, common-room etc.

Vanky was impressed. 'I say you got helluva point there. Why didn't I think of that. Let us work this evening.'

'Not today, yar. I am going for a movie—Kiss Kiss, Kill Kill. Full of action. We will start tomorrow.'

But then Vanky was a busy man also. 'I am going for Tiger Agent Prefers Dynamite. That's where the action is!'

That was ten days back. Since then, they have decided on a number of things. They have agreed on the number of watchmen and even the bus timings. But the path to a steel mill is not all-smooth. For example, they do not see eye to eye on the important matter of ice-creams. Chaman feels Choc Bars must be available in the canteen. But not Vanky. The quality is so poor, he feels they are Shock Bars. Elsewhere in this *Campastimes*, they have asked for public opinion. They assure us the matter will receive their most serious consideration.

As for the Steel Mill, that will come just as soon as the problem is found. But by Jove, they tell us, Timbuktoo will have its Steel Mill—only on paper!

—AJAN.



A prominent secretary swore later that he was the third person in the open air theater: the first two were the patron and the chief guest. The few who were dragged in subsequently must have guessed by now—I am referring to the 1967-68 inauguration of the Gymkhana of the Indian Institute of Technology, Madras-36, the only one of its kind in Madras etc., etc. Frantic, the embarrassed secretaries fanned out on foot and wheel in search of flesh to fill the chairs. I am sure they assured everyone that if the bowl wasn't bursting at its seams, it was because of the basketball match. The truth is, that, but for the small and understanding crowd that had turned up to watch the game of basketball, the inauguration would have been what the new president in his address labelled the Gymkhana—unique. If you had passed within a mile of OAT that evening, you would have been intercepted by a sick looking gym member, told what a gem you were and gently but firmly escorted to a chair. Having rounded up a quorum, the sprightly General Secretary went about introducing his Cabinet with brief life-sketches. He made no new friends among the people whose lives he sketched that evening.

The bowl, deserted at six p.m., was, two hours later, throbbing with the piquant vitality of two thousand neurotic souls waiting impatiently for their new 35 mm. wonder to start entertaining them. That our 16 mm. movies have taken something like three years to grow to the present dimensions is clearly not in keeping with our motto—'What can't rise overnight, doesn't rise in IIT.' At the rate at which our neighbours from Velacheri and other settlements are choosing to visit us on Saturday evenings, we will soon need a Circarama to accommodate them. Now that the screen has doubled itself, the film club blokes seem to think it logical to show movies that are only half as long. I did not see the film but I heard a chap complaining that the movie on the 23rd September, 'Lovers must Learn' started with a song he had heard after the interval, the summer before last. Our several generations of projection room operators have never taken pains to show the reels in the order the director intended them to be, nor have our audiences really cared; but at this rate the new multimillion dollar film about Columbus, when shown in IIT, will begin in Manhattan and end up in the middle of Atlantic via Madrid, with Rome and Istanbul thrown in for kicks.

The film club chaps must be finding it impossible to show films that are approved by all. Our audiences contain from the most fastidious highbrows to the most aesthetically underdeveloped. Some are so widely read in anglican literature that they are capable of discovering in each word, a second meaning, an inner meaning and meanings that are unmeant and there are those who find the anglo-saxon tongue utterly incomprehensible, especially in the form of jokes.

The central feature of our Saturday evening entertainment is the mass participation. It is as if the actors step out of the Silver Screen, mingle with the audience and together create a new version of the film. Indignant public opinion and the arrival of the 35 mm. have reduced the extent of participation in recent times but it will always be there. Mystery, drama, romance and wit have never had a chance—diluted unrecognizably by an incessant flux of wise cracks—some undeniably

funny; most, sickeningly sick; some to set a chap here fuming, a chap there blushing; others like 'Murderer Ja Raha Hai' inspired spontaneously by the spirit of the occasion; but all motivated by a sincere desire to irritate others. Then, there are those who have got round the irrationalities of the language and must think aloud in their native tongues if they are to follow the intricate plots.

If by some superb synthesis, the sophisticated and not so sophisticated are pleased, there are the sensibilities of the newly jointed youngsters from schools who are still in their cocoons. Many parents have, I believe, objected to their innocent kinds being exposed to unchaste adult movies. Parents have their duties but even some students have complained of eroticism on the screen.

Perhaps there is truth in what a ragging loyalist said the other day in the Jamuna Hostel debate: 'The trouble with you freshers is that you have not been introduced to the facts of the world by your experienced seniors....' Of course, how and to what they are to be introduced is a debatable matter.

VIJAY REDDY.

An Ecological Study

Specimenia IITIANA
Genus STUDENTIA

I think it was Darwin who gassed a lot about evolution. They tried to get my grey cells to take in some of that stuff in school. But the whole thing beats me. A guy had his ugly mug, two hands, a couple of legs and all that jazz, but what the hell that had to do with his natural surroundings and environment, I couldn't fathom. The idea that my oversized nose or double chin could fade away, just wouldn't sink in. I felt that it couldn't be done—not in a million years!

And then I came to IIT. A year went by. One fine day, I was walking down the road, and bingo! The whole thing cleared up. The genius of Charles hit me like a thunderbolt. I took my hat off to that brainy guy, then and there! Not in my wildest dream had I supposed that I'd even grasp Darwin's gab; but rely on the good ol' IIT to do it!

What I saw was a typical specimen of Student kind that inhabits this joint. A year at the Institute had told on him: poor fellow! His ears stuck out conspicuously, undoubtedly due to the training imparted to it to catch whistles emanating from the direction of the blackboard. His eyes were fiery red, almost popping out; the disease of late-night mugging had taken its toll.

His lips quivered, and as I went by, a few stray, unintelligible words escaped them. It was seconds before I realized that they were bits of some weird equation. No doubt he had developed the habit of muttering queer things as headed towards his periodical hall.

His arms bore an unwieldy look. Scribbling across pages and pages had, I suppose, developed it to abnormal proportions. His whole body sagged. I suspected the absence of a vertebral column, but, I guess, it had just buckled under the weight of his head loaded with worries.

His chest stuck out (if that could be imagined with a sagging body), the N.C.C. leaving its mark. His stomach, of course, presented a shrivelled appearance. The mess too had made its impression upon him. After he'd passed me, I just happened to look around; where the rotundity of his rearside had formerly existed, one could see a flatness remarkably prominent. Permanent contact with a flat chair had brought about that bit of evolution, I would say.

Just goes to show that even guys like Darwin can be right sometimes. But I'll lay any wager that even Charles did not anticipate such fast evolution!

BIG NOSE.

Insult in the Night

To me, that night seemed in no way different from a pre-periodical night. I sat at my table, burning the ten p.m. oil. Only, my effort was not directed towards my performance in the next morning's test; rather, it was directed towards a problem, much more complicated in nature. To put it simply, I was wracking my brains (or, if you insist, my head) on writing an article for my own, my very own campus newspaper—*Campastimes*. Unless you are a prototype of Lord Brahma or goddess Saraswathi, you will know what I mean. To quote Vikram, 'Writing for *Campastimes* is a question of either inspiration or desperation.'

Well, it was almost ten o'clock when I heard a knock on my door, followed by a faint but confident, 'Sar!'

That did it. All the meticulously built up situations contributing to my plot and the unstable anticlimax which perched on top of it—all came tumbling down. My concentration was shattered. In such situations, one needs nerve; only Yul Brynner would not have pulled at his hair and screamed!

'Come in.' I sighed.

A cocky little bantam of a man stepped in. It did not take me long to recognise him as a member of that species which goes around spreading the itch which has caused many a surreptitious scratch. Yes, it was the dhoobi in person.

Before I made any effort to surmise the reason of his presence in my room at that IITian hour, he handed me a soiled piece of paper. It read:

Sir,

Last night the iron fell from the table and it broke. Please contribute. Thank you.

M. KANNAN.

Following this letter was a long list of the Saraswathians who had contributed. It came as a shock. Surely, surely it couldn't be true? But there it was. Why, sums as big as fives and tens against names as dash as dash and dash. I almost immediately decided so say 'sorry' and get over it; but no, not when Dash had made such a generous contribution. It was a challenge! However, it tickled my curiosity. My delayed reflex was to rush over to Dasi's room and ask him if he really did it. But then I didn't have to go to that extent, as will be explained.

I rummaged my drawers and finally succeeded in digging out a fifty paise bit. I gave it to him. He took it without stopping to scratch his nut. However, it was when I picked up my pen to register the benevolent contribution on his list that a classic expression spread over his face.

'Sar!'

'Eh?'

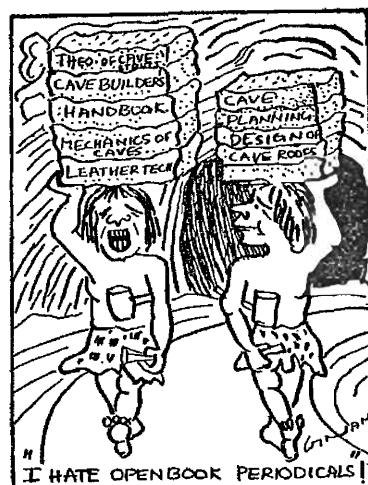
'Please put ten rupees, sar!'

I need not tell you that I was shocked.

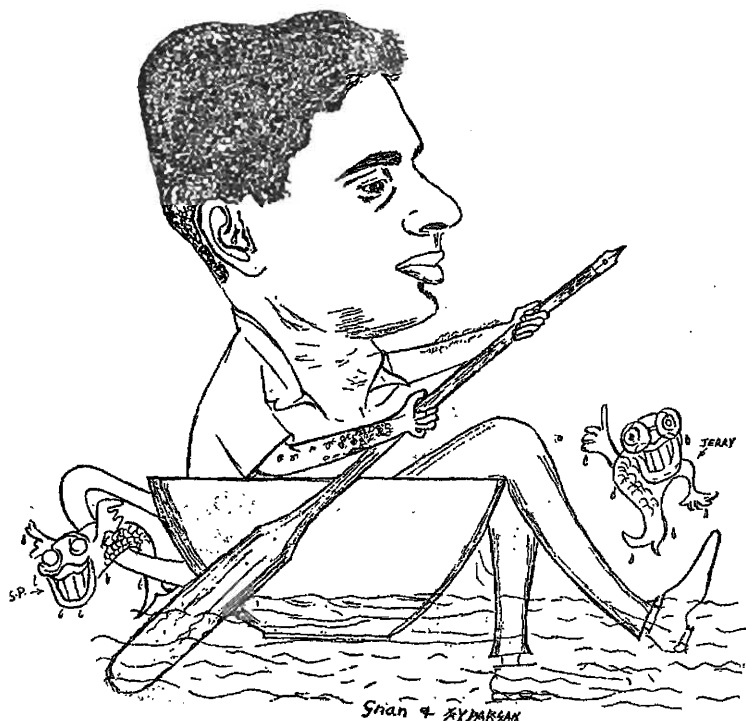
'Sar, if one put fifty paise everyone give fifty paise!'

I could have yelled all night.

KAKE.



CARICATURES



It's about a year now since Vijay Reddy started brewing those delicious little cups of tea. Each little cup had a different flavour, but none has tasted flat.

One publications committee after another has tried to outdo itself in the pursuit of humour. Successive editors of *Campastimes* have hunted wit and laughter with missionary zeal, like Galahads after the Holy Grail. They missed the whole point. Humour can be forced. And when they couldn't find the genuine stuff they settled for less and filled the rag with mongrel wit and sick humour. . . . the sicker the better. Editors have come and editors have gone, with the fond belief that the IITian must be dished out jokes and more jokes and nothing more but jokes. The assumption is that the average clod over here can appreciate nothing else. Pardon the long digression, but Vijay Reddy has time and again nailed this lie with his 'cup'.

By no stretch of imagination can his column be called hilarious . . . in fact it is a little (only a wee little) pontifical. But it captures the reader's mind with its sense of timing, uncompromising forthrightness and apt simile (remember the one about ostriches?).

There are gentlemen who sneer superciliously that they don't care for the serious criticism and thinly veiled sermonising 'over a cup'. Yet, in a deep recesses of their thick skulls, even they, I'm sure cannot help but admire the honesty and conviction that concocts Vijay's column, and the strikingly effective language in which it is dished out. Vijay's 'cup' has always provided drink for thought. It has been the saving grace of a couple of otherwise mediocre issues.

Now to come to grips with the subject proper. It is difficult to write anything funny about Vijay. There is no nonsense about him.

He is quiet, unassuming and patient. Generously endowed with grey matter, he is a topper in class and an excellent sportsman. . . . he plays tennis and T. T. and was a member of the rowing team that went to Ceylon. Vijay is deeply interested in nuclear engineering, and right now he is constructing

an 'Atom Smasher' with Dutta and Kimbo. A true all-rounder, there are very few things he cannot do (like tying his longyi properly).

Tall, lanky and gangly, he is a living proof that Adam really swallowed the apple in a hurry. Guys in class sometimes wipe their inky hands on his mop of hinky hair. Thammannapalli Narayana Reddy, Vijayanarayana Reddy hails from Patagonia.

Ramani Swamy insists that Vijay once tried to kill him with poisoned mutton puffs. Knowing Ramani as I do, I wish Vijay had tried a little harder. However there is evidence to show that Vijay is a warmly human creature. He once decorated his room (which badly needed decoration) with a fish tank. However he soon found out that tending fish was a trifle tedious. So with a sad heart he gathered his pets in a jar, took them all the way to the river and with loving care released them. So that the poor mites could tide over their acclimatisation period he dropped a week's ration of fish feed after them. He came back to Tapti and hogged fish curry for dinner without batting an eyelid.

Vijay has a polite way of saying goodnight to nocturnal guests. Just before going to bed he always brushes his teeth. If it's past bedtime and the conversation shows no sign of flagging, he pulls out his toothbrush, applies paste and starts brushing in situ. The hint is invariably taken.

You can get to know Vijay better by reading in between the lines of 'cup', then by reading this apology for a 'caricature'.

In retrospect, one sadly wonders whether Vijay's brilliant, bubbling cups of tea have been wasted on those for whom they were intended. The 'kattans' at OAT are still going strong with their antics and orange peels; the ostriches have dug their heads in deeper; the two oafs at the Gajendra circle continue to change colours; Knick-Knack's menu still flatters the fare and mocks the purse. Sometimes, in exasperation, and despair one wishes for a cup of tea that not only scolds but really scalds.

—SUDARSAN

On Receiving Letters

I guess that the most exciting and suspense-filled event of the day is when a dapper person, clad in khaki, makes his appearance around lunch-time. He is immediately mobbed by a score of freely-perspiring, eager IITians, who bar his way and, with threatening looks on their faces, rattle away their room numbers, and demand their letters.

As they turn away, it is most interesting to watch the play of emotions on their faces. Consider, for instance, the fellow who's got a letter from home—just a few lines saying that all's well and how much he's being missed; this fellow's walking on thin air, and there is a distinct spring in his step. There goes a chap, who has obviously got a letter from his girl. He has kept it in his breast-pocket—next to his heart, so to speak—and is dashing off to read it in the privacy of his room. Behind these few chaps comes the swelling throng of all those who have *not* got any letters.

The attitudes towards receiving letters are variant and, sometimes novel. Batty, for example, is a neutral case. He enjoys receiving his daily quota of two letters; but coupled with pleasant experience is the unpleasant obligation to reply to these! Kammy is a different type altogether. He strides up to you narcotically and when you ask him whether he has received a letter, pat comes the reply 'Arre Yaar, my Dad and I have an understanding—we write to each other once a month; he sends the draft and I send the acknowledgment.

Then there are the guys who get letters from abroad. These characters are always in a state of tension induced by antisocial elements who loiter around, confront the postman when he arrives, grab the letters, rip off the stamps and leave behind badly mutilated scraps of paper.

An IITian possesses a sixth sense which tells him when one of his pals is going to get a grub-parcel. Invariably, the postman is escorted to the unfortunate's room and grub polished off in no time. These guys remember the famine in Bihar and to them wastage is a sin.

There's a commotion below. By George! the Postman's come! 'Hey Postman, is there a letter for me? Room No. 223? No? Drat!'

C. K. SHARMA.

FAREWELL

Well, this is it. The end of all the thrilling, intimate moments I have had with you ever since my good pal Francis introduced you to me. Oh, those minutes when my lips clung on to you!

I recall those days in my college when I used to go to any extent to gather money, to reach you. Those irritating old men would not let me bring you inside the campus. We had to part in melancholy as the gate-keeper watched intently.

After graduating, I went to live with my stingy uncle who drilled his own ideas into my brain. In those two years I could never once meet you; I watched, with envy, many people go out merrily with your type.

Thank heavens, my second uncle invited me to stay with him. I have had real roasty times ever since. I have enjoyed marathon sessions with you on holidays. Kicked up with your aroma, I was merry as a lark.

But—how can I tell you? That old hag, my aunt, had to turn up and topple the apple-cart of the family. She literally blew a storm through us—me and my parents. She boomed about, seeing me going very steady with you (she could smell it, ho! ho!) and seeded, in my dad's brains, the idea of tying a knot around me before things got out of hands.

Dad was crisp about the whole affair.

I must forget you for ever. Darling, my heart weeps. Never mind, honey, you can find thousands like me. I cannot.

—puff—puff—puff.

[I crushed my last cigarette in the ash tray].

P. SUNDARAM.

DEAR COUSIN KICKLOO*

Dear Cousin Kickloo,

My neighbour is very inquisitive. The other day I saw him slip into my room when I wasn't in; he did something with my soap-box. Can you help me check this?

Yours
SNOOPERS' NEIGHBOUR.

Dear Snooper's neighbour,

Relax! This is a sign of goodwill from your neighbour. Make hay while the sun shines. Leave your soapbox empty; he will fill it up for you.

Yours
KICKLOO.

Dear Couz,

I am 4'-8" and weigh only 85 pounds. Even Charles Atlas has not been able to help me. I want to be explosively masculine!

Yours
FOUREIGHT.

Dear Foureight,

Buy yourself a motorbike immediately.

Yours
KICKLOO.

Dear Cousin Kickloo,

'From bed to class via breakfast in 2½ minutes' is the IITians' policy. And I am a true IITian. Naturally I don't find time to brush my teeth in the morning.

Yours
SABERTOOTH.

Dear Sabertooth,

You have no problem. (Incidentally, you remind me of my days in IIT). Take chappatis at night. They contain abrasives which clean your teeth adequately. They are made specially to massage your gums. Moreover the mess dhals contain *Gernostink-X* which kills germs instantaneously. (An excess dose will kill you too).

Yours
KICKLOO.

Dear Kick,

Everytime I kiss my girl her moustache tickles.

Yours
TICKLISH.

Dear Ticklish,

Next time you meet her, ask her 'What's new?'

Yours
KICKLOO.

Dear Cousin Kickloo,

I am forced to keep my window open.

Yours
GASP.

Dear Gasp,

I'd rather talk this out personally with your P.L.O.

Yours
KICKLOO.

Dear Cousin,

How can I make sure that my dates are what a loving mother would approve of?

Yours
MOTHERLESS.

Dear Motherless,

You will do fine if you steer clear of criminals, wolves and IITians.

Yours
KICKLOO.

Dear Cousin Kickloo,

I am sick.

Yours
SARASWATHIAN.

Dear Saraswathian,

I guess you are in the mess committee. Resign at once!

Yours
KICKLOO.

* Cousin Kickloo is a descendant of Aunt Emma who answered your queries in a previous issue.

PERSONALITIES



"Adios but not goodbye"



It is *aber naturalich* that a shrewd man knows the ins and outs of many things; shrewdness is a by-product of experience—And a person who has not been mischievous in his student day, or hasn't got into certain situations, or who has led a sedate existence cannot understand and anticipate student behaviour. The fact that Prof. P. C. Varghese (popularly called Papa by all IITians) knows the mind of the students, proves that he has been thro' this baptism of hell and fire during his college-days. His ever so charming, butter-couldn't-melt-in-your-mouth, cherubic-smile fools nobody. He *claims* to have been an exemplary student—but we know otherwise.

Papa has had a brilliant career and has kept oscillating between research and the practical side of his branch of Civil Engineering. He took his B.Sc. at Loyola (thereby accounting for the present Loyola Principal's hostile attitude towards IIT). He graduated from the Trivandrum Engineering College, in Civil Engineering, with a gold medal (equivalent of our President's Medal) and joined the PWD before proceeding to Harvard for his MS. He is mighty tight-lipped about his exploits there (after all Radcliffe was not

very far off!)—but he says that the American student is more serious about everything. Papa was among the first few to get a doctorate at the IIT, Kharagpur where he worked later as Superintending Engineer. He joined the IIT, Madras at an early stage in its development and has been the Head of Department of Civil Engineering for quite a few years now.

A man is most appreciated in retrospect. The Gymkhana thrived under his control. (He was president between the years 1964 and 1967.) Though many decisions he took were not to the liking of some, they proved to be beneficial to the Gymkhana. He was responsible for starting the Social Welfare Committee and to a large extent (baited by Mani and Amir) for the 35 mm. projector.

At College, Papa was the student-secretary and organised quite a few strikes—'bikyaws strikes were a way of showing our nationalistic tendencies.' His love for nuts (cashew nuts) arises out of having lived near Quilon, the heart of the nut industry.

(As we go to press, we hear that Dr. Varghese has been appointed Chairman of the Admissions Committee for the year 1968-69.—Ed.)

Solutions to last month's Puzzles

1. There are seven bus routes and seven stations.

2. There was an unfortunate mistake in the phrasing of the problem. The problem, as it reads, is too simple. Sundararaman should choose Batra-Subba-Batra. The correct requirement for the prize is that Sundararaman must win at least two successive matches in the three-match series. In this case Subba-Batra-Subba is preferable to Batra-Subba-Batra although it means playing twice against the better player.

Let 'a' be the probability of defeating Subha Rao and 'b' that of defeating Batra. Now if S-B-S is chosen the prize is won if and only if the series has one of the following outcomes: (1) Win all three matches, (2) Win the first two and lose the third, and (3) Lose the first and win the next two matches. The probability of (1) is $a \times b \times a$; that of (2) is $a \times b \times (1-a)$; and that of (3) is $(1-a) \times b \times a$. These three outcomes are mutually exclusive; that is, no single series can have more than one of these outcomes. So we add the three probabilities to get the probability of winning the prize. This turns out to be $2ab - a^2b$ or $ab(2-a)$. Similar reasoning gives the probability of winning the prize if B-S-B is chosen as $2ab - ab^2$ or $ab(2-b)$. Now, as b is greater than a, $(2-b)$ is smaller than $(2-a)$ and so $ab(2-a)$ is greater than $ab(2-b)$.

3. The following deal satisfies the conditions:

S 10 9		
H 10 9		
D Q J 10 9 8		
C 10 9 8 7		
	N	S 8 7 6 5
S 4 3 2	W	E
H 5 4 3 2	S	H 8 7 6
D 4 3 2		D 7 6 5
C 4 3 2		C Q 6 5
	SAKQJ	
	HAKQJ	
	DAK	
	CAKJ	

If spades (or hearts) are trumps the declarer plays two rounds of hearts (or spades). North ruffs the third round and the club finesse is taken. Now the trumps are drawn and South makes the remaining tricks.

If diamonds are trumps, two rounds of trumps are followed by three rounds of spades, North ruffing the third round. Two more rounds are played followed by a club finesse. South's hand makes the remaining tricks.

If clubs are trumps, three rounds of spades, or hearts are played, North ruffing the third round. The club finesse is taken and trumps are drawn. South makes the remaining tricks.

A book on mathematics has mentioned that the problem can be solved in two different ways. But the book did not give any solution and the writer is not aware of second solution. If any reader has found it he is requested to send the solution to *Campastimes*. The same book mentioned that a deal has been constructed in which N-S cannot even make a small slam in No Trumps while a grand slam is possible in any suit. Surely, some of our bridge maniacs will solve the problem and send the solution to *Campastimes*.

CRYPTARITHMS

I wonder how many have heard of cryptarithms although many of us must have tried them some time or other. These are puzzles which operate by substituting letters, dots or asterisks for numbers. Each letter stands for a particular digit while a dot or asterisk may stand for any digit. It is a popular belief that these are solved by inspiration alone. Let me assure you there is no truth in it. To achieve proficiency in this it is essential that you proceed logically using all the properties of numbers that you know. Let us take an example and see how it is solved. It is a multiplication by the method of partial products.

ABC
DE
FEC
DEC

HGBC

First we note that in the second partial product $D \times A = D$. Therefore $A = 1$. Then both $C \times E$ and $C \times D$ end in C. This means that

(i) C is equal to zero
(ii) C is equal to 2, 4 or 8 while D and E are 1 and 6.
or (iii) C is equal to 5 while D and E are both odd.

(i) is not possible as in the addition of the two partial products, $E + C$ ends in B, different from E. (ii) Is not possible as neither D nor E can be 1. If either of them were 1 the corresponding partial product would be ABC itself and this is not the case. So C is 5. D and E are both odd, 3, 7 or 9.

Now we see that $E \times BC = E \times B5$ ends in E5. So if E is 3, B must be 4; if E is 7, B is 2; if E is 9, B is 5. The third case is not admissible as C is already 5. Now $D \times BC$ ends in EC. If E is 3, B is 4 and D is 7 or 9. But neither of these two values satisfy this condition. So we are left with $E=7$ and $B=2$. D turns out to be 3.

Now it only remains to complete the multiplication to obtain

$125 \times 37 = 4625$.

Here are a few simple ones:

(1) TWO \times TWO = THREE
(2) SEND + MORE = MONEY
(3)

ALE

RUM

WINE

WUL

EWWE

ERMPNE

In each case the aim should be not only to get the solution but, more important, to prove its uniqueness.

— R. RAJASEKHAR.

GINAN-

IN FIRST YEAR
I THOUGHT I
WOULD MARRY
THE GIRL I
USED TO DREAM
ABOUT, AS
SOON AS I
RECEIVED MY
B-TECH DEGREE.
SO I MUGGED
HARD.



IN SECOND YEAR
I THOUGHT I
SHOULD GET AT
LEAST 'A' AVER-
AGE, SO THAT
I COULD MARRY
MY DREAM GIRL.
SO I DID.



IN THIRD YEAR
I WORRIED
ABOUT GETT-
ING ATLEAST
'S' AVERAGE
TO IMPRESS
MY GIRL SO
THAT I WOULD
MARRY HER. SO
I STARTED MUG-
GING DAY AND
NIGHT.



IN FOURTH YEAR
I THOUGHT IF
WASN'T USE
GETTING JUST
'S'. TO IMPRESS
MY GIRL, I
WANTED TO
GET THE PRES-
IDENT'S GOLD
MEDAL SO THAT
I COULD MARRY
HER. SO I
WORKED VERY
HARD.



IN FIFTH YEAR, I
THOUGHT I MUST
GET THE COVETED
MEDAL TO IMPRES
MY GIRL. SO I
DIDN'T WASTE A
SINGLE SECOND
AND MUGGED
HARD SO THAT
I COULD MARRY
HER.



FINALLY, I GOT THE
MEDAL. WITH A
PROUD FACE
I WENT TO
MY GIRL
AND ASKED
HER TO MARRY
ME. SHE
SAID, "SORRY,
YOU HAVE
GONE BALD."
WHY DID YOU MUG SO HARD?
I WONDERED WHY I
DID !!

